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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

LINCOLN AS A STRATEGIST

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

Forum Americana Series — II

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S stature grows in the retrospect of time. As the activities of his Presidential years are subjected to the impartial criticism of posterity evidences of his greatness accrue. One of the chief difficulties confronting a democracy is that of waging war; for the democratic method is ill adapted to the exigencies of warfare. How Lincoln met and mastered this problem is graphically told by the World War Director of Military Operations of the Imperial General Staff of Great Britain.

THE history of no war has been more assiduously studied by British soldiers than has been that of the American Civil War. It has been the subject, during the past thirty years, of a large number of professional examinations, and at least as many technical studies of its operations have come from British as from American pens. Hundreds of British officers who have never visited the United States are familiar with the topography of the Shenandoah Valley and of Northern Virginia, and can give a critical appreciation of the exploits of Grant, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. It is natural that this should be so, for apart altogether from the intense interest of the story of one

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of the world's great dramas, and the personalities of those who played in it leading parts, there is available for study an unique mass of first-hand material which can be conned without the preliminary drudgery of mastering a foreign language.

It happened too that Lord Wolseley, who for many years led a strenuous campaign for the reform of the British army, and was an earnest advocate both of military education generally and of the study of military history in particular, had in the autumn of 1862, when a young colonel, visited the Army of Northern Virginia, and he had declared, "According to my notion of military history, there is as much instruction both in strategy and tactics to be gleaned from General Lee's but little-studied operations of 1862 as there is to be found in Napoleon's campaign of 1796 which we all read so attentively." Such a statement coming from the man who in the Victorian era was dubbed "our only soldier" excited the interest and curiosity of military students, and a great fillip to that interest was given to both when Henderson, who was introduced to the history of the American Civil War by Wolseley, produced his fascinating *Life of Stonewall Jackson.*

It is, however, curious that the great majority of the British writers on the Civil War have failed to draw from it what is to my mind one of its chief lessons. The conduct of war is perhaps the most difficult task in government which can be forced upon modern democracy. In war all the ordinary machinery that democracy employs in time of peace to shape its measures is not only useless, but actively mischievous. Discussion, long drawn-out debate, the adjustment of conflicting interests, and the removal of opposition by compromise, have to or should give way to prompt decisions and the ruthless prosecution of a definite policy. Democracy rightly holds very dear the control which it has gained over the armed forces of the State, but how is that control to be exercised in war, when history tells us plainly and bluntly that political interference with the operations of armies in the field is usually harmful and often disastrous? Any light which is thrown upon these difficult problems of government is of the highest value, and in my judgment they are illuminated by Abraham Lincoln's actions and behavior as War President as clearly and as definitely as are the problems of strategy and tactics by the actions and behavior of Lee and Grant.

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The reason why this all-important fact has escaped the observation of most British military students is that the two men who led them to examine the history of the Civil War were attracted chiefly by the remarkable campaigns of Lee and Jackson in 1862, when the Confederate generals were playing upon the anxieties and fears of the administration in Washington. Wolseley had a great admiration for Lincoln and blames Stanton chiefly for the blunders of that period. He says of the President, "Mr. Lincoln was, from a military point of view, clearly mistaken in believing that the *one* way to get at Richmond was by making straight there from Washington. It is impossible however, if one puts oneself at all in his place, not to see how nobly he faced the difficulties of his position, and how anxiously he endeavored to do his duty to his country." But speaking of the campaign of 1862 he says, "Mr. Lincoln, though doubtless one of the greatest men who has ruled the United States, was entirely ignorant of war. Able and wise as he was in all matters of civil government he failed here most disastrously." But as Lincoln's administration coincided almost exactly with the duration of the Civil War it is a little difficult to see, if he failed disastrously as a director of war, how it is that he has come to be recognized universally as a master of statecraft. Henderson concerned with the *Life of Stonewall Jackson* uses Lincoln chiefly as an illustration of the evils of civil interference in military affairs. Neither of the two men attempted any study of Lincoln's conduct of the war as a whole, and so the impression has been created that when the President tried to interfere with his generals he committed the gravest mistakes, and that the military operations of the Union were only well managed when Lincoln made Grant Commander-in-Chief, handed over the complete control of those operations to the soldier, and told him that he wanted to know nothing of his plans.

I, on the other hand, believe that Lincoln, beginning with little experience of administration, and, if we omit the trifling exception of the Black Hawk expedition, none of war, worked out and eventually established the best method of adjusting a democratic system of government to the necessities of war that has yet been devised, and in this, though he made many mistakes while he was learning, he was far more successful than his more experienced

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rival, Jefferson Davis. It would not be difficult I think to show that the blunders of 1862 were as much due to ignorance on the part of soldiers of how to treat the head of the government as to Lincoln's ignorance of war. It is impossible to read McClellan's correspondence without realizing that he made no attempt to establish those relations of confidence between himself and the head of the state which are the essential foundation of a successful system for the conduct of war. From the time of Scott's retirement up to the departure of the Army of the Potomac for the Yorktown Peninsula McClellan was Lincoln's chief military adviser, but he furnished the President with remarkably little military advice. He seems to have considered that his *ipse dixi* should have been sufficient for Lincoln, whose sole function, as far as military affairs were concerned, was to comply with his demands without asking stupid questions. There are few contrasts in history more striking than that between Lee's handling of Davis and McClellan's bearing towards Lincoln. It is at least as necessary that soldiers should know how to deal with statesmen as that statesmen should know how to deal with soldiers.

I have not here the space to follow out the development of Lincoln's system. I will confine myself therefore to an attempt to remove the very general impression that the system when perfected consisted in giving Grant unfettered control. It must be clear to any one who has followed the events of the Great War with intelligence that if such a system were possible in 1864, it is not so to-day. The effort of a great nation engaged in a great war calls for the development of all its resources and the combination of those resources for a common purpose. The military effort being but part of the whole there must be some one to combine the parts. The soldiers must be directed and guided; in short there must be political interference with strategy. In this, as in most human activities, there is a right and wrong kind of interference. Circumstances as I have indicated forced Lincoln in the early part of the war to interfere in the wrong way, but he was quick to see that it was the wrong way, and he was the last man to attempt to put upon another responsibilities of which no statesman worthy of the name can divest himself. He had learned from experience that the conduct of war must be organized like any other process of government. He had learned the need of

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unity of command; therefore he placed Grant in command of all the Federal forces; he had learned that he required some one at his side to interpret his policy to Grant in military language, and to keep him in touch with Grant's doings and needs; therefore he kept Halleck at Washington as chief of the staff. He had learned that the function of the Secretary of War was not to make plans for or to issue orders to his generals, but to supply the armies with their needs in men and material. Having learned these things he put them into practise in March, 1864, but there were several statesmen in Europe in 1915 who were in process of learning the same lessons by bitter experience.

It is true that Lincoln in his first interview with Grant told him that he did not want to know what the general *was going to do*. He had learned the vital importance of secrecy in war, and that the right way to deal with an unsatisfactory general was to remove him, the wrong way to attempt interference with his plans. But Lincoln did not tell Grant that he did not want to know what *he was doing*, and he took just as good care to keep himself informed of the military developments after March, 1864, as he had done before the new Commander-in-Chief was appointed. The pages of the Official Records furnish ample evidence of this. The greatest part of Grant's correspondence is addressed to Halleck, whom he kept very well posted as to the doings of the army and its needs. Grant did not, as some of his predecessors, notably Hooker, suggest to the President tentative plans and invite his approval or criticism. To do that is to abrogate one of the chief functions of command; then the statesman becomes the strategist and plans military manoeuvres. Lincoln's well known letter of June 5, 1863 to Hooker in which he says, "I would not take any risk of being tangled up on the river (the Rappahannock) like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one or kick the other," was in reply to one from Hooker announcing that Lee showed signs of advancing, and continued, "after giving the subject my best reflection, I am of opinion that it is my duty to pitch into his rear, although in so doing the head of his column may reach Warrenton before I can return. Will it be within the spirit of my instructions to do so?" A general who asks questions of that kind of his political chief shows that he has not a plan in

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which he believes, and is eager to have some one else to share his responsibilities. Lincoln had no desire to interfere in that way. He told Grant when he first met him that "all he wanted or had ever wanted was some one who would take responsibility and act." What he meant by that was that the general should take the responsibility for military action, not that he sought to be relieved of his political responsibilities. Amongst these responsibilities were: first, that he should be satisfied that his chosen commander was proving himself to be competent; secondly, that the military policy was in general accord with the whole policy of the Administration; and thirdly, that the soldier, as long as he was retained in command, was duly supported.

Lincoln shirked none of these responsibilities when he chose Grant to be the commander of all the Federal forces. He watched him as carefully as he had watched McClellan or Hooker. Most of his correspondence with Grant begins "I have seen" or "I have read your despatch" referring to some recent communication of Grant's to Halleck, and it is evident that very little that Grant was doing escaped his watchful eye. He did not want to know Grant's plans, nor did he attempt, after the first meeting, to make plans for Grant, but when the soldier began his movement from Cold Harbor across the James at Petersburg his comment, — "I have just read your despatch. I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all," — shows that he had been watching with a more understanding eye than was to be found in another head north of the Potomac.

During Early's raid against Washington, Grant all but blundered, and he left the Federal capital exposed to a danger which a little more foresight might have prevented. The security of Washington had been from the first a plank in Lincoln's war policy, and when that security was threatened in July, 1864, he intervened, not as he had done in 1862, by issuing military orders but by arousing Grant to the realities of the situation, and, when the danger was for the time averted by the arrival of reënforcements from Washington, it was due to the President's initiative that it was finally removed. Sheridan started on his campaign which cleared the Shenandoah Valley, as and when he did, because Lincoln told Grant plainly that, unless he visited Sheridan and gave him the word to go, nothing would be done. The

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suggestion that Lincoln was no more than an admiring spectator of Grant's exploits will not stand examination.

But it was in the exercise of what I have suggested is the third of the functions of a War President, — namely to support the commander in the field as long as he is retained in command, — that Lincoln showed supreme courage. Grant's appointment had been greeted with universal acclamation. The man for whom the North had been seeking had been found, and he had some ado to escape the reception prepared for him when he visited Washington. But popular favor is more than usually fickle in time of war. The newcomer is commonly treated as a hero, but unless he produces victories cheaply and quickly he is apt to find applause change to an ominous silence which is but the brief prelude to open grumbling. The slow and bloody progress through Virginia to the James, the failure of the first assaults on Lee's lines around Petersburg, the appearance of Early before the gates of the capital, produced a greater sense of disillusionment and of disappointment than had followed Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburg or Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville. The New York "World", which had been exceptionally friendly to the Commander-in-Chief, asked on July 11, "Who shall revive the withered hopes that bloomed on the opening of Grant's campaign?" And nine days before Congress had invited the President to appoint a day for national prayer and humiliation, Horace Greeley attempted to open negotiations for peace by meeting Confederate Commissioners at Niagara, and in the middle of July two other semi-official seekers for peace, James F. Jacques and J. R. Gilmour, had gone to Richmond only to be told by the Southern President, "If your papers tell the truth it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. . . . In a military view I should certainly say our position is better than yours." Greeley, despite the failure of his journey to Niagara, resumed his efforts to end the war, and on August 9, wrote to the President, "Nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace, — peace on almost any terms, — and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation, . . . I beg you, implore you to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And, in case peace cannot now be made, consent to an armistice of one year, each party to retain unmolested all it now holds, but the

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rebel ports to be opened." Not only was there this pressure from outside; there was discord within. Chase had resigned, a Presidential election was drawing near, and there were outspoken predictions of a Republican defeat. The North was feeling as it had never felt before the strain of a prolonged conflict, and the nerves even of the most constant were atwitter, while as a culmination of Lincoln's political perplexities the rumblings of opposition to the draft, which had just become law, were growing daily louder. If ever a harassed statesman was justified in asking his generals to do something which would help him in his political trials surely Lincoln would have been justified in so doing in August, 1864.

But what happened? Early in August the grumblings against the draft had alarmed Halleck, and on the eleventh of that month he told Grant, "Pretty strong evidence is accumulating that there is a combination formed or forming to make a forcible resistance to the draft in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky, and perhaps some of the other States. The draft must be enforced, for otherwise the army cannot be kept up. But to enforce it may require the withdrawal of a considerable number of troops from the field. This possible, and I think very probable, exigency must be provided for." Four days later on the evening of August 15, Grant answered from the lines before Petersburg, "If there is any danger of an uprising in the North to resist the draft or for any other purpose our loyal governors ought to organize the militia at once to resist it. If we are to draw troops from the field to keep the loyal States in harness it will prove difficult to suppress the rebellion in the disloyal States. My withdrawal from the James River would mean the defeat of Sherman."

This message from Grant is endorsed as received in Halleck's office in Washington at seven A.M. on the seventeenth. We can picture the President taking his usual morning stroll after breakfast from the White House across to the War Department, and on arriving in Halleck's room asking for any messages from Grant. That of the fifteenth is handed to him, and he is told that it had just come in. He would naturally ask to see the despatch which had evoked this reply. When he had read both messages he must at once have scribbled this answer, "I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your

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hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bull dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. Lincoln." This telegram is marked as being despatched at ten A.M. on the seventeenth, that is three and a half hours after Grant's despatch reached the War Department. When we allow time for the ordinary routine of a large office it is clear that there cannot have been the smallest hesitation in preparing it. And what does it mean? It says to Grant in the first place, "Go ahead with your job. I will look after the rear"; and it says further, "I told you a few weeks ago that I had begun to see it. Now I say more. Your policy is absolutely right. Hold on to Lee like a bull dog. Wear him out. Don't worry about anything else. I'll see you through." Was there ever a finer example of political courage? The process of wearing down the enemy must of necessity be tedious and costly; it would not provide any such quick and dramatic success as would raise the drooping spirits in the North and give a favorable turn to a doubtful political situation. Lincoln's answer gave Grant just the reënforcement he needed, and was a firm decision that what was militarily right should be done without regard to what was or might appear to be politically expedient.

It is curious that the full meaning of this remarkable example of Lincoln's intervention in military affairs seems to have escaped most of the historians and biographers. Rhodes for example quotes it as an example of "Lincoln's eager desire for military success." Well we know now that the slow processes of trench warfare are not such as to give the kind of military success which sets the bells ringing, and the people cheering, and I believe that Lincoln knew it too when he wrote his message. The methods of the bull dog are sure, but they are neither speedy nor showy. But in this case constancy and courage had not long to wait for their reward. Sheridan cleared the Valley, Farragut won Mobile Bay, and by November Lee was telling Davis that the end was in sight. The helmsman's firm hand had held the ship to its course when she was struck by a gust of despondency, and her sails were soon filled with the favoring breeze of victory.

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WHO SHOULD CONTROL AIR POWER?

A Debate

THE debate over the question whether our air forces should be unified and made independent of the Army and Navy has so far developed three fundamental military points of view, and two which are political. This is aside from a dozen minor issues not involved in the main dispute. On the military side, Colonel Mitchell stands at one extreme, demanding practically the abandoning of the Navy, the unification of all air forces, and our complete dependence on them as our primary means of defense. At the other extreme are the highest officers of both Army and Navy, who hold that the development of aviation is on the whole proceeding satisfactorily and as soundly as possible, in spite of difficulties and handicaps. Between them are the majority of the officers of the Army Air Service, who ask for a separate Air Corps inside the Army, as a working compromise and a safe experiment in the direction of separation and unification. The political division, it appears, is almost exactly partisan.

All these points of view are being urged upon Congress, but it seems that the final issue as regards legislation will be between the defenders of the present system and the advocates of the Army Air Corps. The Forum therefore asked two high officers, who represent these rival theories, to prepare articles giving the strategic and tactical reasons for each, from the purely military point of view. In response, in one of the articles which follow, Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics of the Navy, speaks for the present system and emphasizes the value of having Naval aviation entirely under control of the Navy.

The officer representing the Army Air Service, however, declined at the last moment to let his name be used in connection with the article which presents his views. The reason given was that since the report of the Morrow Board is adverse to the Air Corps plan, the case was closed so far as the Air Service was concerned, and that it would be improper for any officer to continue the discussion. He is possibly right so far as the purely military debate is concerned, but the political debate is merely beginning. It seems desirable that the military arguments should be heard

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before the haze of Congressional oratory obscures the merits of the question. The FORUM is therefore publishing the article, without the signature or the permission of the officer, as the best statement it has seen of the purposes sought in the Air Corps plan, and the reasons for them.

THE THIRD WAR ARM

BEHIND all the discussion of military aviation which has been occupying so much of the attention of Congress, the Army, the Navy, and the public, there is a single fundamental fact upon which everything else hangs. This fact is so basic that each man's attitude depends upon whether he does or does not recognize and admit it; no agreement is possible between the seeing and the blind.

Moreover, no permanent solution of the air problem is possible without acceptance of this fact, except in very minor details. Upon it hinge the three vital questions of war strategy, organization, and appropriation. Yet it is so often obscured by the smoke of debate over lesser controversies, mistakes, and differences which are not fundamental, that it seems desirable to re-state it before attempting to show the place that air power should have in modern warfare and in the organization of our national defense services.

The fact is this: Air power has outgrown the place it has so far held in the American theories of war, as a servant, — however useful, — to the older arms of the Army and Navy. It still has great services to give those arms in their own fields, and of course in all things will always be in close coöperation with them. But, beyond and above all these services, air power has proved to have such great effectiveness in independent offense and defense, and to need for its best use tactics and strategy so different from either of the older arms, that it has fully won its right to, and shown its need of, independence of them. In theory, and in actual practise

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in other countries, it has proved that it should be put on equality with the older branches, should have organization, command, objectives, strategy, and tactics wholly its own; should be a separate, unhampered fighting arm, — the Air Force.

This is the whole point in the discussion now going on. The men of the older services find it impossible to recognize this fact. From the first days of modern warfare all military and naval thought has been in two dimensions, — sea and land, — and this new fact of Air Force is upsetting. It is easy for the conservatives to accuse those who have grasped it of being either visionaries or self-seekers; hard for those who have seen the truth not to accuse the obstructionists of stupidity, selfishness, and old-fogeyism. It is even possible to make mutual charges of treason. None of this gets us anywhere; the fact stands and must be faced.

All recent joint Army and Navy manoeuvres have forcibly brought out that under modern conditions the fundamental phases of warfare, in the vital strategy of national defense, are no longer limited to a sea action phase and a land action phase; there has developed an air action phase which must occur, in normal cases, after the sea action phase and before the land action phase. In other words, we must rebuild our whole national defense doctrine, with all that this involves in our war plans, organization, and expenditures, on three fundamentals which have been determined by actual tactical requirements, rather than, as at present, upon only two fundamentals as determined by the administrative organizations involved, — the Army and the Navy.

This proposition proves itself from the standpoint of basic military theory as well as from experimental demonstration, once the essential fact of Air Force is recognized, and so long as it is kept clearly in mind that fighting efficiency, and no other thing, should be considered. It is so fundamental that it is hardly worth repeating, that the national fighting efficiency as a whole depends upon complete unity of effort of all arms against objectives determined in the interests of the nation as a whole, rather than those of a single arm, but that each arm must be free to accomplish its work toward the objectives according to its own technique, and that neither its work nor its objectives must be confused by interference from other arms. In certain phases of action this will require complete subjection of one arm to another as to objectives,

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but never as to methods. Such unity is impossible if any arm is hampered by inexpert interference from another.

The military rule of unity in action involves certain conclusions which are fully accepted by all who have seen the coming power of aviation, but which are constantly resented by the obstructionists. In any operation in either the sea phase or the land phase of action, the Army or the Navy must be in full control, and the Air Force in full obedience to the commander. There is no desire by us who are fighting for adequate Air Force to interfere in any way with this service to the older arms; rather to improve it. There is no possible conflict of authority in such circumstances. What we want is to make full use of the added fighting force aviation has made possible.

This Air Force would have distinct functions of its own in addition to all the services it now gives, or could give, to the older arms; functions which are not now filled at all, or are filled inadequately. It would, in the first place, step into the gap which from time immemorial has stood between Army and Navy: the border land where their authority and interests do not quite meet, or even overlap or conflict. These mostly have to do with coast defense, — always the first consideration in American war plans. In the second place it would be able to strike, both defensively and offensively, at enemy objectives which neither the Army nor the Navy are physically able to reach, using methods which neither Army nor Navy have had the experience to understand. Finally, it would take advantage of situations which the officers of the older arms, trained in the ancient traditions, have failed to see, — opportunities opened up by the new powers given by the new science of aviation.

It is clear that there is a wide and vital field here. It is clear, too, both in reason and from the lessons of experience, that the Air Force will never have an opportunity to develop this field, or to find its own abilities and powers, so long as it is subjected as a whole to the control of men who have not been able to envisage its possibilities. The skeptics doubtless fill a useful place as brakes upon foolhardiness, but they have never given to the world either development or progress. They must not be allowed to throttle air progress now.

This, — the unhampered development of Air Force by men in

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sympathy with it, and with no other conflicting interests, even if they are inclined to be over-enthusiastic, but free from the crippling restraint of men whose chief interest lies elsewhere and whose fault will be in over-conservatism and under-development, — is the first great thing to be accomplished by establishing Air Force as a coördinate arm. But, even apart from this, Air Force has already proved its right, — which means its ability to use effectively, — to independence from immediate and detailed control by either Army or Navy.

The airplane has shown, beyond any question, that it can do certain things which neither of the other arms can. It can drop bombs of terrific power; it can attack troops from the air both with small bombs and with machine guns; it can move with great speed and on short notice; it has an immense radius of action (two hundred miles at the least); it is not stopped by any of the barriers which are effective against troops or ships; and so far it has enjoyed an almost complete immunity from danger except from other aircraft. These qualities enable Air Force to accomplish definite services of unique and high military value.

In the opening phase of a war it would be able to strike instantly, long before either Army or Navy would be ready for action. It could strike at objectives beyond the reach of either, causing immense disorganization in the enemy's mobilization. It would strike, under proper command, at objectives which had been determined as most important for the nation as a whole, instead of being divided between the other arms, subject to their peculiar interests, and unable to bring full power against any objective. This use of Air Force is something not provided at all in the present war plans. They do not contemplate putting any offensive air squadrons into action during the three whole months that it will take the Army to get ready to move! In the meantime all the advantages that might be gained by a prompt air offensive would be lost.

If there were an attack on our coasts, there would come a phase when the Navy would be supreme and all air activity would coordinate with it. But if the Navy should be defeated or driven in, the Air Force would again come to supreme importance in the "air action phase". The primary responsibility for the action in this phase should of course be definitely fixed upon the arm play-

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ing the dominant rôle, and the action of the other arms made subordinate to the policies of the dominant arm, — in this case the Air Force.

But this is a mission which the Air Force cannot perform efficiently under command of officers of either other arm, since it is one calling for instant decision and swift action, where the slightest delay in waiting for higher orders, or the least blunder due to unfamiliarity with the powers at command or with the moment's situation, might spell disaster. And, since the responsibility in this phase of the action rests with the Air Force, it is obvious that during it the other arms should be subordinate. How successful the Air Force would be in preventing the approach of the enemy fleet is not yet certain. There are many indications that a sufficient air power could annihilate any fleet, but it does not seem wise as yet to place our entire confidence in that hope.

No war is likely to be won until the armies meet. When this happens the Air Force will enter upon a phase of divided functions, but with the Army dominant. The chief mission of aviation here would be to support the land forces, through units furnished the Army for various purposes. Part of these would be used in the scouting and information service which has been the traditional function of aviation. But part, and probably the larger part, should be used in distinctly fighting missions.

In these missions the Air Force, while acting under the orders of the supreme field commander, should be free from interference by minor commanders, if it is to operate with the greatest efficiency. It should be able to use the tactics which it has proved best, to concentrate its power where it can be most useful, to attack the objectives of the greatest ultimate importance. It must be able, for example, to use its entire power in the first place to attain superiority in the air through defeat of the enemy air forces as a whole; it must not be diffused and prevented from this attempt even for the very important purposes of local reconnaissance or local defense or attack which many Army commanders desire. The Army operates each of its other fighting arms in concentrated organization: the Air Force can operate most efficiently under the same system.

This was proved very fully by the British in the closing months of the war, after they had unified their air power and made it

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subordinate only to the commander-in-chief of each theatre of operations. In three cases where the enemy was retiring, — the Turks from Tul-Keram, the Bulgars from their invasion of Serbia, and the Austrians from Italy, — it was the British air forces, attached to the local armies, which methodically bombed and harassed the retreating armies with such effect that all were practically destroyed; were fully wrecked as fighting units. The French with more aircraft, perhaps better planes, and certainly as able airmen, were able to accomplish no such results. They had not unified their air forces or freed them from interference.

But during the conflict of the armies there will remain to the Air Force missions which lie entirely outside the field of military operations, and which therefore are not directly in support of the Army. One of these is well known: the bombing of distant bases, factories, lines of communication, and so on. The other has been suggested by General Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. It is the disorganization of the enemy government and general staff through bombing the capital and G. H. Q. with gases which would force instant evacuation. The effect of this might be decisive. It may be assumed that the slaughter of the civilian population with poison gases, about which there has been so much discussion, is a mission that will never fall to American Air Forces.

The final, and ever present function of the Air Force, of course, is to prevent enemy air power from inflicting any of these evils upon our own army, navy, or civil population. In the present state of anti-aircraft defense, it has been proved that aircraft is the only effective counter to such attacks. And for this defense, as well as for offensive operations, the Air Force needs unity, ability to concentrate, and the power of instant action without interference. Here, too, as in the case of the retreating armies, the British proved that a unified air force is by far the most efficient. In the defense of London against German raiders the British tried first the army air power, then the navy, and finally combined the two only when each had failed. The number of Zeppelins brought down from then on, though the air force was not increased, was about three times as great as before.

These are the *proved* powers and functions of Air Force in modern war. They may be increased as aviation develops further; certainly they will not be decreased. It will be seen that there is

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not one of them that cannot be accomplished as well by an Air Force independent of the older arms, and that there are several that can be accomplished much more effectively by a separate force. The logic of the situation thus indicates that in time the whole air power must be concentrated in a single organization, as one of three coördinated components of the Department of Defense. But so radical a change can hardly come till more of the details have been worked out, and more people convinced of the true position of the Air Force.

In the meantime there is a step forward which may be taken immediately, — making the Air Service into a semi-autonomous corps somewhat similar to the Marine Corps of the Navy, with its chief reporting directly to the Secretary of War as the head of the Marine Corps now reports to the Secretary of the Navy, and thus allowing the Air Service to develop without the handicaps now placed upon it. Such a corps would use the existing agencies of the Army as far as possible, including the organizations of the quartermaster, paymaster, judge advocate, ordnance and chemical services. But it would have its own budget, its own records, its own organization for all purely aviation material, its own promotion list, and would operate chiefly as a single Air Force, detailing detachments for the work distinctly subordinate to the Army, after training them specifically in that kind of work.

Such an Air Corps would accomplish in some measure most of the objects outlined; permit unhampered expert development, organization, administration, and operation, provide an instant striking force, give better coast defense within the two hundred mile area, do more effective work with the Army without lessening any of its present services, and be prepared always against sudden attack.

Two other advantages have to do with conditions inside the flying forces; changes which would more or less benefit the individual flyers, but which would certainly not injure the service. One is that an Air Corps would prevent the assigning of officers from other branches, who have no knowledge of flying, to the command of flying forces. This has happened several times in the past, due to lack of high officers in the Air Service, and the results have been harrowing, to say the least, even when these officers were themselves entirely competent. Moreover, such assignments from out-

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side are most discouraging to flying officers, who are thus barred from the natural rewards of their services, knowledge, and risks.

The second advantage to the flyers would be in regard to promotion. It has been charged that the entire movement for a unified air force is based upon this situation, and so it may be well to state it clearly. It has nothing to do with pay, which is based entirely on length of service, but it does have much to do with ambition and morale, since personal pride in rank as a recognition of service is inborn.

Under the present system flying officers are listed in the general files of the Army, and are promoted only as the whole Army list moves up. Moreover, owing to the nature of the service, most flyers are comparatively young, and low down on the lists. There will have to be more than five hundred first lieutenants promoted, for example, before over a dozen flyers are reached. The flyers do not get even the rather gruesome benefit of the deaths resulting from accidents in their own service. These are high. Although the flyers constitute less than ten per cent of all officers, they suffered, in 1924, sixty per cent of all violent deaths, and in 1925, the percentage was seventy-nine. They lost two and a half per cent of their total number last year, while the other services lost from violent death only thirteen hundredths of one per cent. Yet when a flyer is killed, it is usually a man of some other arm who gets the promotion.

This means that the entire Air Service would be wiped out by peace time casualties inside forty years, and that the average life of a flying officer in service is less than twenty years. He has little chance of reaching any but the lowest rank unless promotion can be hastened. Also, because of the comparative youth of the flyers, there is a congestion of promotion even within the Service, due to lack of prospective retirements for age. In the next twenty years there will be only thirty-eight retirements for age above the grade of first lieutenant out of nine hundred fifty-seven officers in the Air Service; many of the lieutenants are even older than the average of captains. So there is nothing for many of these young officers to look forward to but years of service as lieutenants, and eventual retirement without promotion. Are they to be blamed for wanting to change this?

These, then, are the reasons for an Army Air Corps, the same

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reasons which in time will probably lead to the establishment of a National Air Force, as a unified and independent arm of American defense. Chief of them and behind them all is the fact that the airplane has already proved its right to independence through demonstration of ability to accomplish both in offense and defense objectives which neither the Army nor Navy can achieve, and which neither Army nor Navy officers, without expert air training, can fully comprehend. But even more important than these demonstrated reasons is one which has not yet been reduced to hard fact, — the unknown and incalculable possibilities of the Air Force of the future. Air Force has not only earned the right to independence to-day; it has also earned the right to make its own future and to do its utmost for the nation.

AIR SERVICE *VERSUS* AIR FORCE

WILLIAM ADGER MOFFETT

THE controversy with regard to the employment of aviation in national defense has resulted in considerable confusion and certainly in some fundamental misconceptions. The expressions "Air Service" and "Air Force" have been used as if they were synonymous, when in reality they are widely different. Air Service contemplates the employment of aviation as a component part of either the military or naval establishments. Air Force contemplates the employment of aviation as one of the striking forces. Much of the confusion has resulted from a lack of appreciation of the difference between these two terms, yet the difference is so great that no understanding can be had without a clear conception of their meanings.

The fundamental strategy of our national defense is based on the maintenance of a very small standing army and of a navy commensurate in size with our dignity. Our Army, on this hypothesis, is not in a state of immediate readiness for war. Our Navy, on the contrary, *must* be in this state of readiness. Our

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whole system is based on the hypothesis that behind the strong arm of the Navy we can mobilize our Army and industrial resources after war becomes imminent. Naval Aviation is a component part of the fleet and must be in the same state of readiness as the rest of the fleet. Military Aviation should be of that size and that degree of readiness which corresponds with the size and readiness of the Army.

It is important to appreciate at this time the primary mission of the Navy. There is a common impression that navies are intended simply to fight battles with other navies. This particular mission is only contributory to the Navy's primary mission. It is the Navy's job to take and maintain command of the sea, to carry out our national policies in all parts of the world, to support our sea-borne commerce, and maintain our trade. This is a large order, which requires a corresponding force to fill it.

The expression "national defense" is, of itself, a misleading one. In the strategy of national defense there are three aspects: first, the offensive; second, the defensive; and third, the offensive-defensive. It is a truism that the strongest form of defense is a vigorous offense. If we are content to take the pure defensive and wait for the enemy to carry the war to us, we shall find the war fought on our own territory, and ourselves suffering most of its privations. If, on the other hand, once war is declared, we take the vigorous offensive, we ourselves shall be free from much of the personal hardship.

Now at the outbreak of war, this country will of necessity assume the offensive-defensive in the opening stages. In general, the Navy will be called upon to take the offensive, while the Army and industry are being mobilized behind it on the defensive. This is the primary reason why the Navy is maintained at a high percentage of its wartime strength, and in a high degree of readiness. With these conceptions in mind, it is important now to go back to this question of Air Service *versus* Air Force.

A glance at the globe will show that we are not within close striking distance of any possible major enemy. The talk we have heard of an airplane capable of flying great distances and carrying with it a heavy bomb is absurd in the present state of development of the art. Any airplane capable of flying three thousand miles is not capable of carrying any offensive armament with it;

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nor is it capable, once it has arrived, of getting back to its base. Airplanes, — now and for some time to come, — capable of flying this distance at all, would simply be made hostages upon arrival.

We may be open to attack from aircraft by way of the Aleutian Peninsula and southeastern Alaska or by way of Greenland and northeastern Canada, but before such an attack could be made, bases would have to be established. And even then weather conditions in these areas are such as to offer extreme difficulties. No nation can establish such bases so long as our Navy is maintained intact. In other words, with the fleet at sea, properly equipped with its own aviation, we have nothing to fear from attacks by air based on any outlying enemy or neutral possession.

This fact being established, there is the other matter of protection from attack by aircraft transported near our shores in enemy carriers. I do not believe that any shore-based air force can ward off such an attack by an enemy carrier, which launches its attack from an unknown position in the open sea, at an unknown instant, with an unknown objective. On the other hand, if our Navy with its aircraft locates such a carrier, it can drive the carrier far beyond the effective range of its aircraft.

No enemy would think for a moment of launching such an attack from an unsupported carrier, and would therefore support such a carrier with its fleet. The inevitable result would be a naval battle, which would go to that fleet which was the strongest.

Now there are many factors entering into the strength of the fleet. There are numerous instances of a fleet inferior in numbers or paper-strength winning over a fleet which is apparently superior. The classic example of this is Nelson's victories. There is the matter of the skill of the commander, the morale of the personnel, and the balance of forces. President Coolidge stated the Navy's case when he said that what we need is "a balanced fleet". By this we mean a fleet balanced on the surface, under the surface, and over the surface.

We have lately heard a new doctrine enunciated, and it is plausible enough at first glance. We have been told that the Army's task lies on the land and that the Navy's task lies on the sea, while the airman's task is in the air. This suggestion loses its plausibility when we realize that the land and water are divided by the shore line, but that the air is common to all! The air does

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not constitute a new objective. It constitutes merely a new path for reaching the old objective. Aviation is a new form of transportation, but it has not changed the fundamental, underlying principles of warfare, which have remained the same from time immemorial in spite of changes in the vehicles with which it is carried on.

The objective in any warfare must and always will be enemy territory. Even the sea constitutes only a means of communication. It is the enemy's citadel that we must take, and we must take it with men. In the last analysis, decisions are reached by hand-to-hand encounter. Even the rifle degenerates into a club and a knife! In enthusiasm for a new thing we must not be swept aside from these fundamental conceptions.

This very isolation which renders us safe from the enemy offensive, so long as our fleet maintains control of the sea lanes, also constitutes an offensive weakness. If we intend to carry the war to the enemy, and it is not the temper of this country to assume the defensive once war is thrust upon it, we must carry that branch of the offensive which relies upon aviation to distant places on the backs of the fleet. Here again Naval Aviation is found to be of supreme importance. In an overseas campaign a large military air force, capable of operating from the shores only, would not only be of no assistance but, on the other hand, would be a positive detriment, for we would be sapping our offensive strength to support our defensive strength.

This same line of thought applies equally well to our coast defense as it does to an overseas operation. In the matter of coast defense there are many more things to do than simply to fly over the sea in search of an enemy. There is patrol against enemy surface and subsurface craft. There is the convoy of our own surface craft. These are and always have been the functions of the Navy, because they are sea-going functions and require sea-going experience for their prosecution. It is only in the narrowest form that coast defense can be considered as the defense of shore bases. In this last form, the mission is assigned to the Army by joint agreement, but in the matter of overseas operation, which must be in conjunction with surface craft, the task is very obviously one for the Navy.

I think even this very brief discussion will make it clear that in

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so far as aviation is concerned, our fundamental policy requires the utmost in development of Naval Aviation. This development follows two lines: Aviation with the fleet, on board combatant ships and on carriers, and aviation for coastal patrol, working with tenders and surface craft. This thought may appear novel to many, but it is not novel to the Navy. During the World War our activities were confined by joint agreement to coastal patrol, but the close of the World War was the signal for activity in the primary features of Naval Aviation.

These large coastal patrol airplanes, of which we had many, were not suited to all the needs of the fleet. Nevertheless, we put them into service for scouting and bombing, and have operated them for the past six years with the fleet all over the world. One of the great functions of Air Service was short range scouting for combatant ships and control of gunfire. We had to design special airplanes for this purpose and catapults from which to launch the airplanes on board ship. This we have done, with the result that thirty-two catapults are now installed on combatant ships, and our observation aircraft have flown from the decks of these ships all over the world. These aircraft have developed their doctrine and tactics in close accord with the fleet and are now so important that the fleet would feel blind without them.

This is a good example of Air Service as contrasted with Air Force in the fleet. Air Force requires larger aircraft than can be successfully flown from combatant ships, and we have gone ahead developing our Naval Air Force by building carriers and the planes to fly from them. The Naval air offensive is to be based on these carriers, and there is every assurance that by a year from now we shall have completed the first step in applying Air Force as a component part of our fleet. Special airplanes had to be designed for this purpose, and the carriers themselves constitute complex and novel engines of war.

It is an axiom that the best protection against aircraft is in the form of fighting aircraft. We have gone ahead developing our fighters and the arrangements for handling them at sea. The problems of flying over the sea are most complex, but these have been very largely solved, with the result that we now have fighters aboard ship, and will have more when the carriers are finished.

The development of the sea-going airplane has been a difficult

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one. We could not take what had gone before, but had to design and build new engines, new instruments, new accessories, new equipment of all kinds and descriptions. A very brief space of time has elapsed since we undertook this development, and yet we can safely say that our Naval Aviation is not excelled anywhere. In other words, we laid down a definite policy years ago, and have followed it so aggressively that now we have attained our goal in many lines, and are well on the way to attaining it in all lines of endeavor.

This separate Air Department idea contemplates revolutionary changes in the system of administration. Every business man knows that sweeping organization changes do not produce the desired results. Any system or plan loyally administered will succeed. The best system or plan disrupted by disloyalty will fail. In Naval Aviation, we have felt that it was our task to go ahead seeking to accomplish our results without revolutionary reorganization. We have concentrated on our work, and have supported the system loyally. When in the joint exercises off Hawaii, one hundred and twenty-four fleet aircraft of new and improved types played an important part, we felt that we had attained at least a measure of success.

Our support of the present system is not an example of blind loyalty. We have supported it cheerfully in the firm conviction that it is fundamentally sound. We believe that the separate air force idea is unsound strategically, tactically, and economically.

We believe that it is strategically unsound because the organization of a third department without a third objective will deprive both the military and naval establishments of authority over an important component of those establishments. Authority and responsibility must go hand in hand. The Army and Navy, each responsible for its own mission, must have the authority over all the forces necessary for the accomplishment of that mission. The establishment of a separate air force might give unity of command over aviation activities, but it would very definitely divide the major command into three parts instead of two. It would be physically impossible to coördinate three separate departments under a Department of Defense. The President, the commander-in-chief, must be the coördinating agency, through a council of defense consisting of the responsible unit commanders,

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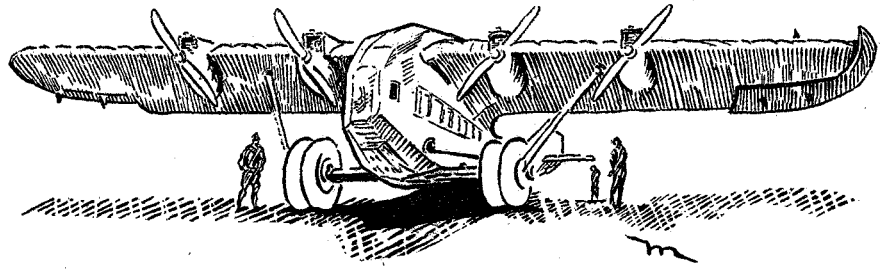
the Army and the Navy, each with its own initiative, its own authority, and its own responsibility. The soundness of this principle as applied to business is conclusively demonstrated in the conduct of such corporations as General Motors.

We believe the separate air force idea to be unsound from an economical standpoint. In building up a new Department of the Air, with all its ramifications of overhead, we shall add to the cost of the military establishment. In the organization of a separate department, we shall find it hard to draw the line. This separate Department of the Air will want cognizance of that portion of the military establishment which handles aviation. In other words, we shall have a young navy and a young army within the new department, or a fine example of the tail wagging the dog! In the endeavor to eliminate a small amount of duplication in matters aëronautic between the Army and the Navy, we shall be guilty of duplication within the separate department of military and naval functions, a duplication which really constitutes triplication. Such a triplication cannot help being expensive.

Advocates of separate air power picture an air force as operating against the "nerve centres" of the enemy, utilizing gas attacks and other offensive measures against defenseless cities. They admit this conception is somewhat unethical at present, but advocate it as taking warfare out of the hands of the "mercenaries" and shortening the time required for a decision. In other words, they advocate a policy of frightfulness on the part of this country, and this in the face of the results of the World War, in which the policy of frightfulness so horrified the world as to bring additional allies to those nations which rejected it. It is to be hoped that they do not reflect the view of the country in their attitude.



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OUR IMAGINARY ISOLATION

EDGAR ANSELL MOWRER

AS a result of the Dawes Plan, the United States has become vitally interested in the economic prosperity and political tranquillity of Europe. Our statesmen to the contrary notwithstanding, we are definitely committed and have entered upon a foreign policy based upon an ever increasing economic expansion. Either we must repudiate the Dawes Plan and all that we have done or go on to take an active and leading part in the reconstruction of Europe. The alternative according to this observer is complete disaster.

"SAID the King: 'Speak up, good lad. How used you the Great Seal of England?' . . . "'To crack nuts with.'" (*The Prince and the Pauper.*) As the months go by it becomes increasingly clear that the dominant section of the American people has set its mind to a policy of economic expansion and a great part in the world's business. One after another our representatives abroad cast their words into the jugglery of European politics, and these words are all to one end: The United States is vitally interested in promoting a situation throughout the world which will enable us to carry through our own development with the minimum of risk. Therefore, for better or for worse, we possess already the rudiments of a positive foreign policy from which it will become increasingly difficult to depart.

It pleases President Coolidge and our State Department to reiterate their belief in the abyss that separates our purely economic interest in world peace from politics. Our leaders will declare that we are not committed by our semi-official participation in the Dawes Plan and our presence as observers at international conferences to any definite line of action. But practically, such utterances constitute a kind of (perhaps unconscious) deception of our people, who believe the State Department when it defines our policy as "defensively aggressive in the Americas, economically expansive in Asia, and directed to economic coöperation with, and political isolation from Europe." But just how we are to defy the currents of history and prevent our people from becoming politically interested in the developments of countries with whom we are so linked by business and investment, our statesmen do not, and I believe cannot, tell us. It is not so long since a very responsible man at Washington, in discussing the ideas which later materialized as the Dawes Plan, gravely told me that to ob-

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tain such a partial settlement of European difficulties we must "either fight France or buy France." We have done neither, yet the Dawes Plan is a reality.

By it, the United States has become financially, that is, vitally, interested in the economic prosperity and political tranquillity of the industrial heart of Europe.

It is no secret that the State Department did actively coöperate in the naming of delegates to make the Dawes Plan, that it remains in constant touch with the Agent General, and that it "guides" the credit policy of our great banking houses and uses the debts certain foreign nations have contracted toward us to influence the political policy of those nations.

If our statesmen are reserved, our financiers are outspoken. As the trade journal, "Commerce and Finance", so delicately puts it: "We (Americans) have all become . . . the owners of hundreds of millions of able-bodied serfs. We have a mortgage on the lives of both the living and the unborn in practically every nation of Europe, except Russia."

In face of which we are calmly told by our leaders that we "have no political commitments," — meaning that we have made no promises to foreign governments or even to our own investors. But practically, let the hundreds of millions of dollars we have loaned and are prepared to loan Europe become endangered, and we should soon see whether or not our government is as free from responsibility toward our innocent investors as the government heads find it convenient to suppose. In the present circumstances, our crassest gold hunters have become the allies of our purest idealists.

Until the London Conference, August, 1924, it was perhaps possible to argue about participation and isolation. Now we might at least try to understand what we have done and begin planning what we must do next in order to prevent what we have done from leading to financial loss and worse.

We had until recently, — perhaps still have, — three main currents of public opinion on foreign matters, among that comparatively small number of people who take any interest in such topics.

I — The individualistic "little Americans" led here by Senators Borah and the late LaFollette. They were opposed to the

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practise that "the flag follows trade", in other words that our financial expansion should, when necessary, receive diplomatic and even military assistance from the government. Their ideal was an enclosed America developing its own civilization within its own borders. To this ideal they were prepared to sacrifice commercial expansion and even something of our standard of living.

The idea is logical; but it ignored or minimized the fact that the United States is largely controlled by men to whom economic and financial expansion is a delightful, even a necessary, prospect.

II — The second group admitted in principle the necessity of economic expansion but would have directed it to undeveloped regions like South America, Asia, and possibly Russia. Europe they wanted to eschew because "Washington warned us against entangling alliances", because we have nothing to get but burned fingers by contact with Europe, because Europeans are an immoral, decaying lot whose ideals should be avoided lest they corrupt us, — and because we should only strengthen Europe's capacity to compete with us.

Unfortunately for its supporters, this thesis ignored the fact that our need for financial expansion (investment of our money abroad at higher interest rates than we can get for it at home) was urgent, and that the consuming capacity of Asia and South America for our raw materials, to say nothing of their paying capacity, is limited. Though we export only a small percentage of our total production, this percentage, if unsold, destroys most of the year's profit and makes the difference between a bad year and a prosperous one.

III — The bankers, manufacturers, mine owners, agriculturalists, and others who for business, cultural, or humanitarian reasons wanted us to invest in Europe, sell to Europe, save European culture, help Europe's suffering people, and prevent future wars.

Their thesis had, for several years, a kind of surreptitious and half-hearted support from the government. It triumphed, I believe, definitely with the Dawes Plan.

At this triumph none but a section of our own people was astonished. It is the way of the world, the way of Phoenicia, Rome, Venice, Holland, Great Britain. For to political students, post-war America seems an imperial plutocracy, and they cannot

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greatly be astonished to see us going the path of all other plutocracies since the world was. They only wonder how it is possible for our people to ignore the fact. In the library of the German Foreign Office there is a much underlined and annotated copy of Scott Nearing's *American Empire*. At home it is, I believe, good form to sneer at the writer.

Our gradual domination over Central and part of South America, our star-and-striping the Caribbean, our entrance into the World War, our vain attempt to turn our back on Europe, and our final capitulation to the "Will of Destiny" impersonated in the Dawes Plan, — these are to Europeans sure proof of the existence of an enormously wealthy and powerful state which must either desist from material ambition altogether or seek ever wider economic expansion.

Many Americans doubtless will deny that we are or ever shall be an Imperial Power, — at least, they would add, "in the evil sense of this word," — that we have or ever shall have any grasping ambitions. Our expansion has been so easy as to be almost imperceptible, not only to us, but to the European lords of the world. Before 1914 no people in Europe, except the Scandinavians and the Bulgarians, but looked upon us patronizingly.

Nor can it be urged that, even in the remote pre-war days before the general impoverishment of Europe, "money talked." Of course, individual hotel-keepers everywhere were not without a tender interest in the possessors of dollars, and in order to transfer the said dollars from our pockets to theirs sometimes stooped to humiliating attitudes soothing to our somewhat shaky republican pride.

To-day it is not the European hotel-keepers alone who are interested in our money. Europe has learned more by the war than we dream of: the most patent lesson of all is that the greatest power in the contemporary world, for good or evil, lies in the hands of the people of the United States. It is precisely because the European statesmen flouted us at the beginning of the war, because the Germans have had their fingers burned and the Allies their pockets drained, that to-day Europe understands our power far better than we do and believes, since she credits us with undeveloped rather than with feeble intelligence, that this power will some day be used in the way power has always been used,

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— namely, to gratify certain personal desires and achieve certain national ends.

Here again American idealism revolts. "We do not want power. Though we are a great Power in the physical sense, we distrust and condemn the Great Power System and its child, war. The American people favor a world founded, not on force, but on the consent of the peoples governed."

Well, let us admit that, in the large, we do. But can we be satisfied to see our ideal thwarted at nearly every turn, at home and abroad, by our ignorance? Is it to our credit to have fought the late war, — as the results show, — for certain aims alien to our own? And just so long as we refuse to consider ourselves in our relation to other peoples in the light of facts, we shall, despite our friendly feeling and our tremendous strength, be constantly faced with results that we did not anticipate and that fill us with dissatisfaction and displeasure.

No. We are, I repeat, committed to a policy of economic expansion, with all its cultural and financial advantages and its political dangers. To deny this statement is to refuse to face the facts.

Never perhaps was any great people less prepared for such a task. Our form of government, our decentralized political organization, our history, and our geography, all make it difficult and dangerous. But the point is that so far, on most vital issues of world scope, the richest and most powerful people on earth is without an opinion.

The problems of our leaders are therefore two. They must, under pain of failure to their plans, develop a public opinion capable of understanding, supervising and, if necessary, revising the active policy as it develops in the mind of our leaders under the pressure of events. And secondly, they must themselves try to understand the obstacles and dangers that threaten and try to influence the world development according to our wishes.

I — A public opinion conscious of our place in the world would, of course, upset most of the calculations of our politicians. Foreign issues could no longer be kept out of elections. Opposition could no longer be bought off by post offices and jobs. And only an intelligent democracy can hope to cope with problems that are the despair of professional students and experts. Yet we must make

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our democracy intelligent on this point or fail. And by failure our existence as an independent and influential people will be menaced.

But why do it consciously, people will ask. Is not the present system of "little by little", of diplomatic observers with rights and no responsibilities, of "muddling through", adapted to our democratic forms and most beneficial to us?

"Little by little" is certainly the best plan so long as our leaders are ill equipped to foresee events, — but must this always be? Diplomatic observers are doubtless advantageous to us, but we must realize that they will be tolerated by other countries only so long as the latter need us so badly, — which will not be forever. "Muddling through" has never, in the long run, been beneficial to anyone.

Britain "muddled through" the late war, only to find that her world power had become second to ours and her immediate influence second to that of "decadent" France. So much for system. We "muddled through" the late war. Had we possessed an enlightened opinion, we could (1) easily have obtained the "freedom of the seas" by negotiation, without mobilizing a man; or (2) have made our entrance into the war on the side of the Allies contingent on the literal acceptance of any peace program we chose to lay down; or (3) have carried through at the Peace Conference any policy which, as a united people, we cared to insist upon.

But we lacked the preparation, the imagination, and the desire, — in short, a foreign policy.

II — Influencing world development according to our wishes is far more complicated and implies an even greater departure from our traditional policies. But it is equally vital, — perhaps more so. We must begin by taking and admitting political responsibility throughout the world, and chiefly in Europe.

At this point our elder statesmen and native sons in Congress will, if any of them chance to read this, sit up impressively and point a sarcastic, accusing finger. "Here is another expatriate American who wants us to help Europe. My dear man, we have already done more for Europe than we should have. We have fed the starving populations of the Danube, of Russia, of Greece, and of the Near East. We have assisted in bringing conflicts to an end, we have called and put through the Washington Conference

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for Naval Disarmament and Peace in the Far East, and finally, we have rendered that moral and financial assistance to Europe without which the Dawes Plan would not have been possible. We have no further moral duties toward Europe."

It is not precisely with moral duties that I am here concerned. It is, of course, true that we have tried to help the suffering throughout the world. We have spent millions of dollars in Central Europe, Asia Minor, and Greece, assisting the victims of political catastrophes that, by two words, we could have avoided had we acted in time and responsibly. One can indeed apply to our entire activity since the war what Senator Borah said of Russia: "Our charity has saved ten million lives, but our policy has starved twenty millions."

My point is other. We are the richest and most powerful people on earth. By the Dawes Plan and our foreign credits we have started on a career of economic imperialism. If this imperialism is not to end in financial loss and political stress of the worst type, we must follow it up and throw our weight into the camp of those working to avoid catastrophes in the regions where we are interested; there is hardly a spot in which we are *not* interested. To-day, the danger of the world lies in Europe. And the pivot of any policy must be our attitude toward Europe.

Our problem is to conciliate commercial expansion with peace, if only because modern wars do not pay. We have not begun badly, but we have only begun. The trouble is, there exists in the United States a notion that the Dawes Plan has pacified Europe or, at least, opened the doors to pacification. Which is, of course, absurd. The Dawes Plan, — however excellent, — only makes the real European difficulty more apparent. This difficulty is the lack of modern organization.

It is a curious fact that the principle of nationalism became dominant in Europe only at a time when it no longer, — on the tiny chessboard available, — corresponded to the economic well-being of the peoples. What such nationalism means was apparent, before the war, in the so-called Balkan problem, which was the trigger for the late explosion. To-day the "Balkans" have simply spread over all Western Continental Europe.

In essence this European problem is simple: the European continent west of Russia has become too small to support the pres-

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ence of the twenty-odd wriggling, intriguing, ambitious, mutually hostile political states into which it is divided. There are too many frontiers. Already there is under way a series of local commercial conflicts whose result may be to force millions to emigrate or to accept a life of bestiality. The future, as Bertrand Russell has well shown, belongs to the great territorial units. Either Europe west of Russia must in some sense organize into a unit, or decay. The aim of such organization is, of course, economic. But economics need a political basis. To find this basis is the European problem.

The more farsighted Europeans realize this necessity. Many of them would prefer to dispense with American assistance altogether. Back of the various plans for a Continental or a European steel and coal trust, back of the timid yet already well developed schemes for international cartels and financial oligarchies, there is a deep feeling for the future.

Of the numerous attempts to organize Europe, the League of Nations is by far the most important. It exists. In a limited way it functions, — few Americans realize how widely and how well. Within a very short time it may be entrusted with such vital functions as the policing of the defeated nations and general disarmament. With the entrance of Germany and, at a somewhat later date, Russia, the League will embrace virtually the entire globe, excepting the United States.

But such a League, reaching so far beyond Europe, does not entirely fulfil the requirements of the Europeans themselves. Therefore more specific remedies are being proposed. One of these is the creation of a pan-European state, now being discussed and recommended by several persons, notably Baron Coudenhove-Kalergi. This idea is utopistic, but less so than is commonly supposed: in one form or another it is backed by many of the best financial and industrial brains of the Continent, men who are dreaming of a super-capitalism which will dwarf the political states into mere administrative units.

Then there is the communist internationale, with its ideal of abolishing political frontiers altogether, and its backing of many millions of workers and the vast Russian state.

Nor must one forget the various political line-ups which are possible organizations of Continental states through commercial and political understandings. Most of these arrangements must

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face the enmity of Great Britain, but the influence of Britain is far from being what it was.

On the other hand, if all attempts at organization fail, the decline of Europe seems certain, and to many people inevitable, — without American intervention. The population of Europe is so dense that unless the Continent be economically reorganized it cannot well continue to live at any standard compatible with civilization. Childless marriages will become ever commoner, emigration will increase, and Europe will find itself a more or less insignificant peninsula of the Asiatic Continent.

It is clear that such a decline, however it appeal to our American super-patriots and self-righteous "know-nothings", would be bad for our trade and finance. Culturally, it would be the worst disaster that has overtaken men since the downfall of the Pagan world. When one thinks that to carry the torch of civilization would be left only a disordered Asia, a still barbarous Russia, and a thoroughly mechanized and still infantile America, one cannot but be appalled.

Unsuccessful attempts at reorganization, — namely, new wars, — are, of course, extremely likely (though not within the next decade) and would offer a short-cut to decay. Yet if history teaches anything it is that from such wars neither Great Britain nor the United States could stand aside.

Successful attempts at reorganization might be even more dangerous for us. Europe taken together, or even a large section of it taken alone, is stronger than we. A creditor is never very popular, especially if he lacks tact and openly shows his contempt for his debtors. Have our statesmen ever considered the possibility of a League of debtors turned against us? Obviously, we must desire a reorganization of Europe, but not *any* reorganization.

The Dawes Plan hardly touches this problem. In fact, it is doubtful if it goes any further than getting the French out of the Ruhr and the Germans into the League of Nations from which we so superbly stand aside. It has, for the time being, eliminated reparation friction. It may lead to the much trumpeted and really insignificant Mutual Guarantee Pact in Western Europe.* But it does not, perhaps was not intended to, solve the problem of Europe's, or even Germany's, economic restoration. Not because

* This pact, popularly known as the Treaty of Locarno, was signed after this article was written. — *Ed.*

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of bad faith or secret refractoriness on the part of the Germans. Simply because the Dawes Plan hardly turns the door-knob on that economic and political reorganization of Europe, without which European restoration is, in the long run, practically impossible. Germany is provided with a sound currency and credit basis; the German budget is balanced. But neither the Dawes Plan nor the subsequent private credits have created markets for German goods, emigration outlets for the surplus German population, or cheaper means and methods of production in Germany's mills and factories.

Yet in the meantime, we threaten our stubborn debtors all at the same time, offer insignificant advice that contains nothing positive but commonplaces, and seem hardly conscious where the path we have so blithely entered is leading. If our statesmen know, why do they refrain from telling the entire truth to the people, in order that the popular backing necessary to an enlightened and continuous foreign policy may come to exist? International politics cannot be carried on in the public square; but in the United States they certainly cannot be the exclusive province of a few bureau heads who are every now and then checkmated by an irresponsible Senate and an incredible dead weight of public indifference.

Just what we ought to do is outside my province. We could still repudiate the Dawes Plan and withdraw from Europe. But if we are in Europe to stay, we must, under pain of loss or disaster, follow up this plan by definite action tending to protect the interests we are creating for ourselves on the Mother Continent.

In the meantime, almost as much as any European Power, we entrust our future to a few bankers and bureaucrats, who with one hand egg us on to become financially involved abroad, with the other, subordinate our foreign to our trifling domestic policies, aim back-hand blows at the League of Nations, and carefully wave to our people that all is well since we have made no "political commitments".

When one day our grandchildren look from some mess back upon our ineptitude and ask us just what use we made of the "Great Seal of the United States", our senile lips will (if they speak the truth) mumble back, "To open pork barrels and crack nuts with."

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THE ALPHABET OF LIFE

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

JUST as A, B, and C are dead symbols until placed together in preconceived sequence to make a phrase, so the isolated phenomena of life are without "meaning" until they are related by the creative faculty. Physical life goes on only as long as the processes of inorganic nature are being vitalized from within. It is significance that creates the facts, and not vice versa. *Our modern machines must also be thought of as an alphabet, not as the essence of life, if we hope to graduate from mere civilization into real culture.*

EVERYBODY knows that the meaning of a sentence, *qua* meaning, is not inherent in the letters of the words which serve to express it. But are there many who realize that this little fact is the very key to the deepest problems of philosophy? And that its meditation can lead nearer to the comprehension of the ultimate meaning of life than any studying of books? I am afraid not. Most people fail to see that truth is essentially obvious and therefore never far to seek; and that, if it is highly desirable to know more than what common-sense could teach, no philosophy can be of any avail which does not give voice, in the first instance, to common-sense. The true relation between the latter and philosophical profundity is no other than that between treble and basic tone in music. The full significance of a melody does not appear unless it be related to the proper keynote. But no keynote can stand alone; if its depth does not serve to give the dimension of depth to a corresponding melody in the treble it is no good at all.

Look at life with a serene, unbiased eye. In what does it differ from what we call lifeless? It differs in the following: that no fact of life can be understood apart from its significance. Stars and stones may be fully described as isolated units. But in order to understand the smallest cell, not to mention complicated organs, within a living body, you have to find out what part it plays in it. Which implies that you cannot grasp a single material fact, in case it belongs to the realm of life, except from the standpoint of its meaning. "Meaning" is the source of its very existence. But then meaning is something immaterial. Thus something immaterial is, in the case of life, the origin of material existence. It is significance that creates the facts, not *vice versa.*

Do you now begin to see why the life of each and all must

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appear to have a meaning, not only in order to seem worth living, but in order to go on at all? Do you begin to see why individuals who have lost their aim in life, or nations who have lost their Gods or their ideals, seem to develop a suicidal inclination? "Meaning" is the very essence of life, as far as we can grasp it. Surely life is much more than we can grasp, but in so far as we succeed in doing so, it belongs to the plane of meaning. It is meaning which creates the different organs of each living body, or else there could be no coöperation and no vicarious work. It is meaning which creates the body as a whole, or else the latter could not be expressive of a soul. It is the significance of a particular person within his social surroundings, not the person as a fact, which gives him his social position. Again significance, not fact, is the essence of historical greatness; a man of a particular type rises to power only when his personal tendencies are representative of the aims of the whole. And should human history be guided by Divine Providence, this would imply that a Supreme or Ultimate Meaning is not only at the root, but *the* root of all facts of life.

If now you turn back to consider the introductory sentence of this essay, you will understand better its essential truth. The relation of the organs within a body to the living whole, or of the facts of a given life to its aim, or of a given personality to the historical part it plays, or lastly of human history to Divine Providence, is really no other than the relation of the meaning of a sentence to the letters of the word which serve to express it. That such a relation does exist at all can of course not be explained, for, being the ultimate fact, it cannot be deduced from any other fact. To the mind it will remain an everlasting mystery, how it is that a particular arrangement of letters can express at all a particular thought; we have to take it as such. And as to the other fact, that each particular meaning, in order to manifest itself fully, must have found its adequate expression, we can go no further than recognize the existence of a fundamental law, which I have called the law of correlation between meaning and expression. But if we once acquiesce that at this point we have reached a boundary beyond which we cannot proceed, and then turn back, we find that we have already attained the very threshold of comprehension of life as a whole. We said that on the

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plane of life, significance creates the facts and not *vice versa:* indeed, the idea must each time pre-exist its expression. We said that if individual or national life has lost its meaning, it develops a suicidal inclination: indeed, if a thought has become dead letter, be it a religious belief or a particular law as an expression of acknowledged right, or simply an idea which a man who hears it cannot understand, it is dead; it cannot work at all; or if it does, it inevitably works on the line of self-destruction. On the other hand, according to the law of correlation between meaning and expression, each new meaning *must* create new facts. Just as each new idea manifests itself in a new arrangement of letters, words, and phrases, a new historical spirit finds its expression in novel institutions. Unfortunately, on the plane of active life, the transition from the old to the new is not as smooth and harmless an affair as is the progress from one idea to another. But both processes mean essentially the same thing.

Consider now another side of the same question. How is it that meaning becomes incarnate in letters? It is by a centrifugal process. We have to *give* meaning to the letters ourselves, from within, if they are to express any; and this applies as much to the reader or listener as to the original creator: if the former is to grasp the intended meaning, he has to put it, himself, into the letters, for what he gets from the outside is nothing but a combination of paper and printing-ink. Thus meaning only exists in the dimension of creative activity; stop the latter, and all meaning will seem to have vanished from our world. It is here, perhaps, that you see best how complete the analogy is between the relation of thought and alphabet on the one side, and that of life and matter on the other. Physical life goes on only as long as the processes of inorganic nature are being vitalized from within; no sooner does this cease than the live body becomes what we call a corpse; that is, the processes of nature, left to themselves, now use the same forces which built up the organism to destroy it.

But from here let us jump at once to an idea which seems to lie very wide apart: the idea of the Resurrection of the Flesh. What does it mean? According to St Paul himself, it means that spirit eventually forms a new corresponding body, which must be the same as the old one in so far as the soul has not changed. Well, this would mean nothing else, in principle, than what is

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done by each and all of us each time that we utter again an idea which for a time was non-existent in the world of words. If the latter occurrence is a reality, little can be said in principle against the possibility of the former. But I do not mean to insist here on this particular point. What I wanted to do, in drawing attention all at once to the strangest conceivable expression of the way of creative life, was to make you realize in the most effective manner, that is by surprise, the following: if the relation of life to matter is essentially the same as that between an idea and the letters of the alphabet which serve to express it; if, moreover, meaning, not fact, is the primary principle, and if the former comes to existence in the world of phenomena by a centrifugal, meaning-giving process, *then facts as such really do not count at all.* Then spiritual man ought to be capable of creating in the long run such facts as he pleases. Then the whole of nature's processes cannot mean anything else or more from the point of view of creative life than the alphabet does to the thinking man, who makes use of it to express his thoughts.

Let us dwell upon this metaphor which is really more than a metaphor. In the nineteenth century, with its curiously superficial outlook, people believed in facts to which they had to adapt themselves in very much the same way and sense as religious ages believed in the necessity of fulfilling the will of God. In reality no previous century had created so many new facts, which alone should have proved to man that facts cannot be his last resort. And these facts he had created out of "nothing", from the point of view of his own philosophy, for realized "meaning", — that is something immaterial, the existence of which he denied, — was the source of all this gigantic material output; all great inventions were pure ideas first, they only materialized afterwards in "facts". Under these circumstances, the ancient magician, who surely succeeded on the whole in less than modern inventors do, was in his outlook much nearer the truth. Our present dominion over nature is the work of magic; it is nothing else but imagination become fact. Now try to realize this. And then a truth will dawn upon you, which I consider all-important: *that the last sentence of the last paragraph expresses no metaphor at all, but truth in the sense of scientific* exactness. By learning to make use of the laws of nature, man had learned, as it were, the latter's

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grammar. His own inventions mean, in this connection, what he has to say himself in the language he has acquired.

In what sense, under these circumstances, are philosophers at all right in calling our modern age a mechanistic and materialistic, and not a spiritual, age? They are right in this sense, that modern man *believes* in the ultimate reality of facts and matter. This belief has really given them a power, which in themselves they lack. Thanks to this belief, spirit really *had* become powerless, and matter omnipotent. The Great War provided the *experimentum crucis* for this: never was there a more astounding discrepancy between the greatness of the events and the smallness of the men who pretended to create and rule them; never did men achieve less what they really desired to achieve. Now look at this state of affairs from the angle of the interrelation between alphabet and meaning. Then you will realize that the true significance of modern materialism is this, that the so-called scientific age really was an age of belief in grammar, much more so than the age of scholasticism ever was. Instead of simply using the alphabet of the world for saying what he ultimately meant to say, man regarded this alphabet as his ultimate resort. He imagined that right spelling already meant speech. Well, this once realized, there is, in principle, no further difficulty in getting beyond mechanism and materialism. Since all material inventions really are "meaning" expressed in "matter", nothing can prevent man from incarnating a *deeper* meaning in the world of facts. This depends entirely on himself. Thus if modern life seems to have lost all meaning, this is our own fault. Our aim should not at all be to renounce this modern world of ours, but to make this very world the means of expression of a deeper spirit.

I cannot here develop the splendid vistas which the above stated truth disclose before striving man. Those who want to know more about the theory and practise of what I call Creative Recognition should read the book which bears the same name (*Schöpferische Erkenntnis*) and also my later work *Wiedergeburt* (Re-birth) which exist so far only in the German original (published by Itto Reichl, Darmstadt). I will finish this essay by applying the general results we have reached with a little more detail to the modern controversy, "Technical Civilization Versus Culture". According to many of the best living intellects,

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modern civilization is frankly inimical to culture. And so it seems to be. For what does the word "culture" signify? It stands for the correspondence of the inside and the outside of life in this sense, that all the forms of a given existence are the immediate expression of a living spirit. This short definition really includes everything that can be stated about the essential meaning of culture: namely, that every cultural manifestation is tied to a living past and in so far implies responsibility; that it is symbolical in the twofold sense that anything "cultural", on the one hand, gives expression to significance, and on the other, incarnates the latter in the forms of a corresponding image; that is, it is exclusive and therefore strictly confined, like any organism, and belongs to a unified whole which is being mirrored by every single manifestation. *"Culture" is a spiritual organism.* Well, if this be so, then it is clear under what conditions external civilization, which can very well mean culture, fails to do so: it fails to do so when its expression does not mean anything inward. And since the latter is manifestly the case within the whole modern westernized world, it is undoubtedly true that we are living in an age of civilization as opposed to an age of culture.

This is surely a very unsatisfactory state of things as compared to the ancient Greeks or Chinese, or our own ancestors of the Renaissance period; we really are learned barbarians. And those who relate it to our "progress" in the technical and mechanical sense are right in so far as the unlimited applicability of any product of technique, — unlimited in the sense of space, time, and any other bonds, — contradicts the very spirit of real culture: a manifestation which is possible everywhere and at all times cannot represent an immediate expression of spirit. In so far technical progress undoubtedly leads, not to cultural accomplishment, but to barbarization, and this process is, alas, irresistible. Wherever mechanical civilization spreads, no life-form of the pre-technical age resists for long; it is bound to die out. This is proved to-day, not to mention the East and the Far East, even by those exclusive sets and classes in France and England whose consolidated culture succeeded until recently in resisting disintegration: for anyone to whom cinema and radio, racing, aviating, and globe-trotting, in their negation of all limits of time and space, are matters of course, it is simply im-

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possible to remain bound by and to forms of life whose very possibility depends on narrow internal as well as external confines. But again, this cannot be helped. Those who advocate a return to pre-technical conditions could only be right if the processes of nature were reversible, — if mankind, in particular, could go back upon any attained state at all. This it cannot; all historical processes are essentially irreversible. And this means in the case of our particular argument: never more, whatever idealists may hope, will machinery vanish from this world; the machine will go on gaining victory after victory until it has conquered every single spot on earth.

Now there can be no doubt that the state of culture in the real sense, as it was manifested in ancient Babylonia, India, and China, in ancient Greece, and the Europe of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Rococo periods, is something very superior to civilization in the modern, purely external and technical sense, and that therefore modern mankind should strive to reach a corresponding state again. How can this be achieved? The way is shown by a very simple consideration. It is this, that technical achievement means nothing extraordinary but, on the contrary, *a manifestation of the obvious*. As all mathematical truths, however difficult to grasp they may seem, are essentially obvious, for they express the intrinsic laws which rule both body and mind, just so are even the most astonishing technical performances. This alone explains why they appeal most to the least cultured classes and races. The United States became mechanized first of all countries, because at the beginning of the process the Americans were, of all Westerners, the most uncultured; in the same way, extreme mechanization of life meets to-day with the least inner resistance in Bolshevik Russia. Mechanics belong to the obvious side of things, just as mathematics do. The question is merely to realize their obviousness. It is, of course, not everybody's business to do this independently, or for the first time; but then invention is in no case everybody's business. The obviousness of a truth can only be gauged by the percentage of people who realize it at once, when it is put before their eyes. Now the technical achievements of our age appear surely obvious to a greater number than has any cultural manifestation since the age of stone. There will soon be no human being on earth of

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more than ape-like intelligence who will not consider the radio as simple a thing as the multiplication table.

But this very line of thought shows that the inevitable need not imply a cultural catastrophe. If technical achievements belong to the essentially obvious, then they will also be thought of as obvious ere long; and this will necessarily lead to the result that they will soon no longer command any particular interest. Even to-day they do not mean, in Europe at any rate, anything like what they meant twenty years ago. Their quality of surprise has gone; it will never be born again, even if it should become possible one day to bring down the moon by some technical freak, for on principle everything that is possible henceforth on this line can be foreseen. And as to the practical side of the matter, — there is no doubt whatever that the most astonishing of our latest technical performances will meet with the same fate as did the bicycle. While in the beginning there were but gentlemen riders, this vehicle is now no longer a means for gaining distinction, and where this is not the case ambition finds no food.

Now what is going to happen when all mechanical inventions will have become obvious and uninteresting in the same sense and degree? They will mean to the mind the same and nothing more than did previously the material out of which the engineer manufactures his engines; which means, in its turn, that they will have become the basis, *unnoticed in itself*, of all future thoughts and desires. Then the machine world will mean to practical man exactly the same as, and not more than, the world of nature did in the pre-technical age. It will be thought of as the alphabet of life, and not as its essence. Well, from this moment the opposition between culture and civilization, which is valid enough to-day, will have become obsolete, for the civilized condition will then have become the basis of *all* human life. Then the level of all possible problems will appear transposed, — and this everywhere in the upward and not in the downward sense. There can be no doubt whatsoever that man as the Lord of Nature is a greater being than man as Nature's subject. *And then culture in the previously determined sense of "life-form as immediate expression of a spirit", which has become impossible to-day, will become possible once again, and in a more all-embracing and more encompassing sense than ever before.*

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ALSO THE FRIENDLY TROPICS

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN

Sixth Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series

IN previous papers in this series it has been argued that land hunger is the fundamental urge to war; that population is increasing much faster than food production; and that, therefore, an era of war and famine is imminent unless some means is found to control the growth of population or increase the food supply. Last month in his article "Polar Pastures", Mr. Stefansson set forth the claims of the friendly Arctic as a region high in potential food production. In the present article, Mr. Spinden makes even greater claims for the no less friendly tropics.

THE spectre of food famine frightens a world that is really hungry for automobiles. Whether this appetite be proper or not, the struggle is not so much for a living as it is for a standard of living. And perhaps in an improved standard of living, intellectual as well as physical, lies the best hope for mitigation of the blind biological instinct to overbreed. One cannot deny the mathematical proposition that a slowly increasing food supply will ultimately fail to satisfy a rapidly increasing population. But what if the food supply can be advanced to cover all growing demands for a century or more, and the population be slowed down within this time limit till it becomes stationary? An upper limit of population should be found which will guarantee against devastating hunger in the social groups of a cosmopolitan civilization.

With the temperate regions, "where alone continued, intense industrial effort is possible for the white man," sadly overcrowded already, Dr. East finds the future of Caucasians shrouded in dark and stormy pessimism. But he accepts barriers to geographical expansion which do not exist in reality, being but a kind of poetic loyalty to the least desirable features of Nordic environment. He argues that the tropics are not suited to white men and can be neglected. Moreover, he rests his case on its social side on an evaluation of virtues which the anthropologist can hardly agree to. For instance, he says: "A few thousand brains have

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given the world all that has brought it above savagery. As agents of civilization the other hundreds of millions are negligible." Parallelism in invention goes around the world and affects the lowest and highest races. And some of the lowest races have solved problems without parallel: witness the Australian boomerang and the Malay fire piston.

A survey of the long advance of man is not conducive, on the whole, to a philosophy of desperation and pessimism. Perhaps some observers have misinterpreted social changes apparent since the Great War as a dissolution of ideals, when actually they were a recombination of the vital loyalties. "Each age," says Arthur O'Shaughnessy, "is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth."

All mankind are alike in possessing the ability to form and reform their special system of illusions, or floating fundaments. In the history of particular social groups there may be a loss of material advantages, once possessed, from a number of causes economic, political, and what not. Or there may be a decay of spiritual advantages through failing leadership or faltering followership. There may even be, — and this is the most serious indictment, — deteriorations in the body and mind of the individuals who make up any selected human company. Nevertheless, man as an entity in the universe may move forward to an unsuspected destiny, to a haven of equilibrium and final adjustment.

Assuming for the moment that mankind is collectively so foolish as to let population reach the barrier of starvation, then the problem is to locate this barrier. The maximum expectation of food must obviously be calculated on the basis of possible expansions in production and possible retrenchments in use. The expansions must come: first, from putting more and more land under the plow; secondly, from obtaining heavier yields from present areas by improved agricultural methods; thirdly, from developing the sources of food in non-arable land; fourthly, from retrieving such food as the wide seas offer. Beyond all this there is the wild gamble that food will be found in the chemists' retort in such quantity as to shame the miracle of the loaves and the fishes.

The retrenchments must come, in the main, from choosing the kinds of food which give the highest values in nourishment at

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the lowest land costs and from placing maximum restrictions on crops which compete for land with food crops. The appraisement of the largest possible food income, which can be made permanent, involves still another factor, namely, that of coördination in matters of commerce and transportation which will insure the best and most economic distribution of human population over all the earth.

There is a catch in this ideal revision, for if mankind is logical enough to seek such a way out of the Malthusian dilemma, it will be logical enough to control the increase of human population which alone involves the Malthusian dilemma. If, on the other hand, mankind is not logical enough, or is unable, to control its increase in numbers and to curb destructive greed, whether of individuals or of social groups, then the failure of cosmopolitan civilization will bring catastrophic relief to the problem of hunger.

The world is really very far from a total population impinging on disaster. Let us glance for a moment at the retrenchments possible in our present food supply, which would automatically operate if real hunger pressure came. To-day the United States raises in excess of 5,000,000,000 bushels of grain, all of which is potential human food. Yet our population consumes and exports only one-fifth of this vast quantity and turns four-fifths into the flesh and fat of domestic animals from which the food salvage on the average is about seven per cent. Hogs are the most economical, returning under the happiest conditions about twenty per cent of the food given them. If the biblical taboo on pork were respected in the United States there would be food surplus for another hundred million people at a very conservative estimate. Here is a job for the fundamentalists.

Industrial Europe, which cannot raise enough food to feed its people on its own land, has attained prosperity through the device of selling manufactured articles to more than cover the deficit. The importation of many of the raw materials used in manufacturing, and the whole structure of trade rests upon effective systems of transportation by land and sea. This intervention of trade has mostly eliminated the climatic factor. One no longer speaks of famine in relation to England, one speaks of unemployment. Yet famines from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries are recorded on the average of seven to the century. At

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these times wheat prices rose as much as five times the normal level. From 1581 to 1603 there was such widespread scarcity of food that cannibalism broke out in Ireland and Persia.

According to Digby's "*Prosperous*" *British India*, the toll of eighteen famines for the twenty-five years between 1876 and 1900 was 26,000,000 souls. Says J. Russell Smith, "Millions of these have starved beside the railway which could have brought them food if they had had goods or money with which to buy it. Yet worse, within this century human bones have been taken to the Indian fertilizer factories by the train load, because whole populations had perished, and not even the most distant kin remained on earth to bury them." Do these sad results really prove that India as a social and geographic entity has reached the Malthusian barrier? Not at all. In the first place, India carries the burden of a quarter of the world's supply of cattle. These animals are used very ineffectively for draft purposes, and through religious taboo their flesh does not enter into the food column of the Hindus. In the second place, the enormous amount of 18,000,000 acres of good land is devoted to textile crops, mostly for export. Indeed the exports of raw materials from India amount to fifty per cent of the total exports. More than a quarter is food and drink, and less than a quarter is native manufactures. The native system of village agriculture is breaking down, and India instead of being developed from within has been made to subserve the industrial needs of England. According to this ritualistic illogic which still obtains in matters of law and government the right hand is not supposed to know what the left hand is doing.

Mukerjee explains in *The Foundation of Indian Economics* that India has a civilization-producing complex in the social mind and that "the Indian ideal of self-denial and the Indian discipline, and the limitation of non-social wants can radically cure the ills of the industrial life of the West." He adds that this over-soul of India "would subordinate the mere physical and social needs, moralize the industrial world where greed has become the first law, and regulate it in the interest of the higher ethical and spiritual whose demands are ultimately more compelling than those of the former." After all, the manufacturer's market largely consists in giving happy people new wants which must be paid for in blood and tears.

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The greatest possibilities of expansion in food production must take place in the undeveloped tropics and especially in those wet tropics which are anathema to many climatologists. In these over-luxuriant regions man has to fight a power of vegetal reproduction that is truly gigantic, but when he does succeed in taming nature the return is almost beyond the dreams of avarice. It is a common but, I believe, erroneous statement that the tropics, and especially tropics of the exuberant mood where sun, rain, and soil are in magical union to support life, are deadly to men of white skins. Arguing from present political conditions, rather than from the history of civilization, Ellsworth Huntington and Griffith Taylor have made the intelligence of the white man dependent on frost-bitten noses.

But man is one species of animal, and his first home was in the forested tropics. As a mere animal without external aids he could not live to-day at any great distance from the equator. The origins of agriculture and most of the higher arts are all found near the line of greatest average heat. The oldest centre of civilization extended from the head of the Gulf of Persia to middle Egypt. In America an independent centre of origins is found in southern Mexico and Central America. These two foci were both in arid lands. After the lapse of three or four thousand years there were second stages in the rise of man which marked the conquest of wet lands in southern Asia and the Central American lowlands. In much shorter periods of development the wet land civilizations not only won to great wealth in food, with expanded populations, but they gave evidence of tremendous physical energy. Vast edifices of stone, richly sculptured with inwrought imagery, were built to challenge eternity. Religion finds its highest expression as the molder of men's actions in these early wet-land cultures of India, Cambodia, and Java in the eastern hemisphere, and of the great civilization of the Mayas in the western world.

The Mayan civilization of Central America ranks high as regards intellectual and artistic powers, however defective it may seem to be on the mechanical side. There was a total lack of metals during the most brilliant period of this civilization and a total lack of domesticated draft animals as well as of carts and other machines for transportation. The Mayas created a civiliza-

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tion in which man did his own work and yet erected temples upon vast artificial platforms. Here was a display of energy responsive to social ideals rather than to sheer necessities of living.

The parts of Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras which contain the vestiges of the early Mayan cities now have scant populations. Great stretches of this territory are utterly abandoned to the enshrouding forest. Once there were many millions of human beings where now there are thousands, and these millions, by the indications of recorded history, labored for a thousand years in crescendo, building greater and grander structures.

The calamity that fell upon them cannot be judged with certainty. We merely know from the record of dates that between 580 and 630 A.D. something happened which led to an abandonment of all the territory then occupied, and that a greatly reduced population spread out to the north, the south, and the west. Was it war? Was it a collapse of the social structure from within? Was it disease? Was it the exhaustion of the soil? Or was it a radical change in climate? All these explanations have been given. Personally, I believe that the best evidence shows that disease, — perhaps the first outbreak of yellow fever, — was the calamity which wrecked the close-knit organization of the early Mayas, after an existence of fifteen hundred years.

In the Old World there was also a partial collapse of wet-land civilization which may be explained by the inroads of disease. The highest levels of Buddhist art in Java and Cambodia were reached in the period between the ninth and eleventh centuries, but are far from extinct at the present time. Siam is a survival of the old civilization on its religious and governmental side, while Java is still the type example of highest development in the tropics. This island has an area of about 50,000 square miles and a population of 35,000,000, giving an average density of 678 to the square mile, and there are heavy exports in foodstuffs. A recent writer estimates that the saturation point of Java will be reached at more than 50,000,000 human beings. The point for us to observe in connection with the future is that Sumatra, Borneo, and New Guinea are practically untouched treasure houses of agricultural wealth capable of supporting many hundreds of millions of human beings. To-day they have scanty populations, as has a large part of Africa and the great Amazon basin.

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What defect, if any, cuts the white man out of the tropics? Nothing except a climatic obsession subtly combined with Nordic self-glorification. A few hundreds of years of civilization, made possible by borrowed facilities, makes him scorn all other tints of skin than his own. His body shows no real adjustment to temperate, let alone the sub-arctic environment, and by clothing and shelter he really creates an approximation of tropical conditions next his precious whiteness.

The argument given is that a cold shock is necessary for the white man's well being. This reasoning is not borne out by medical reports which show that the most healthful times of the year are those which approximate most closely the equable climate of the tropics. For it is a fact not commonly known that the extremes of heat are greater in the northern summer than on the equator, while the variation of one European day may far exceed the total difference of the tropic year. The highest temperature of Boston is ten degrees above that of Pará, Brazil.

Some vary the tune of explanations of the white man's deficiency by saying that it is the humid heat that kills, or the wearing, monotonous level of a high average heat. Of course some readjustment is necessary, in clothing, diet, and habits, but the best evidence shows that white people really thrive in the tropics if they are only kept free of disease, — and disease is not climate, it is an effect of parasitic invasions of the body. Sanitation is the answer.

While it is true that high humidity and high temperature make a trying combination for the simple reason that the cooling of the body by perspiration is reduced, yet it should be held in mind that where humidity is at its highest in the tropics, temperature is at its lowest. Actually factory conditions in the north are worse than those on the Equator.

The French failed to build the Panama Canal because of the fever-laden mosquitoes which Gorgas later put to rout. The building of this transcontinental water-way, made possible by triumphs in sanitary engineering far excelling those of excavation and construction, "will be generally received," says Gorgas, "as a demonstration that the white man can live and thrive in the tropics." In another place he says: "The amount of wealth which can be produced in the tropics for a given amount of labor is so

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much greater than that which can be produced in the temperate zone by the same amount of labor, that the attraction for the white man to emigrate to the tropics will be very great when it is appreciated that he can be made safe as to his health conditions at small expense."

The struggle of Australia to remain white, in spite of the fact that its territory enters the tropics, has received attention from scientists. Queensland has an enviable record in low death-rate, and the school work of children is of high grade. The Australian Medical Congress after eight years' study reported in 1920 that it "is unable to find anything pointing to insuperable obstacles in the way of permanent occupation of tropical Australia by a healthy, indigenous white race" adding that the matter is "fundamentally a question of applied public health."

In the United States there has been in recent years a decided southern shift in the manufacturing of cotton. Several cotton States now have great mills as well as great plantations. Essentially the shift is explained by labor costs, and labor costs are explained by the unfavorable overhead of food and climate in New England as contrasted with the Carolinas, with transportation as a slight factor. To be sure this shift is only of ten degrees, and leaves us another ten degrees short of the tropics. Then there are adventurers of the golden fleece headed for Florida. The success of banana plantations around the Caribbean is earnest of other uses of the true land of natural wealth. Yet it has not been many years since the same arguments were made against our Southern States that are still made against the tropics; namely that the climate as such is debilitating, and that white men lack the energy of the roaring forties. It was in the mild Caribbean that Samuel Johnson described the English as "poisoned by the air and crippled by the dews."

The conquest of disease is the great outstanding problem of man's future, and it must be accomplished the world over. After this come the social and physical problems touching the intercourse of social groups and the maintenance in man of the fine generalization of mind and body which has made him the king of beasts. Restraints are necessary, but since the wildest and most illogical ones have been developed in the past there is no good reason why logical ones should not be built up in the future.

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THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

THE Episcopal Church is the body legally known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. In the words of Bishop Slattery, "it is the daughter of the Church of England, which traces its history back to the early missionaries who came long before the days of Augustine of Canterbury. It did not start new in the sixteenth century, but freed itself then from foreign control." Thus the Episcopal Church claims unbroken continuity with the earliest Christianity.

In America, as the Church of England, it was established in Virginia in 1607. As a separate ecclesiastical body in the United States, it dates from 1789, when it adopted its constitution, in the same hall which had witnessed the framing of the Constitution of the United States of America two years before.

The movement to constitute one Episcopal Church for the whole United States began in 1784. The "General Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America" was ratified in 1789. It contained provisions for the clerical and lay representation from the church in each State, and it embodied the doctrine and adopted the liturgy of the English Church so far as consistent with the changed political condition.

For twenty years its energy seemed to have been exhausted by its organization. It suffered the unpopularity of identification with the English Church. But after the Convention in 1811 the Church took a vigorous start whose impulse has been felt ever since. It was due chiefly to three men, — Bishops Hobart of New York, Griswold of New England, and Channing Moore of Virginia. In 1817 some Western States were organized into dioceses, and in 1820 the Church was organized in all the original States. A distinctive feature of the middle nineteenth century was the expansion of the Church, which by 1869 was coextensive with the boundaries of the United States. In 1872 there was a separation of a few churches from the main body, which later became the Reformed Episcopal Church. This is less ritualistic in its ceremonies.

The constitution of the Episcopal Church is in many particulars analogous to that of the nation. In legislative matters, the General Convention is supreme. It meets triennially and is composed of the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. On the first of this year the offices of Presiding Bishop and President of the Council were merged under the former title. The present incumbent is the Most Reverend John Gardner Murray, D.D., Bishop of Maryland.

In 1923, missionaries in the domestic field numbered 607 men, 119 women, and a native staff, including Indians and Negroes, of 91. Foreign fields included Latin America, Liberia, and the Orient. There were 408 American missionaries of whom 220 were women, and a native staff of 1880. Expenditures of the Department of Missions in 1923 amounted to $2,682,891, of which $1,059,430 was devoted to foreign work. In 1924 there were 8403 churches, 6150 ministers, and a church membership of 1,142,532; 6000 Sunday schools with a membership of 492,436; and $36,935,658 was raised for church purposes. The department of religious education of the Church sponsors a number of educational institutions including two schools of arts and sciences, two non-sectarian colleges, and fourteen theological seminaries.

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WHY I AM AN EPISCOPALIAN

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

Confessions of Faith — II

IN these days when we often read that earnest men have changed their ecclesiastical allegiance, there is something to be said for any communion when, if a man be born in it, he stay in it to the end. I was born in the Episcopal Church. I have seen attractive gardens on all sides of my enclosure filled with noble people; but I have never had the least inclination to leap any wall or break through any hedge to get out of my own place of privilege and fellowship. I have suspected that if I had been born in some other communion I might have stayed there quite as contentedly. But I am now thinking only of the fact. I was born in the Episcopal Church and am every day more thankful that all my life I have had its nurture. This article is meant to tell why.

The first quality in the Episcopal Church which commands my grateful respect is its sense of proportion. There are a few things which are held essential both in belief and in character. Beyond these essentials is a large liberty. One discovers this sense of proportion by a glance at the Catechism in the Book of Common Prayer. The Apostles' Creed is the only statement of faith required of a person to be admitted to the full fellowship of the Church of Christ. There is not a word about the way in which the Bible is inspired, the kind of Ministry which is valid or regular, the definition of sacraments and other rites, or the manner of worship, — that is, whether the clergy shall wear distinctive dress in church or shall use precomposed forms. All these are minor matters and are left in a subordinate place. Even in the creed itself there is a variety of emphasis; for in the Catechism the child is asked, after he has said the creed, "What dost thou chiefly learn in these Articles of thy Belief?" And we then have the great answer: "First, I learn to believe in God the Father, who hath made me, and all the world. Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me, and all mankind. Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the people of God."

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So in character, the Church depends on the duty towards God and the duty towards one's neighbor as the summary of the ancient law approved by Christ himself. The child says the commandments; but their real meaning for him is in Christ's summary. He must so live that he will show his love to God and his love to his neighbor. There will be excellent men all about the Episcopalian, even some within his own Church, telling him that, if he were as strict as they are, he would observe the rule never to dance, or never to play cards, or never to eat meat on Fridays. If the Episcopalian has any Christian manners at all he will not discount the value of such rules for those who are helped by them, but he will say that he has a harder responsibility. He has certain great principles, and with the help of these he must decide what is right for him, what will make him truly love and serve God, what will make him a true and loving servant to man. If dancing or card-playing dulls his spirit, makes him worldly, selfish, bad, he will have nothing to do with them. If they are innocent diversion and help towards the freedom of the serious moments, when they come with their strain, then he may, just so far and no farther, use them. He has to decide. If fasting on Fridays makes him kinder, more sympathetic, firmer in self-discipline, he would wisely use it. If it is a mere form, making him Pharisaical, unpleasant, snappish, he had better eat more meat on Fridays than any other day in the week. The petty rule may help or hinder. He has a greater responsibility.

This sense of proportion is so bound up with the genius of the Episcopal Church, that it is the subject of taunt as well as of praise. Emerson mockingly said of us, "By good taste are ye saved." I suspect that he knew that there was some truth in his jest. Balance, discrimination, wise choices are fundamental in fine character. On the other hand, one remembers George Tyrrell's advice to a member of the Church of England who contemplated going over into the Roman communion: "No," he said; "don't come; you would not be happy. The Church of Rome tells you what you must do at every turn. The English Church makes you decide for yourself. Having had that freedom, you could not endure the constraint which would be put upon you." Though Tyrrell had chosen the Church with rules, he saw the high advantage of freedom and poise, determined by the full responsibility of the individual.

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Another quality in the Episcopal Church which commands my gratitude is its sense of continuity. It feels its organic relation to the distant past. It speaks reverently of the doctrines of the Apostles which have been cherished through all the Christian centuries; it commands its clergy not to teach anything, as necessary to salvation, but that which they shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures; it stedfastly believes that the ministers of the Church have not only the direct call of the Holy Spirit, and so are immediately appointed, but that they are also commissioned by those who were themselves commissioned; these in their turn being regularly ordained by those formerly accredited; and so on back to the days of the Apostles. There is no word of exclusion here, no attempt to judge others; but there is profound satisfaction in the remembrance that the Episcopal Church is conscious of a continuous history reaching through the ages to those who saw the Lord Christ face to face.

We sometimes hear people say that the Episcopal Church began in the days of Henry the Eighth. If that be true, then the Church of Rome began about twenty years later at the Council of Trent. Both the Church of Rome and the Church of England dwell on a continuous past. At the time of the Protestant Reformation there was a Counter Reformation. It is absurd to say that one part of Christendom remained fixed and the rest was reformed. There was, by common necessity, a reformation all along the line. Luther, Calvin, and John Knox as well as Cranmer and Ignatius Loyola felt the roots of their faith and practise deep in the soil of the past. Each was striving to regain the primitive purity and glory of the Church as Christ had inspired it and would then inspire it. Each was trying to get away from the moral corruption, the disfigurement, and the superstition. Some of the reformers were breaking away from this part of the immediate inheritance, others from other parts, but all were, consciously or unconsciously, trying to retain and secure the best of all that had been since the day of Christ.

It is specious to say that only those parts of Christendom which maintain that they have a connection with the earlier Church do have it; for others are by their life and their faith evidently the fruit of that earlier Church. But it is an honorable trait in a Christian communion that it should be aware of its history,

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and value it. We Episcopalians are glad that our ministry has a continuous history; we are glad to think that Anselm and Francis of Assisi and Boniface and Augustine of Hippo and Athanasius and Clement of Alexandria are our direct spiritual ancestors. There have been reformations again and again in the two thousand years; other reformations will necessarily come if the Church maintains vigorous life. True reformations do not break continuity, they restore continuity. As Churchmen have often pointed out, the old stone tower at Newport did not cease to be when the vines were taken away from its stones. It had a different aspect, but it was more itself than ever, because men saw at length its reality. So the Church was not a new Church at the Reformation, but a Church restored by the removal of recent growths which had concealed its true and continuous life.

A third quality in the Episcopal Church for which I am grateful is the Book of Common Prayer. Like all great possessions the Prayer Book is easily abused. Its wealth of devotion may be employed carelessly and mechanically. Its prayers may be gabbled or rattled through with gross, though unintentional, irreverence; and no advantage may be taken of the large freedom which the Church intends its officers to use, especially by the present well-considered revision. By such stupid carelessness the Prayer Book becomes a burden and a grief: the most halting or the most diffuse extempore worship is better. (And at all times the merits of extempore prayer must never be forgotten.) But when a reverent and intelligent minister, by diligent preparation, has determined just what the arrangement of the service shall be, and then leads a congregation in the worship of God by means of the Book of Common Prayer, I know that the beauty, dignity, and simplicity so touch the heart that true worship is induced, and the whole life of a congregation is given to God. The familiarity of the words, when they are freighted with association, when they are direct and appealing, is itself a help, provided the human voice, really praying, puts into them the life of to-day. Like the greatest music, the ancient prayers awake one's deepest emotions, just because they are well known; one waits for the phrases and the petitions as one waits for the remembered harmonies in music, and the spirit uses them as wings to mount into the heavenly spaces.

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Once more, I value the Episcopal Church because its government in this country is thoroughly democratic, almost exactly parallel with the provisions of our political constitution. This is quite natural because, when the Nation became independent of England, the Church became independent also. And, very largely, the same men who framed the constitution of the Nation framed the constitution of the Church. Thus as we have in Congress, the Senate and the House of Representatives, so we have in the General Convention, the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. As a Governor and a Legislature govern a State, so a Bishop and a Diocesan Convention govern a Diocese. A Diocese has a certain amount of self-direction, but it is also directed by the General Convention. Corresponding with the local township is the Parish governed by a Rector and a Vestry, who are elected in turn by the people of the parish. These same parishioners in parish meeting elect (or delegate their Vestry to elect for them) representatives to the Diocesan Convention. The Diocesan Convention, — made up of the Bishop, all the clergy of the Diocese, and the laymen thus elected from the parishes, — elects four clergymen and four laymen to represent the Diocese in the General Convention. Further, on all important matters the clergy and the laity vote separately. Nothing may be done from which a majority of the lay delegates in either Diocesan or General Convention dissent. The bishops and clerical deputies in General Convention might vote unanimously for a certain change in the Constitution or in the Prayer Book, but unless a majority of the laymen voted for it there would be no change. The bishops, moreover, are constitutional rulers. Their rights and their duties are rigidly defined. They are servants of the people, and rule by influence and love rather than by any mechanical power vested in them. No bishop for example may be out of his diocese for more than three months at a time without the formal consent of the Standing Committee of the Diocese.

These are dreary details, but to repeat them seems the only way to make clear what a fundamentally democratic institution the Episcopal Church is. The layman is forced to take responsibility, and his ample rights are clearly designated. Many are the times that the laity have saved the Church from hasty and unwise action. And, again and again, laymen have been developed,

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through this responsibility, to become leaders in the thought and advancing life of the Church.

Men sometimes say that this democracy of the Church is fictitious, because they know a diocese where the bishop is an autocrat and allows in his diocese no convictions or usage other than his own, or because they know a parish where a rector insists on his own type of service, and drives the sturdiest parishioners out of his church. Thus, to such critics the Episcopal Church is made to seem narrow, unsympathetic, hard. I am sorry for this. Often such leaders have not long been in our communion or in our country, and so do not understand the genius of the Episcopal Church in America. There is a loving-kindness and breadth in the tradition and life of the Church which distinguishes its permanent character; and no unfortunate expositions, here or there, can destroy it.

Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The genuine test of the value of any group of Christ's followers is, "What have they done? What are their fruits?" Of any Christian Church, when we frankly face the judgment of Christ, there is only one fruit which, we recognize, can satisfy Him. This is not a mighty organization able to control millions; it is not imposing buildings rising on every country hilltop, and on the chief square of every city; it is not wide and convincing scholarship and an array of unquestioned credentials. These all have their place; but the Lord of the Church, as we read His life in Palestine, evidently cared little for them. The test of any community, confessing Him, is Christlike character. If it cannot show power to create that, all the trappings and all the historical accuracy and assurance of the universe cannot make it a true Church.

I believe in the truth of my communion because, through my lifetime, I have seen it to be the means by which Christ has created character like His own. I have seen haughty and impatient people become tender and thoughtful of the feelings and needs of all about them; I have seen selfish and bitter people turned into happy, self-forgetting servants of their kind; I have seen dishonorable people, stained with grievous fault, made into saints; I have seen people, mocked by failure and pain and bereavement, rise from their trouble to be leaders of joy and peace. And I know that the love and worship and personal ministry of

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the Church have, through God's mercy, been the medium of this transformation.

Not for one moment am I fool enough to think that the Episcopal Church has any monopoly in this supreme achievement in life. I exult in the saints of other communions whom I have known; they are examples which prove the source of their strength. It may be that some communions of the Church create more saints. All I need to know, so far as my direct allegiance is concerned, is that I am absolutely sure that the Episcopal Church does bear that sort of fruit.

One sometimes hears that the Episcopal Church is the Church of the rich, and that although Episcopalians do much to help the poor they do it in the spirit of condescension. The great middle, working class has, it is said, little place in it. Now it chances that I have served parishes in different parts of the nation, and to-day I am serving all the parishes in one diocese. I think I may speak from direct knowledge. The Episcopal Church is serving all kinds of people, and the parishes I see and know are loving brotherhoods in which rich and poor, and all the grades between, are as one family. I once served one of the most prosperous parishes in America. I suppose an outsider thought it only for the exclusive and the rich. Everyone looked well-to-do. But I, who put the bread of the Holy Communion into the outstretched palms, saw many and many a hand hard with manual toil or stained with the humble tasks of the home. Christ, through the Church, had given all these people a light and a beauty in their faces which made one forget the accidents of the ways they earned their living. The very order of the worship made people careful to come to church in suitable dress: those who had "king's clothing" came in simple garb, those who had little came in their best. It is a law of good taste. There are vulgar, pretentious, patronizing people everywhere; so there will be Episcopalians foolish enough to be pleased that their Church is called the Church of the rich. They are feeding their pride on a lie. It is, if anything, to-day the poor man's Church; but the poverty which Christ commended is not worn to be seen of men.

There is only one other quality of the Episcopal Church which I shall mention. I believe that, if it honestly will live up to its vision, it has important contributions to make to the ultimate

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unity of the Church. From time to time, members of the Church fret over its name. It is confessedly a very awkward name, — "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." Men ask, Why don't you call yourselves the name you use in the Creed, "The Holy Catholic Church"? The simple answer is that we are not the Holy Catholic Church. We hope and pray that we are part of it, but only all Christian people, baptized in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, are the Holy Catholic Church. Definitions of limits will vary, but we stand close to the Christ whom men saw in Galilee, if we make the limits inclusive rather than exclusive. Our name is not beautiful, but I trust we shall keep it till, with other Christians uniting into one great whole, we, with them, shall deserve the complete name.

No other community of Christians includes so many temperaments and tastes bound into the loyalty of its life as the Episcopal Church. We have the extremes of ornate ceremonial and of chaste simplicity; of literal interpretation and of very free interpretation; the Quaker and the Roman Catholic seem to meet in the same pew. Conviction rubs against conviction; preference against preference; form against form. But there is unity of spirit; and with it, a common desire to remain in one enclosure. We then say, if we can do it, all can do it; let us find the essentials which are the life of all loyal Christian men and women, and then let the freedom of Christ breathe into us charity, whereby we may dwell together in one organic body, for the good of men, for the glory of God.

I could never say in any creed, I believe in the Episcopal Church. I believe always in the Holy Catholic Church, whose members are now scattered abroad under different names; and I pray that my branch of that whole, by its character and its love towards all men, will do its full share in bringing everyone who calls Jesus Lord and Saviour into the single fellowship of the one Church of the Living God.

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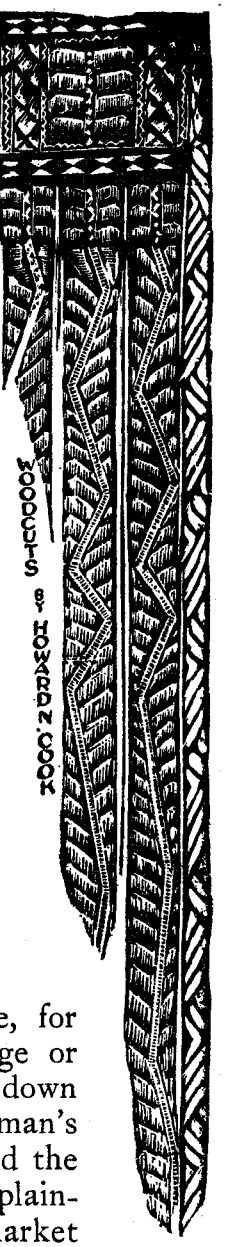
JOGGINGS IN JUGO-SLAVIA

PART 2

VIOLA PARADISE



THE Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes bristles with capitals, but presently you learn how to peel away your attention from their qualities as capitals, and to feel out the village which is their core. First, of course, you go through an obedient period of looking at public buildings and listening to some conscientious guide's talk of wars that have sat cheek by jowl; and of watching, — in mock-Paris cafés, — a gay variety of military uniforms pricked out with medals and topped by heads into which leisurely hands tip glasses of liqueurs. Probably, if you lived as a foreigner in Belgrade you would feel drawn to the city's activities as a capital, you would soon be speculating on the ambitions of sundry diplomatic corps and on the Balkan political brews and stews and chit-chat. But as a brief visitor, dispose of the top layer, do not try to probe politics, but seek out the subcutaneous village.

Belgrade's village lies very near the surface, for the city, as a capital, gives little flavor of age or beauty. But turn off the main streets and wander down a back way of an evening and look into a workman's restaurant, where a fiddler is sawing a violin, and the men, every now and then, sing as they drink, — plaintive songs and merry. Or go at noon into the market place, which translates you back into the ageless past where history lies deeper than the scars of war, where South-Slavic peasants carry coarse homespun woolen bags from one stand to another and buy or sell or barter eggs for stuffs, where cheeses

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or cabbages not infrequently pass for currency, where the townswomen go from a purple wealth of heaped up grapes to a green heap, and then to a stand where heaped scarlet peppers promise a stinging tongue with the stew. And, nearby, gleaming foamy milk is strained through a white cloth into a housewife's bucket.

Then for the thirsty there is, — as in many Jugo-Slav cities, — the Human Soda Fountain; a tall handsome swarthy fellow carrying on his back, by a system of straps and checks and balances, a great, curiously-fashioned, indescribably elaborate tank, its generous spout curving affectionately forward from under his arm and reaching above his shoulder; and, in a miniature counter device at the front of him, just below his waist, is a row of glasses, each set in its hole. Crystal and brass and polished wood and leather, all shining in the sun, yet promising a cool drink. Or so we suppose from the gusto of his customers. We tasted none of it, yet he bore us no ill-will, and even postponed a customer while he posed for our camera.

Croatia's capital, Zagreb, alias Agram, mixes its village and capitaldom with a cabbagy hominess. You feel it the minute you enter the city, when the reassuring station porter takes you firmly in hand and with shrugs of sympathy and not too encouraging encouragement leads you across the street to an official office manned by Serbs. There, with officials you battle for the right to go to the room at the hotel for which you wired; and to retain your passport, scarcely less precious than your tongue. But, alas, you are feeble and do not prevail. You yield up your passport and with it all preconceptions anent freedom of will, and you depart into the night without so much as a receipt for it. To be abroad in a Balkan country without that much viséd document, — it gives your courage a naked feeling. Always you have smiled at the solemn importance with which passports are regarded. But now that your own is out of your keeping, it is as if all your value and virtue and meaning as an individual had been subtracted from you. No wonder you bow before the iron and inscrutable whim which assigns you a residence *not* in the hotel. Meekly you follow the porter who clucks his regrets, and asks, without words, "What can one expect when Serbian officials are put in charge of a Croatian city?"

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Through dark streets you follow him, on, on, to the city's edge, and at last into an alley-like courtyard, and then up three flights of stairs smelling of undecipherable foods. There your hostess finds a few words of strange German to welcome you and plunges into a conversation with the porter, while her daughter pilots you and your baggage to your room. To reach this you pass through another, skirting a wide bed from which four round dark little heads lift up turtle-wise from the pillows. The daughter of the hostess begins removing the family garments from the wardrobe, and stockings and jars and a tapemeasure and funny little reels of thread from the top drawer of a dresser. She indicates the vacant space and asks with a gesture, "Is that enough?" You divert her attention by asking if, — and are helpless before her answering assurance that the sheets were only this morning changed. No matter, you stifle your doubts, for the house gives you the erroneous feeling that you are a family guest who happened in unexpectedly. Besides you are fairly sure that there is not another sheet in the house; and this is a chance to see home life in Zagreb.

You get rather surfeited with this home life. The father of the family, a policeman by night, occupies by day the great bed which is the province of the four turtles in his absence. So, whenever you pass through this room to or from your own, either one great bullet head or four little round curly heads pop up to register curiosity. Where the elder daughter and the mother slept, we never learned. They seemed always to be up and cooking cabbage or giving the children a bath.

To be accurate, we saw this last named procedure only once, but it was done on so wholesale a scale, and it immersed not only the children but the mother and the house itself, and, — in a secondary way, — even us, that its remembrance is far more vivid than Zagreb's cathedral or opera house. A great tub, taken from heaven knows where, was set in the hallway off which opened the kitchen, the bedroom of the turtles, and the door to the outer world. Into this tub the children were plumped in order of primogeniture, the two youngest going in together at the very soapy and otherwise cloudy end. We saw more of the performance than we had bargained for: as we squeezed past the tub on our way out of the house the first time, the occupant slipped

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with a great splash, which sent us back for dry clothing. For our second exit, the two youngest were held rigidly in place by the threat of an upraised maternal hand.

Zagreb is impressive by day, with its dignified buildings, its wide, gracious streets, and colorful shops. And the market place, — peasants against a background of modern business buildings and old government buildings, and a statue of a governor, his bronze arm pointing at the Zagreb office of the Standard Oil Company! There are just enough townspeople in ordinary clothes to heighten by contrast the gorgeous coloring of peasant costume, interpreted in half a score of materials. Perhaps the jacket from which the wide white sleeves disport themselves is made of red or green or brown leather, upon which bits of cloth or of leather in other colors form quaint and striking designs; perhaps bits of metal piece out a bolero effect; probably a thick fuzz of white wool-fur forms a border. There are the wide, white skirts and the embroidered or intricately woven linen aprons of the women, the wide white trousers of the men. The patterns vary, of course, ac-

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cording to the custom of the village from which they come. The women's shoes were unlike any we had seen, sandals made of narrow slim strips of leather, cunningly held together by a few counterwise strips, a fashion not unlike one which has been rather popularly adapted in American footgear in recent seasons.

An advertisement of a Russian Ballet! Ah, at last here was something for which an understanding of the Croatian language was not essential. We try to buy tickets, — that much at least one should be able to accomplish without an interpreter, but a returned immigrant spies us, and we cannot refuse his services.

At four o'clock when we present our tickets the music has already started. Strange, we think, as we climb the stairs to our loge. But is it, — can it be, — *Parsifal?* It is, though it hardly can be. The ballet? Ah, that was last Sunday. But we stay, though reluctantly, to hear Wagner.

Our reluctance has both cause and justification. A concatenation of circumstances had visited *Parsifal* twice upon us already in this year, — once at the Metropolitan in New York,

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again at La Scala in Milan. Three times, — no we were hardly equal to it. Perhaps we should have stayed to the end if the performance had been less than grotesque. A few minutes of bad opera, if it is bad enough, — and it usually can be, — afford a certain perverse entertainment. But there are limits.

The doorman looked at us darkly as we tiptoed out, and followed us into the outer entrance. We felt constrained to say something to allay his suspicion. Our choice was unfortunate.

"Is it being sung in Croatian?" we asked.

"*Aber*, Miladies!" he mixed his language. "It is Wagner's *Parsifal!* What does it matter — the language! It is the music, the *music!* Wagner's real music. *Aber echt!* You must not go on account of the language. Music has no nationality. The real original Wagner. . . ."

We hastened to assure him it was not the language. . . . An important engagement. . . . We escaped, our backs scorched by his dismay.

* * *

The polyglot interview at the Bureau of Emigration. Here are three young men all excited because some one from America is concerned with what Jugo-Slavia thinks about emigration. One of them has taught himself English, unassisted, and never before has had a chance to use it. "Ee can note spay-ak vell," thus he pronounces the words! "Ee hav-ah no occah-see-on toe practeesa." Fortunately for the reader and printer there is no way of writing down his rendering of words ending in "ough". Even long experience with foreign English was no preparation for this interview. Only a certain clairvoyance gave us a smack of the content of his speech. As for our English, he was crushed by his inability to understand us. We tried to comfort him with a few hints as to our anarchy in pronunciation; but it was all so unreasonable, so outrageously different from his guesses. We suggested a teacher. He was puzzled. "Some one to tell you how," we explained. "Oh! a tay-ach-aire!" he exclaimed, "toe tay-ach hove." (He pronounced *how* to rhyme with *love*.)

It was a pity to spoil his delight in his accomplishment, but after all we did wish to learn something about the attitude of Croations towards the exodus of their numbers to America, and

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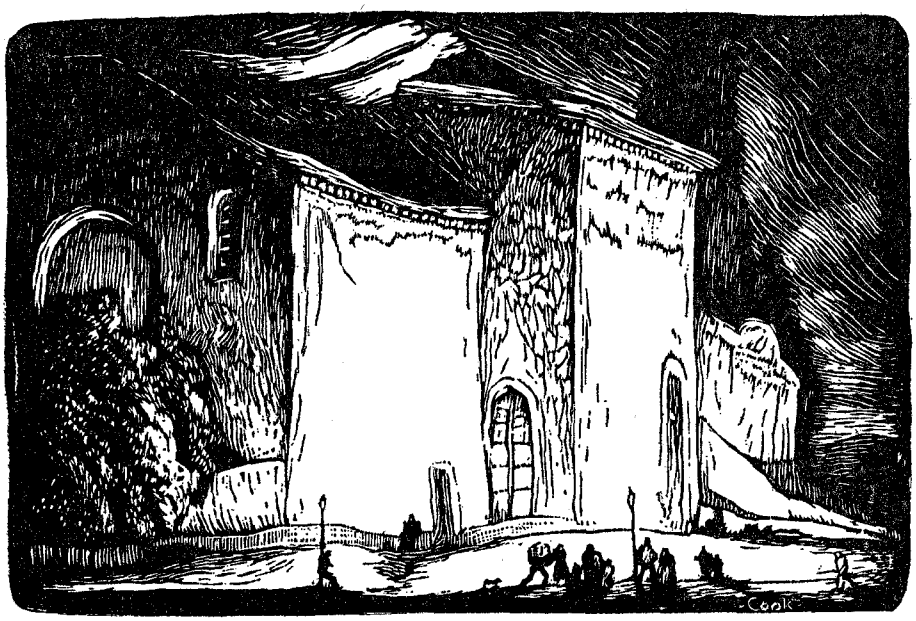
towards our immigration laws. And it was really too much to learn a whole new and original language for the purpose. He sighed and sank into German, while a fellow clerk produced great sheets covered with statistics in exquisite handwriting that might almost have been engraved. And presently our discouraged friend with his unnegotiable English began to revive in spirit. For here were two persons actually looking with interest at these labors of months, all the painstaking adding together and arranging of these symbols and indices of social facts, in little figures which all too often found no further fulfilment than being filed callously away in government ledgers. They were like artists showing their work with justifiable pride. Their eyes glowed, they were all eagerness, they promised to (and actually did) send us later statistics, they told us of ambitious plans. They were full of regret that their chief was away. And then one of them began to speak of the chief. "A scientist, — a great man, — and kind, too. . . ." Here was hero-worship. "Even if he had been here, he would have let us explain to you these tables, — he believes in that, he is a democrat, a real democrat. It is a pity he is away. As Americans you would have appreciated a democrat, no?"



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Sarajevo: throbbing heat, dazzling dust; the double flavor of the Orient and the Balkans; the charm of a city set in a hollow of hills. "On this very spot," you learn after a few minutes in the streets, "was the Archduke killed, and that started the last war." So that is done, that bit of historical, stereotyped sightseeing. And yet not so very stereotyped; not "the *great* war", observe, but "the *last* war". It gives you a feeling of the way these poor politics-tortured countries take their wars, and that another may happen at any moment.

But you shake off the thought of strife and poke about among the bazaars and the street markets, and into the courtyards of mosques where grave Mohammedans are religiously washing their feet before prayers, and where mischievous and engaging street urchins scamper before you, insistent on being photographed, and then are disappointed that you cannot turn a crank and grind out their likenesses at once. Mostly, you have no patience for your camera. For the thing that cries out to you here is color, color, rich and warm; color and whiteness. Motion, too, against stillness. The slow-seeming walk of the peasants, of their cattle and loaded mules, against the meditation-drenched merchants, who sit immobile, cross-legged before their wares, their eyes dreaming, — of what? Yet for all that, they see you, they know you are being tempted by all manner of things, crude and fine.

From a rug-merchant you buy, — not rugs! — but, touched by that mysterious smoothness of old amber, two strings of "conversation beads", hanging from a rafter; beads which men of old-time dignity fingered as they talked, hundreds of years ago. You almost hear the conversations: wars and the price of meal; and the exchanging of old proverbs; bargaining, too, perhaps; or of a son's illness; or quarrelling? No, I think they would not have fingered these yellow beads in a quarrel. Perhaps they talked of their women? No, again. Of woman, perhaps, — and words none too kind. But their own women I think would have been veiled from their speech as well as from the eyes of men. You take the two strings of conversation beads, tie them into one, and sling it round your neck. You play with superstition: who knows, perhaps a woman once thus debased two strings of conversation beads into a decoration . . . and dumbness fell upon her. . . .

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Magic in amber . . . and now, when the rug-weaver persuades you to buy some embroideries you do not want, lo, you have no words to refuse him! Laughing, you pay for them, laughing, unsling the beads from your neck. But they have bewitched you. Unreluctantly you succumb to Turkish paste, turning your mind away from the kitchens where it may have been made. It tastes delicious, — and nothing happens afterwards.

Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, as they dawn and fade, seem here to be part of a never ending Past. . . . Even the new government schools, where ancient crafts are taught to small solemn boys, who fashion hair-like curlicues of gold and silver wire into old designs, and inlay them cunningly into wood and metal; where little girls learn to weave rugs of ancient pattern, — even in these schools there is little savor of immediacy, but rather a timelessness.

Yet now and again the rude To-day puts its finger on this timelessness. A Bill Hart movie, for instance: American cow-boys, dashing horses, an unveiled heroine, imperiled, snatched from the verge of ruin and death at the last moment into a modern embrace! And this before an audience composed chiefly of Moslems, some of them having brought their thickly-veiled wives, who in the dark of the theatre might raise these veils on this hot night and watch in comfort the magic. But alas, something goes wrong with the magic. The screen is blank a moment. Buzzings, splutterings, cracklings. A flutter of excitement. And then, so that the mechanic can fix the apparatus, the lights are lit. Quick, down come the veils of the women, until the play can go on in the sheltering dark.

These veiled Moslem women, and their not much more emancipated Christian sisters, — was that women's movement which brought a wry smile to the sad chess-playing prefect of Ohrida, was it touching them at all? But yes, here and there one saw strivings, even among the veiled. Mostly they seemed strivings after fashions in dress. For instance, there was the zebra-like lady. To be sure, the veiled face. But the dress! No swathing Ku-Klux-like gown! But inch-wide stripes of black and white, and loose-flying panels of the same material, the stripes here going cross-wise for contrast. And there were points and flarings in pursuit of a fashion found, who knows where? Could she have

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evolved it herself, this lady? No, there were the high heeled, short-vamp slippers on silk-stockinged feet. What was her face like, beneath that modest veil? We never knew. She was hurrying to the train, somewhat awkward of gait in her Paris shoes. Behind her, her maid, a girl of beauty, unveiled, — probably of Greek Orthodox faith, — walked with easy grace on the wooden soles which were kept in place on her beautiful slender feet by a single strap.

* * *

Summer-resort days at Ragusa and Lapat, on the Dalmatian Coast; lazy and relaxed despite the indomitable hotel band which performed beneath our windows until midnight twice a week. Swimming in the drenching blue Adriatic under the blue-drenched sky. Not the tonic short sting of Maine waters, but long idle swimming in a languorous, tepid sea. And afterwards, on the beach, — or even between swims, in greedy moods, — delicious tongue-treating cakes bought from the Czech concessionaire. A lazy life.

These beaches are not so different, perhaps, from our own, except that here, generally, there was more to the swimmers and less to the suits. And a more philosophical acceptance of fatness. Airy-fairy Lilian from Czechoslovakia, for instance, — three hundred pounds of her, and bleached hair, and a red and white striped bathing suit, — inviting with abandon the fiery sunburn which with equal abandon was accepting the invitation. She had a family of dark, thin, well-mannered children, — had this monstrous lady. One afternoon she grouped them all about her, while the photographer tried now this angle, now that, and finally took them knee-deep in water. The men's bathing suits were mere loin cloths, scarcely more substantial than a plucked eyebrow. The children up to eight or nine bathed naked and afterwards played about on the beach refreshingly free from self-consciousness. One in particular, a Montenegrin of four years, sturdy, lithe, beautiful. He leaped in the air, he shouted with glee, he crouched, stockstill in amazing and difficult postures, always playing by himself, making up games. He talked now in one voice, now in another. Now silent, but lips apart, he stood statue-still on one foot, now he let out a shriek, and dashing full speed along the pier shot out

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into deep water; after which the game relaxed for a bit, and he swam lazily about, into his own depth, and then walked gravely out and began all over again. About the hotel, too, he played his solitary games in the morning, ignoring the other children. Once he fell and cut himself badly, stifling a single scream. His mother was not about. With clenched teeth and lips together, white-tight, he let his wound be mopped up. Then he went and sat in the farthest corner of the courtyard, face to the wall, in a position not unlike Rodin's *Thinker*. It was an hour before his mother appeared. Then at last came the deferred screaming, shrill and piercing, but not long. After his mother had administered the world-wide healing caress to hurt children, he was off again on his same wild leaping. Game little Jugo-Slav!

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FREE SPEECH IN THE PULPIT

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

IT is argued that a clergyman has no business to talk politics from the pulpit; that to do so smacks of religious interference in secular matters. "Woodbine Willie" takes vigorous exception to this view. How is one to know the boundaries of politics? The parson cannot stand by and see members of his flock exploited because to protest may be to "talk politics". To be faithful to his trust he must enjoy to the full the right of free speech, in the pulpit as elsewhere, whether it offends his parishioners or not.

AS I sit down to write on the question of religion and politics, a question that has been much with me of late, news comes through that some colliers up in the north of this England of mine have ducked the Dean of Durham. It is supposed that they mistook the Dean for the Bishop. But that does not make it any better. There is a rumor also of a banner with the inscription, "To hell with Deans and Bishops, we want a living wage." I am informed that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gave it as his opinion that the clergy should keep well out of this, — "this", I suppose, being any kind of industrial dispute. That makes me think. If people are going to make a practise of ducking parsons when they don't like what they say, I'll be getting ducked myself one of these days. I don't want to be ducked a bit. It's beastly swallowing water when you don't mean to, and besides it is bad for one's clothes. Of course, it was only a gang of roughs who threatened to duck the Dean. It was a beastly coward's business anyhow, and colliers as a whole will be ashamed of it. But it is the principle of the thing I'm wondering about. Ducking is one form of persecution, but there are many others, some less, some more refined, and the more refined forms can be the more cruel.

Must a parson, either here or in America or anywhere, always be on the look-out in case he says anything which one party or the other in our frequent disputes might not like? Must he confine himself to the utterance of harmless platitudes which everyone will agree with and nobody will act upon? If so, a parson's job, so far as the pulpit is concerned, is a wash-out. If the parson must preach with his hands tied behind him, so to speak, so that he can never hit out, then I am going to give up preaching. But that is all bunkum. The point is that the parson has got to speak

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out whether people like it or not, and if they duck him, well, that is mild, — they crucified Christ. If you are going to muzzle parsons, you are going to kill the Church, and it will take more than colliers, coal-owners, or any other bunch of people that have lost their tempers to do that. The more you shut the cowards up, the louder will the brave men speak. The one thing a parson has to stand for is his right to give his people the message God gives to him on his knees, and if he allows the fear of any form of persecution, whether it be ducking his person or docking his salary, to stand in the road of that, he must reckon with the Lord he serves and in Whose name he speaks.

But, on the other hand, the only message a parson has the right to give his people, whether it be from the platform or the pulpit, is the one God gives to him on his knees, that is, a message over which he has thought deeply and prayed hard.

"Yes," you say, "and he had better leave politics alone."

But how can you leave politics alone? Where does "Politics" begin and where does it end? I have been a slum parson, and have known what it is to go around trying to pick up men and women, boys and girls, out of the filthy conditions that make life well nigh impossible for a decent lad or girl. Well, supposing the greed of builders' "rings", or the selfishness of unions, or the dirty work on municipal contracts, holds up the building of decent houses, as they are holding it up to-day in England; is the parson to keep mum because he might be talking politics in the pulpit and might offend the head of the Bricklayers' Union or some contractor who was a member of his congregation? Is he to say to himself: "I must be careful what I say, because Mr. Jerry Builder might cut down his subscription to the Curate's stipend, or the people might give less to the Free Will Offering Scheme"?

I know parsons who do think like that. I have known them tell me to be careful what I said because there was so-and-so in the congregation, and they could not afford to offend him, or that it would empty their church if they preached about certain subjects. But against that, Parsons, Bishops, Deans, Vicars, Curates, all the job lot of us have got to stand firm, or we might as well shut up shop, and take to minding babies. There is only one thing parsons have got to be careful about, and that is that they speak the Truth, and speak it lovingly. But by speaking the Truth

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lovingly I do not mean soft soap and sloppy sentiment; that is generally lies, and the worst kind of lies at that. I mean that the parson when he preaches must have always in his mind that the people to whom and about whom he speaks are the children of God, immortal souls of infinite value in sight of God, and that he is responsible to God for speaking the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. He cannot take sides and start to condemn whole classes of people, be they rich or poor, for they are all souls for whom Christ died. He must speak humbly, too, remembering that he speaks as a sinner to other sinners, and he must be careful not to ask of them more than he is prepared to give himself, and not to set up a standard he does not strive to attain.

But it is quite impossible to preach faithfully without treading hard on people's corns now and then, and if for that he is persecuted, then persecuted he must be. You cannot separate religion and politics without maiming religion and poisoning politics. He did not; He could not keep clear of them; that was why He was crucified. He was put to death by a coalition of the political parties of His time. They were divided about everything else, but they were united in their opposition to His doctrine which each felt for different reasons would "queer the pitch", or as my American friends would put it, "gum the works."

It is the same old story now. One lot say the parson is a Bolshevist, a Socialist, and heaven knows what else, the other lot he is "doped" to keep the working classes quiet, and both tell him to shut up. Is he to shut up and leave it to the politicians, the employers and employed, to fight it out between them? Is he to look after the next world and leave this one to take care of itself? That is exactly what everyone cursed him for doing when the War broke out. There was a tremendous hullabaloo then about the failure of the Christian Church. We had been teaching about heaven and forgetting the earth, we had neglected to warn man of the sin of War and to point them to the path of Peace. There would be the same ramp all over again if another came.

But meanwhile we are not to touch on politics, we are not to deal with economic and industrial issues, all of which are bound up with wars and rumors of wars. The truth of the matter is that any stick is good enough to beat the Church with if it says

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what you don't like. It has always been so; it will be so for many years to come. The parson cannot complain; if he does his job, he will always get more kicks than halfpennies, but what he must not do is to funk the kicks.

But men say the parson does not know what he is talking about. Well, nor do the politicians half their time. Sermons may be pretty rotten, but they beat political speeches into a cocked hat. Moreover, even a parson may have brains, and at any rate he has no party axe to grind, and no vested interest to serve, if he is a decent parson. Men call the pulpit "the coward's castle", but it is nothing to the articles in the press, and the journalists are not guaranteed political experts. If you are going to have free speech, you must have it with all its dangers and responsibilities. The parson must think and pray that he may be able to discern the signs of his time and understand that the Will of God is for man, and he must blaze it out as he sees it. Once he has done that, the responsibility rests with those who listen; they must choose whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. But you cannot have it both ways. You cannot blame the Church when the world goes wrong, and curse it when it tries to lead the world right. If moral principles have nothing to do with politics, then wars must continue at home and abroad, with all their waste and bitter wrong. If moral principles are to be the basis of politics, then you cannot keep religion out. You cannot split life up into departments and keep one conscience for home and another for public life. Christian conscience runs the whole way or it does not run at all.

"But all the parsons do not agree," you say.

Well, nor do all doctors, nor all politicians, nor all journalists, nor all anybody elses, but they help us to think, and keep awake to danger. No, this muzzling of parsons won't do. If the Durham colliers or rich churchwardens are going to duck me for saying what I believe to be true in the name of Christ, well, they must duck me, but they must duck me good and deep or I'll bob up again. I do not agree with the Bishop of Durham in all he says, but I do agree with him in claiming the right to say what he believes to be the Truth, and in not caring a hang or a duck who does not like it. I've got to speak, God help me, and I can only speak the Truth as I see it.

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Mumps

Verse by Mary Dixon Thayer

JIMMIE has the Mumps, and I
Peeked through a crack, and found
His face was very big and round,
And he just sat and frowned, and frowned.
But when I giggled, Jimmie said
How would *you* like to stay in bed
And have a pumpkin for a head?

Denette Willard Shearer

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A PERFECT DAY

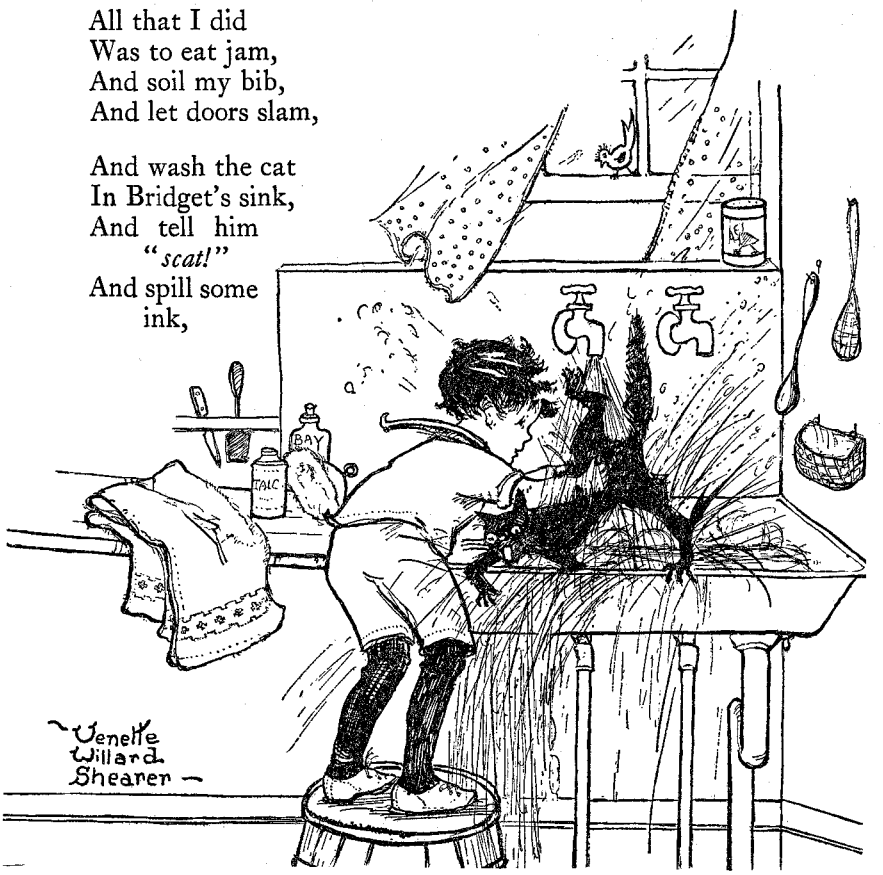
Verses by Mary Dixon Thayer

I'M very bad —
Why, I don't know—
But Nursie's mad,
And told me so.

All that I did
Was to eat jam,
And soil my bib,
And let doors slam,

And wash the cat
In Bridget's sink,
And tell him
"*scat!*"
And spill some
ink,

And climb a tree,
And have a fall,
And skin my knee,
And cry, That's all!



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THESE TOO, TOO SOLID GHOSTS

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

EVEN if you are disposed to believe in spirits, how can you account for the clothes they wear when they appear before your startled vision? Your grandmother in pantalettes, for instance, — has she been wearing the same old costume ever since she died, or did she have a new one made for her visit to you? Are there laundries beyond the veil? And barber shops? Who trims your late great-uncle's whiskers? Do spirits wear B. V. D.'s, and order their spiritual steaks well-done? And do they have weather?

"I SAW her myself," said the reverend gentleman earnestly, "she had been seen in that school for years, sometimes by a teacher, sometimes by a pupil. The spirit of a little old lady, with side-curls and a lace cap, in wide full skirts and pantalettes. When I saw her she came silently floating down the stairs toward me. The body was dimmed, invisible, but I saw the sweet old face with its cap and curls, and the little slippers and pantalettes." He was quite serious, he had seen this apparition, clothed as described, and neither he nor other "believers" noticed anything incongruous in the description. But come now! — spiritual pantalettes?

My mother told me of the pantalettes she wore as a girl. They were detachable, buttoned onto shorter undergarments, so as to present a constant appearance of glistening cleanliness, as with a man's cuffs; but more highly ornamental, ruffled, embroidered, lace-trimmed, and always stiffly starched.

Now let us admit for the sake of argument that the individual persists as such after death, and that it is able to appear to us. What we see is a "spirit". But as we have no knowledge of the looks of a spirit we clothe it with what we are pleased to call "a spiritual body", which is a contradiction in terms as who will speak of a "physical soul". The body in which it presents itself is of course the one we knew before, hence it appears that not only does the spirit persist after death, but the body also.

Again for the sake of argument we will admit this anomaly, this stark paradox, a spiritual body, but can anyone believe in spiritual pantalettes? Can we seriously accept spiritual ruffles and embroidery, spiritual starch and, inevitably, a spiritual laundress?

Ghosts have been seen and believed in from the earliest days of gluttony and indigestion. Spirits have appeared to those who

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loved them, to those who feared them, and to those who paid a dollar to see them. "Communications" have been received from them, mainly devoted to identification and to personal advice. To-day we have the buttressing belief of many persons of intelligence to offset the detrimental belief of many more persons without it; and descriptive books are written, sometimes by the spirits themselves we are told, as well as by the believers. Among these we find specific information on the subject of clothing, yet much remains to be learned.

"Are the spirits clothed?" asks Conan Doyle, and answers heartily, "Of course they are clothed, — do we lose our modesty because we are dead?" Quoted from memory, from an article in "Collier's Weekly," some years ago. Spirits of savages are probably unclothed, spirits of present-day ladies very little clothed, and the spirit of the little old lady in the girl's school was clothed in the costume of her time. Come to think of it they always are. Those who saw *Smilin' Through* beheld two lovely spirit ladies somewhat cumbrously attired in spiritual crinolines. In *The Enchanted Cottage* we were shown period spirits, each loving pair of defunct honeymooners in the dress of their day. Greek spirits would probably appear in chitons, Romans in togas, — yet does not Shakespeare tell us, "The sheeted ghosts did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome"?

The winding sheet seems to have "gone out" for ghosts, also the shroud. Is eternity to resemble an unending masquerade, or at least a costume ball? Must an immortal soul forever wear one fashion? Shall she who had the misfortune to die in a hobble skirt, live in a hobble skirt eternally? That modesty Mr. Doyle is so sure of prevents their appearing in the nightgowns or pajamas they do die in, so they seem to select the current dress of the moment and stick to that. So we may look forward to a walking picture gallery of ancestors, long trains, wide hoops, high stocks, and tight-strapped trousers, to doublet and hose, leather jerkins, and steel armor.

It would be more inspiring to conceive of free spirits, if they must have bodies and clothes upon them, devising something more beautiful and seemly than our fluctuating fashions.

After all it is the body idea which makes the trouble. We are acquainted with the body and spirit together in life, and with the

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body left spiritless in death, — which would certainly seem to show some difference between them. Why then are we so bent on piecing them together afterward?

We are quite familiar with spirits while alive. If a child asks "What is a spirit?" we can easily point out to him the ones he already knows, as love, anger, cheerfulness, cowardice, and courage. He can be told how he should encourage good spirits and resist bad ones, so that he may in time develop a noble spirit like Uncle John, and not a mean one like little Joey Snooks who tells tales.

Years ago I talked with Professor Hyslop of Columbia, as good an authority as the country knew on "the other life". He explained that other "communications" were due to the number of intermediaries, the inquirer, the Medium, the spirit medium, sometimes two, and then the spirit you wish to hear from. This was news to me; I had thought any spirit could reach the Medium. I asked him if in all the years of research and experiment any progress had been made in ease of communication, and he said no. I asked if he knew personally, or had ever heard of, any communication that was of any value to the human race, and again he said no. Then I hesitatingly inquired if "Planchette" or "Ouija" were reliable as mediums, and to my surprise he assured me that they were quite equal to personal ones.

This pleased me very much because I had some experience with Planchette, an old black walnut one, long used by a devout spiritualist. She was the real thing, having an "Indian control" which chattered foolishly. Indians must have a peculiarly susceptible spiritual nature. The instrument would not go for me alone, but I was one of two under whose lightly placed fingers it coursed like a hare. The feeling is unmistakable, it certainly goes, sometimes right out from under the hands. We played with it all one winter, making some definite observations. Whatever runs it is multiple, numbers trying to get on the wire. We were not developed enough to make it write, it only spelled, but even so the whole action of the thing would change perceptibly, as well as the subject matter.

Always anxious to talk, it was, never willing to stop, — we had to say "good night" and put it away; very busy and circumstantial if you seemed to believe it, but if you took pencil and paper

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and asked for definite verifiable facts you never got any. It gabbled away, giving us the kind of talk we were supposed to be interested in, appearing to have access to the minds of those present. By the way, when we proudly claim "identification", because "He told me something no one knew but he and I," we should see that this is precisely the weak part of it, — the knowledge was *in your mind.*

If your ghostly caller told you something known only by him and one not present, from whom you might afterward get corroboration, it would be far more convincing.

Out of our winter's amusement two instances seem interesting data. One was this: Two newspaper men were running the machine, while a by-sitter wrote down what appeared. I sat somewhat aside where I could look across the table out into the front hall. Planchette was in high feather, one of those working it was a believer and the other almost, and it ran about swiftly, giving them news of the Hawaiian revolution then going on. This was long before the days of wireless, and those two reporters actually, or almost, thought they were getting a "scoop".

Suddenly, right in the midst of their eager interest, it began to act differently, so they asked, "Who is this?" "Porter," it said, "Mr. Porter." Being interrogated further Mr. Porter explained that he wished to apologize to his wife for having ill-treated her formerly. This had nothing to do with Hawaii, and quite interrupted the "scoop"; they could make nothing of it. But I had seen come down the stairs in the hall, at the moment this happened, a new housekeeper I had hired that day. They did not know she was in the house; she did not know there was a Planchette in the house; her name was Porter.

The other is a sad story, for it put an end to all our fun with Planchette. I sat playing with a woman friend, as we very frequently did. It purported to be my mother who had recently died, and right in the midst of rather banal good advice it said, "Go away"! I thought change of residence was indicated, but no, nothing more from mother, someone else had grabbed the wire. So we asked, "Who is this?" "It's Jim." "Jim who?" "Jim Magill." "What do you want?" He indicated my friend.

"What do you want of her?"

He said he wanted to make her happy. She expressed her will-

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ingness to be made happy, and we waited. Nothing happened. Jim was for all the world like a dull visitor sucking his cane in a corner. He would answer questions, briefly, but nothing did he offer for our instruction or entertainment. That was the end of all our fun with Planchette. Whoever began talking, Jim always grabbed the wire. Can those who say, "You do it yourselves," imagine two grown women deliberately spoiling a considerable source of entertainment in such a stupid way as that?

The general impression left by this "reliable medium" was of some common back alley, open to all our minds, inhabited by numbers of little hooligans always itching to get into those minds. I never inquired of these informants about dress, a matter which calls for exposition.

Can we not think it out boldly and clearly, saying, "I believe General Washington lives, in recognizable bodily form. I believe he is clothed. Do I believe that he wears a wig? Or even powders his hair?"

Or "I believe in the immortality of the soul, but not of the body," or, "I believe in the immortality of the soul and body but not the immortality of human fashions."

But no, we are too lazy-minded to follow to a logical conclusion either what we do know about spirits, here in this life, or what we are told about them in another one. Because we find it difficult to think of spirits as such, we have promptly put them into bodies again, but refuse to face the implications involved in that shallow phrase "a spiritual body". It is in our minds only a screen of words, a picture; we never consider its inevitable activities.

For a body is but the sum of its activities. If it has legs it must walk; every muscle must be used lest it atrophy. Is this body they assume supposed to be flat like a paper doll? Or hollow like a rubber doll? If it is a real body it must be made like ours, not only without but within. So we must have the courage of our convictions and boldly face the thought of spiritual lungs and liver, stomach, intestines, and their essential processes.

This leads us straight to spiritual food, even if purely vegetarian, and we see our spirits chewing and digesting and all the rest of the process by which food becomes bodily tissue.

The Mormons take the bull by the horns and frankly assume an eternity of life precisely like that which we have now in all its

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functions. Health is assumed, and they agree with Conan Doyle when he says that the spirits will be neither too young nor too old, but will all reach a "normal age", about thirty. But in another place Mr. Doyle assures the grieving mother that she should have her child in her arms again. If the bereaved mother, losing a three-year-old child when she was twenty-five, dies herself at twenty-seven, and finds her little boy a handsome gentleman of thirty, will he meet the same want?

If a loving daughter of fifty-four closes her father's eyes at eighty-two, and herself dies at eighty-seven, what "father" and "daughter" reunion will there be when they are both thirty? And why is thirty a "normal" age more than any other? Infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, and age are all normal physiologically. That preferred age may be the best for living beings, when all the physical faculties are in full use, but the spirit frequently improves as life goes on, and the man or woman of sixty may be twice as noble as at thirty. Is the mature spirit given a youthful body just for looks? With the Mormons it is more a practical question, for they go on marrying and having children in a cheerful eternity.

Perhaps some will call these considerations grossly material, that when they think of a spiritual body they never for a moment imagine it as having an active interior; that the body, recognizable to friends and relatives, is but "the expression of the spirit". But they well know that our bodies are too often far from expressing the spirit within, even when age has molded them.

Among animals lower than us it is true that the body is a reliable expression of the spirit, modified also by outside conditions, such as climate. Wolves do not wear sheep's clothing, in nature. But we, living in social relation, have developed a larger spirit which cannot be accounted for by merely personal relations.

Fancy the soul of Theodore Roosevelt turned loose in spiritual coat and trousers, shirt, necktie, and "B.V.D.'s" (underclothes aren't mentioned, but why not? If we are to dress at all we should do it nicely) to ramble through eternity with nothing to do but "communicate"! Some will angrily answer that the assumption is absurd, that he will have a city, a state, a nation, a world, to concern himself about, all spiritual of course. It would be sad to

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suppose him merely hanging around trying to "influence" people in this life, a thing he found difficult enough here when out of office. Or again he may be supposed to outgrow all interest in statecraft, so becoming a very exalted spirit no doubt, but hardly Theodore Roosevelt.

All our family relationships are based on the physical laws of the physical body. They have developed higher, to far lovelier degree it is true, and in some cases are accompanied by spiritual companionship. But how sadly often do we see the closest blood-relations utterly remote in spirit. Moreover as life widens in social evolution, the human spirit, developing along lines of art and science, of study and research, of business, politics, and social service, becomes a far greater thing than possibly can find expression in a mere personal body. Perhaps it is imagined that a "spiritual body" is no better fit than a physical one, and the poor spirit goes on through eternity, hampered as before, even by the silly clothes it wore in this world.

Our gropings into "the other life" show small imagination at best, and give us little hope of anything beyond what we are already familiar with. But at that we do not even honestly and fully face what we do think. For instance, here is a man dead; his spirit reappears to his loving wife, in the same body and dress as when alive. It continues to so appear for a number of years. Now then, does the spirit of a man, in a spiritual body, wear whiskers or shave? He must do one or the other. A spiritual razor, whether a safety or the cut-throat kind, is a tax on our credulity. Then the spiritual brush, the spiritual soap, the basin, the towel — no, no! Spiritual whiskers are easier to believe.

And as far as painters have dared to make a picture of The Great Spirit, they have chosen whiskers.

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THE FANCIES OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS

JOHN ROACH STRATON

IN this paper, the well-known pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in New York City maintains that in view of the fact that a very large number of intelligent people believe the theory of evolution to be wholly unproved, it is only fair that a public institution, receiving support from public funds, such as the American Museum of Natural History, should give space to an exhibit of "The Bible Story of Creation" in its Hall of the Age of Man. Dr. Straton describes in detail the exhibit which he advocates.

THE assertion that evolution is now "accepted" by all real scholars is wide of the mark. There is a general acceptance, in the philosophic field, of some sort of principle of development or unfoldment, which is fully as compatible with creationism as with evolutionism, but any universal acceptance of evolution, in the strict sense, either in whole or in any of its branches, has simply not come about. Real scientific facts have never yet been brought together sufficient to prove the theories of organic evolution in a single one of its many branches, let alone the main theory that all life has so arisen.

Furthermore, it is significant that many who at first are fascinated by the plausible generalizations of evolution turn from it after further examination of its proffered evidences and more mature consideration of its claims. Disillusionment came to the present writer when he discovered that evolution is not a fact of science, but a dogma of philosophy; that both its history and its essential nature prove that it belongs in the realm of subjective speculation and not in the field of objective fact.

Let us undertake, first, a frank consideration of The Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. This is the great popular feature of the museum and the especial interest of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president of the museum, and of others of the staff. Yet the exhibit is schematized and doctored to the last degree. The old bones there are made to say things which ordinarily they would not say at all.

In the introduction to his book describing this exhibit Professor Osborn uses the following words:

> The Hall of the Age of Man is designed to show what we *know* of man and his environment during the long period of geologic time in

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> which man rose from a condition of limited intelligence and subordination to the animal world, to his present condition of great intelligence and mastery both of the animal world, and of many of the principal forces of nature. The exhibit is arranged in an educational manner so as to present very simply, very *truthfully*, and very *clearly* our *actual knowledge*, and not to confuse the visitor with theories or speculations. (The italics are mine.)

Notice his striking statement that they are going to show only what they "*know*" of man, that they are giving in The Hall of the Age of Man "actual knowledge" and not "theories or speculations".

Now, what is the truth about that exhibit? The bald naked truth is that there is not one single, indisputable *fact* proving the truthfulness of the exhibit. The so-called "ape-men" in the exhibit are figments of the enthusiastic imaginations of evolution's devotees. The "Piltdown Man", for example, was no "man" at all. All that was found in the gravel pit in Sussex, England, near Piltdown Common, included two or three bits of skull-bone, a piece of jaw-bone, and a canine tooth. These fragments were scattered in the gravel pit; one piece was picked up one year, another in another year, and still another the third year. With these few little scraps, that one could conceal in the palms of the hands, the scientists first *assumed* that they all belonged to the same individual, and then they "reconstructed" the "Piltdown Man" and proclaimed it as a new genus, which they called Eonthropus or "Dawn Man".

But after the first reconstruction by Dawson and Dr. A. Smith-Woodward of the British Museum, Professor Arthur Keith, Curator of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, took up these same fragments of bone and made a reconstructed man much higher than the ape-like creature which Dr. Dawson and Dr. Woodward had produced. The climax was capped when the American anthropologist Dr. Ales Hrdlîčka reached the conclusion that the Piltdown jaw and tooth did not belong with the fragments of skull but really "belonged to a fossil chimpanzee."

Yet, in the face of all this, the exhibit in the Hall of the Age of Man is paraded as *bona fide;* as founded only on real "facts" and not on "speculation". If that Piltdown Man, reconstructed from such little scraps gathered in such a haphazard fashion, and the subject of such divisions and disputes among the scientists

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themselves, if that is not a "speculation", then I want to ask what under Heaven is it?

The first page of Professor Osborn's book, on the Hall of the Age of Man, pictures three of these imaginary men which have been "reconstructed" by the scientists from data so meagre that it has been, from the beginning, the subject of the widest division among the scientists and is still being hotly debated. Yet Professor Osborn, under these three pictures of the Java or Trinil Ape-Man, the Neanderthal Man, and the Crô-Magnon Man, labels them "Three Great *Races* of Prehistoric Man". This sounds as though they were all fully accredited and as though everything were adequately proved.

Let us glance at one of these specimens, — The Trinil Ape-Man. Dr. Eugene Dubois, a Dutch physician, claims to have found these bones in the Island of Java in 1891. There are only three fragments of this gentleman, who has been given the name "Pithecanthropus". There is a part of a skull, a part of a leg bone, and one molar tooth. As with the Piltdown Man, these bones were not found at the same time or altogether in one place. When Dr. Dubois discovered these pitiful bits of bones he announced his belief that they belonged to a being between the apes and men. Other scientists who examined these bones asserted, however, that the fragments did not belong to the same individual at all.

Concerning the Neanderthal Man and the Crô-Magnon man, it is sufficient to say that many conflicting opinions have been given their bones by such men as Blake, Vogt, Hoelder, Kitdell, Huxley, Dwight, Price, and others. It can be shown, furthermore, that the scientists not only disagree among themselves, but that Professor Osborn contradicts in one place his own statements in another place. Upon this same first page of his book is a paragraph which admits that the evidence is scanty and that the remains of alleged ape-men are scarce. He writes:

> A series of cases in the centre of the hall are devoted to the story of man. That it can be compressed into so small a space is an indication of the scarcity of his remains, for here are displayed reproductions of the most notable specimens that have been discovered.

And further on in the same work he refers again to the fact that "the actual specimens are few in number."

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In another of his books, — that on *Evolution and Religion*, — Professor Osborn says this:

> The chain of human ancestors was totally unknown to Darwin. He could not have even dreamed of such a flood of proof and truth.

In one of the books the evidence is admitted to be "scarce" and the specimens "few". In another, this same evidence is referred to as a "flood"!

In addition to the utter inadequacy of these individual exhibits in the Hall of the Age of Man stand the very significant facts that the dependability of the entire scheme of rock stratification, upon which the time element and transformist principles of man's alleged evolution rest, is now being seriously and successfully called into question and even dismissed as entirely artificial and arbitrary by qualified scientific men.

Yet these unproved theories are being used to-day to lead our children away from the Bible revelation. The mere statement of the real facts in the case shows how absurd is the alleged "evidence" on which the faith of our children in the Bible account of creation is being destroyed. During the many visits that I have made to the American Museum of Natural History I have seen literally thousands of school children pass through the Hall of the Age of Man and look at the exhibits of those old bones with the re-creations of alleged "men". In watching them, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that it was nothing short of a crime against the human race to fill the immature minds of these little children with the debasing idea of the brute origin of man on such flimsy and tricky "evidences."

In the light of all this, I submit that it was not at all an unreasonable request when I suggested to the museum authorities that they roll all of the show-cases containing these gruesome old bones to one side of the Hall and put on the other side another row of show-cases setting forth the Bible teaching concerning the creation of the world and man and the Bible philosophy of life. Certainly if one of these conflicting and competing theories is to be shown in the form of an exhibit, then the other ought in fairness to be shown also.

I suggested that at the centre of the first show-case of the Bible exhibit there might be an open Bible, with a red line and a

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hand pointing (after the manner of the marking of the old bones) to the first verse of Genesis: "*In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.*" Then I suggested that, on either side of that central Bible, there might be reproductions of the historic manuscripts and versions of God's word, thus giving an outline history of how the Bible came down to us.

In the next show-case, I suggested that there should be another Bible in the centre, with a red line and a hand pointing to the verse where it is written that "*God created man in His image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them.*" On either side of this Bible, there might be grouped an exhibit setting forth the original dignity of man as a child of God and the tragic disasters that came to him through his disobedience to God; his fall from his high estate, and, therefore, his need of a Messiah and Saviour. I suggested, also, that the teaching of Genesis concerning God's rest in the creative era and the institution of the Sabbath Day could be indicated with a proper exhibit showing the great economic, social, and religious value of reserving one day in seven for rest and worship.

In the next case, I suggested that a Bible be shown with the words marked which tell of Eve being given to Adam as his wife, and which declares: "*Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh.*" On one side of this Bible could be shown a picture of the marriage altar and models of homes, — setting forth the fact that the Bible teaching has been the source of the sanctity of the marriage vow and the foundation of our American home-life. On the other side of this case could be shown an exhibit of the terrible increase of divorce, the wrecking of home-life, the breaking of hearts, the setting adrift of little children without anyone to guide them upon the stormy seas of human life, — all this because of loss of faith in the Bible and in its teachings.

I suggested, also, an exhibit of the Bible as the real source of the principles of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, law and order upon which our American commonwealth was founded. I suggested that a replica of the historic Bible of the United States Supreme Court, on which our Presidents have been sworn since 1801, be used in this exhibit, and that this Bible be opened at the Ten Commandments; that a picture be shown of the scene in the

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cabin of the Mayflower, where the Pilgrims drafted the First Charter of their new community with nothing but an open Bible before them, embodying its principles in their document; that an exhibit be prepared showing the influence of Bible religion in the Revolutionary War, in the prayer-life of George Washington, in the resolutions of the Continental Congress, in the meetings of the Constitutional Convention, and in the whole progress of our history, — through the prayers of Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War times to the avowed dependence upon God of Woodrow Wilson during the troublous days of the World War, down to this present hour when there is still enough faith left in our beloved land to engrave upon our coins the great motto: "In God we trust."

And over against the portrait gallery of the "cave men", I would suggest that at least one wall of the Hall of the Age of Man be given to a series of portraits of some of the great men and women who accepted and believed the Bible. Such a series would begin, naturally, with a picture of Moses, beneath which could be printed these striking words:

> Keep, therefore, the words of this covenant, and do them, that ye may prosper in all that ye do. (Deut. 29:9)

And then I would suggest a picture of Paul, who said:

> All scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable.

And Martin Luther, who took his stand on the open Bible, and said:

> I stand here; I cannot do otherwise; God help me, Amen.

And Queen Victoria, who said:

> The open Bible is the secret of the greatness of the British Empire.

And Keppler, who said, in connection with his great discoveries in astronomy:

> I have been thinking God's thoughts after Him.

And Daniel Webster, who said:

> I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages; for I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any such mystery and doubt none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

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And President Coolidge who said:

> Religion is the foundation of states.

And in the centre, and above it all, there should be a picture of the Divine Christ, with His prayer to the Father:

> Sanctify them through the truth, Thy Word is Truth.

I content myself, in closing, with pointing out that while these fancies of the evolutionists come and go, while there is scarcely a scientific book that is ten years old that is not already out of date, the Bible, after all these thousands of years, is still doing business at the old stand!

Measured by its age-long and continuing influence upon the habits and faiths of the human race, the remark of Jean Paul is well founded. He said:

> The first leaf of the Mosaic record outweighs all the folios of the philosophers and men of science combined.

SANCTA

THROUGH endless change the record runs
Confused by all succeeding suns.
"Our Lord was rich; our Lord was poor;
In meekness bowed; in state secure."
And so our life is glibly shriven
And dull earth rimmed by a bastard Heaven.
But rich or poor are still but one
And high and low are scarce begun,
While you and I must seek alone
The rugged path to the ancient throne.

—*Herbert H. Longfellow*

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THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

IV — Ethical Culture — A Second Reformation

JULES BOIS

"LET us cease to discuss the Author of the Law and bend our strength to the fulfilment of the Law." These words sum up the philosophy of Felix Adler, founder of the Ethical Culture movement which, inaugurated fifty years ago, has spread over America and Europe. M. Jules Bois concentrates his attention on the founder of the movement, as the best means of interpreting the ideals of a group of societies which, while departing from the orthodox conception of the godhead, stresses the importance of conduct.

THE Ethical Culture Societies are not ritualistic associations. Neither acceptance nor denial of any theological doctrine is a disqualification for membership. Toward religion as a confession of faith in things superhuman, the attitude of these organizations is neutral. Still they claim to be "distinctly religious bodies interpreting the word 'religious' to mean devotion to the highest moral ends." Thus the history of this movement and a portrayal of its principal leader and founder find a natural place in my series devoted to the "New Religions of America". The most modern spirit in religion expresses itself in Ethical Culture; this spirit began to awaken toward the end of the last century and may be christened "a second reformation". The first one, having discarded the authority of the Church, relied on the Bible, but the second accepts as a supreme jurisdiction the decree of conscience.

The power of a liberated thought, joined to a scientific method of research, would, like the thread of Ariadne, lead the citizens of our republic onward and upward through the labyrinthic life of our age. Therefore, "Not by the Creed, but by the Deed," is the slogan of this new dispensation of Man to Man. Rather a right action than a right belief. Dr. Felix Adler, the founder and philosopher of the religion of Ethical Culture, transmutes the *worship* of the Creator into the *worthship* of the creature. "Two things," said Kant, "fill the soul with ever new and increasing admiration and reverence: the star-lit heavens above me and the moral law within me." But Adler declares: "Stars and suns are lesser lights compared with those suprasolar luminaries that constitute the spiritual universe." The real Heaven, according to him, is within us.

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"Let us cease to discuss the Author of the Law and bend our strength to the fulfilment of the Law." These words are doubtless not to be found in any of Dr. Adler's books; but they are the formula which sums up his whole work. He uttered them in the course of one of my visits, and I have transcribed them faithfully.

His study in the Meeting House, — thus is called the Temple of Ethics which rises austerely at the corner of Sixty-Fourth Street and Central Park West, — avoids all superfluous ornaments. Imposing in its dimensions, it is furnished with a large table and a few easy chairs, while the walls are lined with the book shelves of an important library. I noticed two pictures, one representing Isaiah and the other Kant, the two mountain-like images, one spiritual, the other intellectual, which have dominated the life of this reformer. And the disciple, outstripping all bondages, has emancipated himself from these two inspirations, to become in his turn an original teacher. From Isaiah he derived the love of justice and righteousness: "When you come to tread my courts," thundered the son of Amos, "who has demanded this of you? Go wash you, make you clean. Put away the evil that is in your hands. Cease to do evil; learn to do good." During the hours of travail he heard also the voice of Kant, almost as stern and imperative as Isaiah's, and willing to free ethics from its long tutelage to theology: "Treat every man not merely as a means, but also as an end." And Felix Adler answered Isaiah and Kant by a new sentence, fixing the relations among modern men: "So act as to elicit the best in others, eliciting, in the process, the best that is potential in thyself." Justice is not enough since the pronouncement of the Golden Rule, and the gospel of solidarity ought to reconcile the individual, sacred as an end *per se*, to other individuals no less sacred than himself. It is just this need of group morality that Ethical Culture aims to meet. To be sure, "social reform", unless it is made tributary to the spiritual, is not social reform in any deep sense at all. In order to construct the city of the future, Felix Adler deems it necessary to reconstruct the moral ideal in family, in business, in politics, and in international affairs. As declared by this herald of the Promised Land for all classes, the problem of democracy is to be solved, so to say, through and from the inside. Let us, he says, "place all functions on a level with respect to the worth of those exercising

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them, and propound a spiritual ideal in which this equality may be realized, not despite the inequalities but by their interaction."

After applying myself to a searching study, I have reached the conclusion that, though there is nominally no Ethical Society in France, Dr. Alder's doctrine has many points of contact with French Free Thought, for instance with the essential tenets of Auguste Comte, Reclus, Littré, and Guyau. But while Felix Alder sets up a new religion to replace the ancient ones which seem to him not to correspond to the needs of our times, these French Free Thinkers declare that they get rid forever of all religion and have a laic faith only in science and conscience. The book which in French corresponds to *An Ethical Philosophy of Life* by its philosophical reach, the beauty of its style, and the nobility of its ethical message, is *L'Irreligion de l'Avenir* of Marie-Jean Guyau, revealing in its very title the tendency which I try to make clear. At bottom, we have here perhaps merely a difference of words, for it is not a paradox to assume that what Guyau calls boldly *l'irreligion de l'avenir* could be translated in an Anglo-Saxon way, "the religion of the future."

Destined by his family to be a rabbi and by his mental qualities to become a leader in Israel, Felix Adler, because he divested himself of the toga of orthodoxy, as did Renan after his theologic training at St Sulpice, has been compared to the famous author of *La Vie de Jésus*. Indeed both undertook to change the old order by means of criticism; both are scholars of wide learning. Still there exists between them a vital difference. In leaving the Church, Renan shunned all religious organization, while, on the other hand, Dr. Adler evolved a new constructive cult. The certitude he could not locate in theology and material science he posited in morals. Though independent of all denominations and sects, he preserved, as we have said, the religious spirit, even meaning to intensify it, and so he maintained for his group the ministerial functions: offering "edification" in public addresses to Sunday assemblies, the solemnizing of marriages, and the conducting of funeral services, finally the building up of an educational institution.

Felix Adler's two capital works are *An Ethical Philosophy of Life* and *The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal*. "Here we have," remarks Professor Warner Fite of Princeton University,

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"a philosophy of life growing out of the experiences of a lifetime," formulated by a teacher who takes his calling with a prophetic seriousness and "has a pastoral contact with the more tragic side of life and whose resolute free-thinking cannot conceal a mind passionately religious."

If we take a due account of inevitable differences of behavior resulting from the various needs of each epoch, the inner life of this philosopher, as we may picture it to our mind, seems to be parallel with those hermits of the last centuries, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. They lived only for their message and endeavored to traverse, rapt in serenity, the agitations of their contemporaries. Nevertheless, this new Maimonides ventured, doubtless not without an effort of will, outside his study and flung himself, from a sense of duty, into the public life of a lecturer and religious educator.

His crisis of conscience he confessed candidly, and how he came to find in himself and get in touch with, what he calls in ethics the "Numen" and one christens in psychology, "The Super-Conscious." I mean the true person we are beyond or rather behind our ephemeral personalities, — the vocation, the genius.

At an early age he had felt that he could not confine his steps to the path of tradition and he had stumbled over the dogma of Creation when scarcely out of his childhood. Lectures on Christian Evidences as taught at that time in Columbia University did not satisfy his innate criticism. At Berlin he met in the university the foremost teachers of that epoch; and under their influence he undertook to grapple in grim earnest with the philosophy of Immanuel Kant. Henceforth his destiny had found at least its orientation. Then Socialism attracted him for a while. But Marxism repels by its sophistries and its intolerant materialism. Even though the sufferings of the laborers of that time touched his heart, he was not long to turn away from the false prophet whose followers sneer at ethical ideals, which in their eyes, are merely by-products or epi-phenomena of economic conditions. On the contrary he more and more saw hanging to the moral law the key of the most actual and urging problems. His contact with Emerson in 1874 was fruitful. In the Over-Soul scintillated the first ray of that "Numen" to be awakened in him by awakening it in others. But the Oracle of Concord, "a rare blend of ancient

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mystic and modern Yankee," was hovering too high in the transcendental ether to detain long under his spell an enthusiast of action enamored of practical reform.

To the building and development of the science of Ethics, was to be dedicated and devoted the spiritual vigor accumulated by the student Adler, thanks to the spontaneous observances of the moral law, while too many young men dilapidate the same forces in frivolities. Adler's secret of perseverance, his attachment to a cause which seems at first ungrateful and little in harmony with present day looseness, indeed the explanation of his stoical attitude, a sort of calm defiance hurled at triumphant epicurism, — all this we find rooted and revealed in the austerity of his diligent life as a student and in his precocious respect for woman. "The fact," he wrote, "that I lived abroad for three years in frequent contact with young men, especially students, who derided my scruples, and in the impure atmosphere of three capital cities of Europe, — Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, — where the 'primrose path' is easy, tended to make the retention of my point of view more difficult and at the same time to give it greater fixity, also to drive me into a kind of inward solitude. I felt myself in opposition to my surroundings, and acquired a confidence, perhaps exaggerated, to persevere along my lines, against prevailing tendencies." This self control at an age when so many boastingly reject it, has given us a unique philosopher, capable of holding his own against the general laxity and incoherence in esthetics, good taste, and the dignity of conduct. There is a virility, a sobriety, a richness contained in the style of this New York Epictetus which is no longer to be detected even in the most admired contemporary works. I am not now speaking of the licentious Anatole France, I refer to other minds who flatter themselves that they furnish the modern intellect with its orientation, for instance Bergson the too evanescent, and Santayana the too flexible. It is self-mastery, thought and lived, which forms those truly great men who are able to forego the titillations of popularity, because they are destined to survive and to mold the best characters if not at once, at any rate in the distant future.

Now the closet philosopher may be serious enough in his search for truth, but will his elaborate system stand wear and tear? Will it hold together in the shipwrecking moments of its

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voyage on the tumultuous sea of experience? These questions will always rise to trouble the tranquillity of the sages.

On returning from Europe, this young American scholar did not hesitate; boldly he went out to the people. There were challenges pressing home the question; the expectant eyes of those who are in trouble, the silent appeal of the spiritually dead, sunk in sloth or sensuality, or wasting their precious days in the pursuit of trivial ends. The Biblical exegete remembered the prophet Elisha once leaning on the body of a deceased child so that, with his own vitality, he could kindle there the life that seemed extinct. But he already knew that to give is to take, and he determined that in his apostolic zeal he had "to throw himself, as it were, upon those who are morally numbed, and to embrace the life within himself in order to stir up life in them."

At that time Felix Adler had just achieved his cycle of inwardly dramatic experiences concerning his vocation, when he was requested by an elite to inaugurate in 1876 the New York Society for Ethical Culture. Acquainted as they were with the point of view of the young scholar, they assigned the supreme place to right conduct and proclaimed that an irreproachable life is not necessarily in inevitable interdependence with ritual and dogma.

As a consequence, Ethical Societies were founded in great cities of the United States, like Chicago, St Louis, Philadelphia, Brooklyn. Ten years later (1886) the London Society started with members of high social standard and fine capacities of mind. From that time onward, other groups sprang up in England, some of them federating in an "Union". Afterwards Germany followed with fifteen branches; Austria entered into the ring with Italy and Switzerland. All this culminated in "International Conferences".

The lecture is the distinguishing feature of these temples where the community is the priesthood, and, so to say the symbol of the Godhead. "The platform of an Ethical Society," pronounced the Founder, "is itself the altar; the address must be the fire that burns thereon."

Somewhat pale, we must confess, when compared to the doctrine enshrined in such books as *The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal*, *An Ethical Philosophy of Life*, or *The World Crisis and Its Meaning*, appears the common program of the faithful of the

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Ethical Religion. It consists in (1) the acceptance of monogamic marriage; (2) the demand, for woman, of the fullest development of her mental and moral personality; (3) the teaching of morals in schools; (4) the approval of universal peace among nations.

However it may be, this "new religion" is distinctly American. First, it has been established by an American in America. Then, by the universality of its appeal to all races and faiths, and withal by its New England rigidity, it belongs well to the land of the Puritans. Far from foreseeing any kind of shrinking of the personality, Felix Adler anticipates its enlargement through austerity. "Binding ties are welcome in so far as they are necessary to unbind what is highest in us." He furnishes the following illustration:

> "When the pilgrims set out on their voyage across the unknown Atlantic, Robinson, their pastor, their leader, addressed them once more before they embarked, and in that solemn hour of parting, warned them against the self-sufficiency of a false conservatism, and dedicated them and the new states they might found to the increase and the service of larger truths. To larger truths America is dedicated."

All these ideas are vivid and palpitant in the work-room of the Senior Leader of the New York Ethical Culture Society. They are, as it were, an aura in which moves this meditative and sweetly energetic character. Age, in coming to him, has imparted something august. His eye has remained young and penetrating with a serious kindliness. At the touch of Life, — that sculptor which better than any other reveals the soul, — the outlines of the face have become more visibly ascetic. The sparse beard seems to radiate around the chin and cheeks, while the high bare brow corresponds to the levitation of his thought. To this metaphysician of Ethics one could apply the two lines of Victor Hugo referring to Booz: "One sees a glow in young men's eyes, but on the brow of the old man there is Light."

Christians and Hebrews who have remained faithful to their traditions and revelations may equally regret that such a lofty mind has not brought to orthodoxy the contribution of its logic and lucidity; but, since it is the fact, we have to consider what advantage it can yield. And this advantage is not to be overlooked. We cannot but regard with respect this constructive social force which in its manner guides and preserves. Without its aid, a host of dissidents would go their way, hesitant or re-

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luctant of restraint. They peer and grope in vain for some uplifting power. Honest and straightforward in heart, they have still a deep-rooted prejudice against priesthood, ceremonies, and supernatural dicta; consequently they dream of a church outside of other churches, and wish to be, in their own independent ways, coöperators in progress and faithful servants of an ideal.

Also there are others, — more and more innumerable others, — born doubtless with good natural dispositions; but, habituated to breathe the atmosphere of indifferentism as to a worship, they may gradually and unconsciously lapse into indifferentism in morals. If left to themselves, they would not be robust enough to withstand gladly the temptations of this complex and alluring world. They need a bond which, without being dogmatic, strengthens them, sets and frames them in a kind of comforting and helpful community. Perhaps it is especially in Ethical Societies that those types of humanity would the better consent to congregate. On the other hand, I presume, an intellectual of any school and belief cannot but benefit by an attentive and critical reading of Adler's books.

I foresee that posterity, if not the present age already, will declare Adler the continuator of the finest philosophers of the past, and their peer. Like them, he may sometimes falter, yet by the very fact that he appeared after them, he is able to amend their mistakes, to profit by their discoveries, and to make new ones. His writings give every man new arguments for believing in the indestructible foundations of the code of honor formulated by his own faith, whatever this faith may be. In studying Adler's message, I felt a strong bent to be a better Christian, though he is not himself a Christian. By him we are encouraged to live heroically and spiritually, and once more we experience that there is in our conscience a natural urge and an imperious necessity toward the Good, even though the faith in a God Creator, in Christ the Mediator, and in our individual immortality, is unfortunately omitted. I say "unfortunately" because I believe in it, and moreover I am certain that such postulates work in life as "*idées-forces*".

Ethics compels the re-assembling of the Babelic dispersion imposed by the diversity of races, climates, continents, and even personal peculiarities. Virtue, in the sense of virility of character,

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is the state of soul in which all great teachers are one, from Zoroaster to Confucius, from Kant to Adler, be they believers or agnostics. The most popular pronouncements of Christ, are they not ethical? That in the twentieth century, at the dawn of the universal hope for unification, there could be brandished the standard of virile virtue by a Free-Thinker, — such an event renders more conspicuous and ineluctable the power of the Law and, I dare say, rises like a vagrant incense to its Maker, who is the Law itself written in our conscience and in Heaven.

A modern Knight, without any symbolic sign on his helmet, Adler has attempted a crusade to deliver Psyche, buried in the tomb of selfishness and pseudo-scientific materialism. His victory was that, as a philosopher, he succeeded in demonstrating *a fortiori* the divine authority of Duty. Criticism and doubt, in certain epochs prevailing over Creed, do not defeat the rock-bottom value of a good deed. When one comes to a decision, reason and heart, even reduced apparently to themselves, if they deter from riotous passion, find irresistible motives to follow the same path trod by the Faiths.

There is a metaphysics in this system, a metaphysics derived from ethics, while in other religions ethics derives from metaphysics. I have not the space to deal with it, as it deserves. I will say briefly that God, for Adler, is not a person; no more is He "the all in all" of the pantheists. He finds Him, not in unity, but in dissimilarity: "We speak no more of the God of Hosts, but, as it were, of the host as Godhead." This attempt at an ethical theodicy terminates in the concept of an infinite society or choir, a commonweal of spiritual beings, "each of which expresses the spiritual nature in a manner unlike all the rest. . . . The unity is predicable only in the form that the unlikeness of each is such as to elicit the unlikeness in all the rest. . . ." Still the Manifold remains forever many fold. No Jehovah, rather a congregation of human Elohim.

Now how can a worship be offered to that Manifold, to such a host of human gods? How can a worship be directed by men toward other men and toward themselves? Worship, Adler replies may be taken to mean *worthship* "and the worth intrinsic in our fellow men is the object of our increasing homage." Of course prayer is empty under such conditions; and the absence of pray-

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ers in ethical associations contributes to a certain impassibility in their Sunday meetings. "Is there a substitute for prayer?" Felix Adler asks. "Yes," he answers, "the appeal of the God in our neighbor is the substitute for the appeal in prayer to God in Heaven." What will be the symbol of the Ethical Faith? "We shall not have an external symbol like the cross; the fellowship itself will be our symbol." A strange melancholy assails us in writing those quotations. We know the deep sincerity and nobility of soul of this thinker, but does not this attitude of mind renounce the dearest prerogative in man, namely the sonship to God, and does it not declare those who adopt this attitude to be like voluntary orphans?

In fact many members of the Ethical Societies in America and in Europe do not accept those inductions, nor are they bound to do so. While in other congregations the faithful adhere to the doctrine of the founder, here there is a gap between the followers and the leader, or, to speak more accurately, there is no obligation for the Ethical Culturist to accept Dr. Adler's principles. In an important note of a preface, the author specifies that "The philosophical positions herein set forth are not to be taken as an official pronouncement on behalf of the Ethical Culture Movement. The Ethical Societies, as such, have no official philosophy."

By the uniqueness and, if I am permitted to say, by the solemn precipitousness of his thought, such an initiator can be naught but solitary; or rather, even though he is surrounded by many friends and a fervent admiration, we may suggest that his highest self is accessible only to a few. This aloofness is neither voluntary nor the consequence of a detachment on the part of others. His, I say, is a tolerant but rigid conviction, firmly based on the confrontation of an exceptional mind with experience.

His threefold reverence is directed towards all founders of religions, towards the past and contemporary thinkers and, above all, towards the undeveloped who are to be helped to actualize their spiritual potentialities. But, despite his gentle behavior, Dr. Adler has no mood of yielding and concession in his mind; and in this especially he is great.

Although essentially an American, he vigorously stems the current of tendencies favored by the present-day crowd, who are easy-going optimists, out for "a good time". As I feel my simile

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very imperfect, I will try another and say that he is like a rock, unshakable among the waves of fashion and mutability. His underlying optimism or meliorism is rooted in a realism which for many wears the face of pessimism. The demagogues of speculative thought, — I suspect, not only in the United States of America but also in the disunited states of the world, — deny sorrow, laugh at sin, and scorn frustration. They preach the gospel of joy at any price, of indiscipline and material success. And when they are obliged to meet the bitter facts of life, they conceal their grimace; then, instead of profiting by the lesson, they try to forget it and intoxicate themselves and others with a new illusion.

Dr. Adler has met face to face the three "Shadows", sickness, sorrow, and sin; and so he has discovered that "disillusionment is the condition of revelation." The Shadows will and must descend before they can be parted, disclosing the landscape of the spiritual universe. As to frustration, its ministry is indispensable in the realization of the purpose of life. "Ideals are pang-born."

It was necessary that a voice arise to insurge against the flood of divorce which threatens to "polygamize" the monogamic marriage under its tide. This leader delineates the rôle of woman in the family and in society, safe-guarding for her the lofty mission as depicted by Dante in *La Vita Nuova* and *La Divina Commedia*, or by Goethe at the end of the second *Faust*. It was urgent also to disarticulate a narrow nationalism stifling that true patriotism which through the concept of a super-nation leads us to an organic society binding together all the peoples of the earth. No one has perhaps so well denounced the peril of a certain school of socialism which works for the debasement of mankind instead of facilitating its progress and rise. To the selfish wealthy he shows that they ought to limit their incomes and use the surplus *pro bono publico*. He damned the invading superstition of the new spiritualism by discriminating in us what is really immortal.

In the last pages of his great book, *An Ethical Philosophy of Life*, which is a philosophical confession, he fearlessly applies his conclusions to his own life, with an admirable sobriety and humility. He observes that crude and rude experience has been a perpetual challenge to his ideals.

Social reform has produced but meagre fruit; the vision of "Democracy in the air" was impugned "on the ground" around

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him by the "sordid travesty" of demagogy. The harmonious organization of mankind that was attempted is still to-day an all too imperfect sketch. He avows again modestly that his efforts to sound the needs of those close to him gave feeble results. Even his own heart and character, — too rich, I surmise, to be easily integrated, — seems to him not to have attained to the model he had set for himself.

The terminus of his entire philosophy is the building of the Spiritual Universe which is accomplished by utilizing the recuperative power of frustration. One cannot admire it without a certain awe. It is the acme of stoicism. And the least inadequate means of defining Adler's character is to call him the last and the greatest of the stoics. A stoic of a new type in this, that he strives for humility. Like Herbert Spencer and Auguste Comte he bows to the Unknowable. "I cannot," he declares, "enter into the counsels of the multiform godhead. . . . Within the palace of Light is the serene and solemn assembly of the gods; I, man, stand at the gate." Furthermore, as he does not acknowledge a Creator, he confesses that he cannot have, as a reward, the certainty of personal immortality in the Beyond. He affirms only the irreductible existence of the essential self. But "as to my empirical self, I let go my hold on it. I see it perish with the same indifference which the materialist asserts, for whom man is but a compound of physical matter and physical force."

Nevertheless he "blesses the universe" for the glimmer of spiritual reality he was permitted to see, and for the love given and received. Thus he soothes himself first with the peace that "cannot be understood" and is the relief of pain; then finally with the peace that "passes understanding", — that supreme peace which follows pain unrelieved and shimmers at the crest of the wave of pain, being the spear of frustration transfigured into the shaft of light.

> "I am like Arnold Winkelried, who gathered the sheaf of spears into his breast, and even pressed them inward, to make a way for liberty. So do I press the sharp-pointed spears of frustration into my breast to make way for spiritual liberty. For the cruel spears turn into shafts of light, radiating outward, along which my spirit travels, building its final nest, — the spiritual universe."

So, in Adler's tragic confession of his quest and unconquerable hope, the "De Profundis" transmutes itself into an "Alleluia".

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AN ANCIENT MARINER

GRACE WAITH WAGNER

OLD GASPARD had a secret ambition. It was to go to the Luxembourg Gardens some fine Sunday afternoon, unaccompanied by his grandchildren; to wander aimlessly over the gravel paths bordered with scented flower-beds, and to sink at random on any bench that he liked the looks of, and not one chosen for him by his daughter-in-law. With Berthe and the children, one's movements were hampered. He almost regretted having secured the position of *femme de chambre* for her in the tiny Hotel Marceau where he was porter. To be sure the children boarded with Berthe's sister, Tante Camille, but Grandpa Gaspard assumed responsibility for them all on Sundays. Not that he was anything but proud of the three youngsters. Little Jacques was a fine specimen of masculine beauty, and the image of Gaspard's soldier son who had been killed in the Great War. But Jacques had domineering ways, and sometimes obliged his grandfather to run more than he quite enjoyed. His two granddaughters were also charming to look at in their dainty blue silk dresses fresh from the Bon Marché.

People stopped to admire the sturdy little boy and his slim dark-eyed sisters as they tripped along and talked continuously and animatedly with the rising inflection at the end of their sentences. If only they would not quarrel sometimes, which made

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their voices shrill, and caused Maman to scold! Grandpa Gaspard did not know how to scold! His face was creased with smiling wrinkles, and when he spoke, it was to agree with them in an indulgent voice.

"*Mais oui, certainement, mes petits.*"

Would he rent a boat for them? Might they roll hoops? Would he buy them some cakes? Might the donkey-boy take them for a ride?

"*Mais oui, certainement!*"

There was a holiday appearance about Grandpa Gaspard in his black broadcloth, as he walked briskly but rather stiffly in order to keep up with his fickle flock.

Gaily he pointed out to them delightful objects by the wayside. *Voilà!* There was a soldier with a wooden leg selling tin whistles! Here was a baby in billowy muslin drifting like a soap-bubble across the grass!

It was all very pleasant while he managed to hold their attention, but when it flagged, a great bickering usually arose as to where they should go. Jacques wanted to take this path; Adèle that one; Berthe preferred to sit and watch the crowds. Old Gaspard was pulled hither and thither, harried, importuned, cajoled, and at last sometimes abandoned by the girls. But not left to his own devices. His grandson was to the fore with plans for him. He must have the big boat to-day, the biggest in the fleet: the one Victor rented to rich boys at a franc an hour!

"*Mais oui, mon petit,*" said Gaspard, and took out his purse. In it was the five-franc piece which the English

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gentleman on the second floor had given him that morning, when he fetched him the birch logs for his fire. Gaspard sighed as he thought of his kind friend who was confined to his bed with la grippe. What pleasant chats the two of them always had together! The five-franc piece was one of many to express the gentleman's appreciation of Gaspard's human sympathy, of his understanding, pitying head-shake on entering the sick-room, of his cheerful yet perfectly sympathetic smile. The gentleman found Gaspard's presence soothing. He usually plied him with questions in order to detain him, while he was laying the fire. But a sharp rap on the door, followed by a voice, invariably interrupted them.

Outside in the hall his black-eyed daughter-in-law was waiting for him. "*Gaspard, vous êtes en retard! Est-ce que le bain de Monsieur Charton est prêt?*"

One rather enjoyed wasting a little time, but — that Berthe! When he procured the situation for her, his idea was that they should manage the four floors between them — now she managed him!

In response to Jacques' demand for the most expensive boat, Gaspard handed him the five-franc piece. He obtained it at Victor's booth, and they fought their way through crowds of children to the edge of the circular pool.

What mighty navigation was here! And what eager faces watching their own special crafts!

Little boys with bare legs and big bow-ties ran breathlessly around the basin's rim, bumping into each other.

"*Prenez garde à ce que vous faites! Vous abimerez tout!*" cried one, as he came into collision with a blond red-cheeked boy in homespun knickers and golf stockings.

"Nonsense, Frenchy," shouted the other. "You're not the only person who can sail a boat!"

So the mariners jostled and hustled each other. Jacques bore his boat aloft to the place which Gaspard cleared for him at the rim of the pool. Then the old man knelt down and gently lowered it into the water. He would have given it its direction by a first strong shove, but Jacques protested that he was captain. He started it off with a wabble, but it righted itself and commenced haltingly to move away. The boat was a sloop and as graceful as a swallow. But, *tiens!* Now she was aiming toward certain

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destruction! A schooner-rigged ship was bearing down on her, and as if in panic, the sloop began whirling round and round. The boy screamed in dismay, and Grandpa Gaspard headed off the enemy craft with a long pole. Still she seemed caught in an eddy and continued to whirl round and round.

"It is a false start," murmured the old man gently. He controlled his impulse to direct her course further, however, and Jacques continued in full command.

Jeanne and Adèle arrived breathless. They tugged at Gaspard's sleeve and begged to have the family boat pointed out to them.

"There, don't you see?" He lifted them in turn to get a better view, but again and again they missed it among other countless sails.

"I want to sail it next time!" begged Jeanne.

"No, let me!" echoed Adèle.

"Neither of you shall!" shouted Jacques.

"The next time, the next time," murmured the old man.

He was troubled at the way the boy managed his craft, but he concealed his feelings. Jacques did not have the eye of a navigator. His lacked quickness; his gestures were clumsy, and he handled his pole awkwardly. Besides, he had a habit of stepping on old Gaspard's feet, and this was hard to bear. But Gaspard held his peace. He knew that his daughter-in-law would soon give commands for the homeward march.

Sure enough, she soon swooped down on them from her bench on higher ground. She looked very black in her widow's weeds. Only her red nose and beady brown eyes were out of mourning. Everything about her was dull black, even to the border of her pocket handkerchief.

"*Allons, chez nous maintenant!*"

And the children bowed to the inevitable.

Grandpa Gaspard returned the boat to Victor, and the little cavalcade began to move. There were cakes to be bought at the entrance gate. The children expected this, and the old woman in the booth counted on it. Old Gaspard could not disappoint people. And now began the long homeward march.

How Gaspard would have enjoyed to sit down near the moss-grown fountain at the gate, and there under the shade of the plane trees listen to the soft plash of the water! No one would

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have guessed from his kind, smiling old face, as the children hung heavily on his arm, that his dream of bliss was one of solitude.

But Jeanne was dragging him by one hand and Adèle by the other, and Berthe was calling to him to hurry. Would he carry the girls' hoops? But no; now the Avenue must be crossed. Perhaps he had best carry Adèle instead. Those wicked motors! The family party huddled together on the street corner, and at a gesture of a gendarme, who seemed to be looking at everything except them, they took the plunge.

Whizzing motor cars did not hesitate, but swooped round and round them in awful curves! Chauffeurs screamed and halooed! The unconcerned gendarme glanced in another direction. Berthe spoke angrily to the children, who clung to her.

At last they were safe on the other side. Old Gaspard's face was red and his heart pounding as he set little Adèle down on the pavement. Berthe complained that the children were going to be late and that Tante Camille would be angry. On they hurried.

Finally they came in sight of the house. Tante Camille was sitting in a chair on the pavement before her door, with a huge black cat on her lap. Gaspard wore a conciliatory smile on his face as he delivered his young brood.

"*Bonsoir, Madame,*" he said, and, "*Bonsoir, Monsieur,*" he added, as he made a low bow to the cat. The children laughed, and Tante Camille smiled unwillingly at this tribute to her favorite.

"You'll be here at the same time next Sunday, *Grandpère?*"

"*Mais oui, certainment, mes petits choux.*"

Berthe remained for supper with her sister. Gaspard promised to attend to her rooms in the hotel.

In the cool of the evening Gaspard walked to the Avenue Victor Hugo, where he paid a regular weekly call on his old friend Adrien, who was door-man at the elegant Hotel Louis.

From Adrien, Gaspard heard of life in its untrammeled phase. Life on the boulevards, life without family responsibilities, — in fact life as it appeared to a widower unhampered by grandchildren and a daughter-in-law. Although Adrien was round and florid, — and his hair stood up in stiff bristles like a brush on the top of his head, — he always managed to convey to Gaspard that he was living a life of romance.

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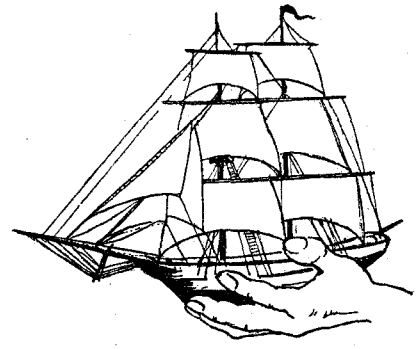

He and Gaspard had been, and still were, boys together, in spite of the fact that they both were grizzled; moreover, they never changed their respective rôles in regard to each other. Gaspard was the interested admiring listener. He did not have experiences of his own; he approved of and sympathized with Adrien's.

Not only did Adrien's talk savor of the sweets of a life of freedom, but he urged Gaspard to adopt his ways.

"What a man must have is liberty, my friend!" he cried, bringing his hand down with gusto on the arm of his chair. It was a hot night, and he was illustrating his freedom from fetters by having boldly discarded his coat with gilt-braided collar and cuffs. They were sitting side by side, at the entrance of the Hotel Louis. Adrien assured Gaspard that no guests would be leaving or entering for hours.

Gaspard listened spellbound to Adrien's account of his mighty victory at croquet in the Luxembourg Gardens during the afternoon. Gaspard had witnessed part of it by standing on the outskirts of the crowd. He had been able to coax his charges to the spot, but not to hold their interest there for long. The grandchildren and Berthe found no special attraction in the croquet tournament which took place every Sunday under the lime trees near the Rue Odéon entrance. There, the light was almost as dim as a cathedral's, for the leaves of the trees overhead were so closely knit as to resemble a green shimmering roof. No grass grew underneath it, and the hard trodden, ochre-colored dirt floor was apt to leave its marks on the dresses of the little girls if they chanced to fall down. Also, a cathedral-like stillness pervaded that part of the garden, which they did not like.

Entirely surrounding the grave contest waged with mallets and balls were black-coated, masculine spectators crowded on benches. Leaning forward, with chins on canes, or smoking silently, these judges of scientific croquet spoke little. Occasional grunts of approval and head-waggings followed the click of balls. Also some light badinage between contestants and favored

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habitués was tolerated. This, however, was usually confined to the inner circle next the players.

Adrien was the favorite. When he made a good play he was applauded by the habitués. He was constantly contesting points with his opponents. He was constantly gesticulating. Long experience had given him opinions about fine points of the game. He was usually sustained by the crowd; his animation and zest for this mild sport were contagious.

Gaspard had been on the outer circle where he must stand and crane his neck. Once or twice he had been rewarded by catching the eye of Adrien who waved genially.

Adrien's name had been constantly on Gaspard's lips.

"Bravo, Adrien! Excellent, Adrien!" he had cried as he smilingly glanced from right to left, naïvely glad to produce the impression that he was on familiar terms with the favorite.

All too soon, however, he found himself propelled to other scenes of activity.

It brought back the ache in old Gaspard's legs as he recollected the day's program, while he sat talking to his friend in the cool of the evening before the Hotel Louis. His mind wandered during Adrien's animated discourse.

"And did you see how I out-manoeuvred Leon at the end, Gaspard?" he heard his friend ask for the second time.

"I could see the way it was going," replied Gaspard. "I said you would!"

"But you didn't stay to see?"

"No," and then hurriedly to avoid the inevitable issue, "but I said you would."

"Gaspard, *mon ami*, it is the same as always. You are not your own master. You have no freedom!" cried Adrien. "Those children would not allow you to stay; they wanted you to roll hoops. The daughter-in-law had other plans perhaps. I say a man must have his liberty! You must assert yourself, my friend!"

At the stroke of ten, Adrien donned his braided coat just as two guests appeared at the corner. Gaspard departed.

On the Avenue all was noise and movement. The constant hum of flying taxicabs, interspersed with their strident barks of warning to pedestrians, filled the air. Close around him, as he walked along, was the more intimate buzz of human voices.

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He peered through thin screens of ivy leaves at restaurant tables on the pavement. Once, he remembered, he had caught a glimpse of Adrien seated at one of these tables, surrounded by friends, and Adrien had been laughing uproariously.

"Adrien is a gay dog," he ruminated. All the way back to the Hotel Marceau, Adrien's words repeated themselves in his ears. "A man must have liberty!" But how, save by a miracle?

On the next Sunday but one the miracle happened. A young man who owned a pastry shop in the Rue de Bassano round the corner invited Berthe and the children and Tante Camille to spend the day on a boat excursion on the Seine.

"Why don't you go and stay with the cat at Camille's house, Grandpère?" asked Berthe when she told him of their plan. But it was one of the days when Gaspard was hard of hearing; she did not trouble to repeat the question.

She even forgot to follow him to the Englishman's door to remind him to hurry about the fire, so absorbed was she with her invitation from the young pastry-cook.

The English gentleman had recovered from la grippe; so there was no necessity for Gaspard to linger in his room to sympathize and make conversation about the weather. But he lingered nevertheless.

As he drew back the curtains and let in a flood of sunshine, his face was wreathed in smiles.

"What kind of day is it, Gaspard?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, a very beautiful day! A day in which to enjoy oneself!" There seemed to be more meaning in the reply than the words warranted. There was suppressed excitement in his voice. "You will walk out, Monsieur?"

"Yes, I shall take the air. And how about you, Gaspard? You will have a jolly day with Berthe and the children, as usual?"

"No, Monsieur, I will go my

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own way." He explained that Berthe and the children were provided for.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Then we shall lose our good Berthe one day! Look out, Gaspard, the young man from the pastry shop may steal her!"

"Perhaps, who can tell?" chuckled Gaspard.

"You will miss them," continued the gentleman with a knowing smile, as he caught the spirit of the occasion. "And what will you do to-day?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I will amuse myself. A man must have liberty." This last with a sophisticated grin and, much to the other's suprise, a sly wink.

"Well, well," said the gentleman, "I wish you a pleasant day, Gaspard. You deserve it." And after the door closed, "Well, well, I wonder!"

With Boswell's *Life of Johnson* on his lap, he sipped his morning coffee before a glowing birch fire. The memory of Gaspard's sly smile perplexed him. As if in answer to his surmises, his eye was arrested by an old-world phrase. "Questioning is not the mode of conversation between gentlemen."

The day was bright and clear, and a few fleecy clouds sailed jauntily in the blue sky.

It was with an almost crafty expression that Gaspard entered the Luxembourg Gardens at his accustomed hour, but not by the usual gate.

This was to be a day without precedent. No rules adhered to, no paths followed which were not of his own choosing. He straightened himself with little perceptible jerks, and walked with a light step in which there was no hint of rheumatism.

On either side of the gravel path were giant oleanders in green tubs. They seemed to nod and beckon to him. The delicious odor of their blossoms and of heliotropes and tea-roses was wafted to him on the breeze. A big bumble-bee, that "free-born wanderer of the air", came bumping against him in a spirit of camaraderie.

Gaspard sat down on a bench and took out a cigarette which he puffed ecstatically. Groups of people in holiday attire drifted past him. He watched their progress with pleased, detached interest. To the chatter of voices, which grew loud and then gradually

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died away, no answer was to be expected from him. Differences of opinion must be solved by some higher power!

How delicious was the September sunshine on his back! What a harmonious world! How delightful the hurrying or lagging figures of people for whom he was not in the least responsible. And best of all, — there was plenty of time to observe everything.

A young man passed with his sweetheart on his arm who gave Gaspard a long stare. "That old man looks as if he had a huge joke on the world," said the girl. But if she was right, it was easy to see that the joke was a mild and pleasant one.

After a while, Gaspard rose and walked on, pausing sometimes to snip off a faded oleander blossom; often stopping to admire a finely clipped tree or graceful flowering bush.

A few feet ahead of him he recognized a path which crossed his own and led directly to the croquet tournament. He was free at last to stroll there and take a seat in the inner circle! Adrien would recognize him, approve of his independence, and after the game, appropriate him, full of plans and coercion! Adrien would be enthusiastic and authoritative!

Gaspard hesitated as he reached the path. "*Non*," — he straightened his shoulders and walked briskly ahead without turning. Through his mind echoed the words of Berthe, "Why don't you go and stay with the cat at Camille's house, Grandpère?"

And of the Englishman's, "You and the children and Berthe will have a jolly day together?"

And more persistent than the others', the words of Adrien, "A man must have liberty!"

What would they all think if they knew —

Gaspard did not hurry, but kept steadily on at a gait that suited him. His thoughts did not formulate. He had no definite plans, only a vague sensation of a strong attraction drawing him.

The English gentleman and his daughter were lunching at Foyot's. Side by side on the red-cushioned seat against the wall, they mentioned leisurely their choice of dishes to the obsequious head waiter.

The Englishman was on a diet and took only *omelette aux fines herbes*, with *pain grillé*. This distressed the waiter, but he was able to beguile the young lady with his picturesque repertoire of delectable dishes.

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"I should as soon think of eating cuttlefish fried in its own ink," said her father with a wry smile, when she at last succumbed to *cervelle de veau au beurre noir*, with *chouxfleurs au gratin*.

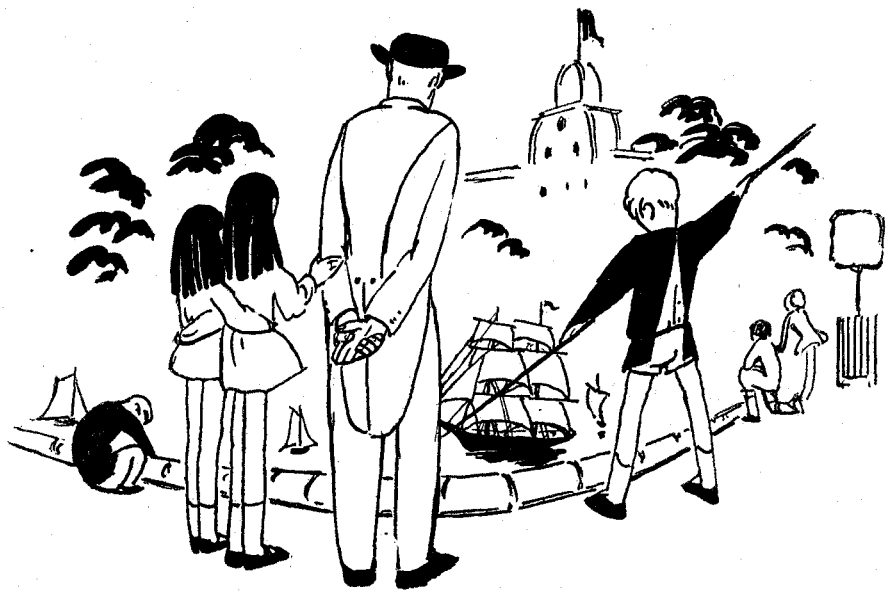
"If I let you see it," she remarked merrily, when the waiter brought and uncovered the dish for her inspection, "I know you'll eat your words, which would be worse for you than this!"

At a table in the centre of the restaurant, the *maître d' hôtel* was dexterously manipulating a chafing-dish in which sizzled French pancakes and gooseberry jelly. On his face was the consecrated expression of a high priest. Two waiters stood by like reverent acolytes and handed him forks and spoons. With one continuous gesture he rolled the pancakes, transferred them to a platter, and dusted them with powdered sugar. Then he bore the dish aloft to a nearby table and bending forward, swept off the cover. The guests nodded their approval. The rite was accomplished.

"Where shall we wander after luncheon?" asked the gentleman, as he handed his daughter her coffee.

"Oh, to the Luxembourg Gardens! It's scarcely a step from here, and the crowds are rather diverting on a lovely Sunday like this! We'll sit in the sun and let the world pass by."

From their bench on a slightly elevated bank, they commanded



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the esplanade which circled the broad round pond. Sooner or later everybody was sure to saunter past this vantage ground.

There came a family party whose members did not seem to match each other. They walked abreast and stretched nearly across the pavement. The gentleman and his daughter arranged the relationships to their own satisfaction. A scholarly looking man in spectacles had his young wife on his arm. She was dressed à la mode, — a whitewashed face and carmine lips. On his other arm was an old grandmother with weather-beaten skin, who wore the white lace cap of the Brittany peasant. Beyond her, a soldier-uncle in powder blue uniform walked between two elaborately dressed little nieces.

The sun was glinting on the blue ripples of the pond. Under a spanking breeze, many miniature sails were racing and careening across it. The usual crowd of boys and girls was around the brink. The spirit of adventure was on the water and in the air.

The Englishman's eyes were drawn as by a magnet to the quaint figure of an old man in black broadcloth. Conspicuous by contrast with the gay colored dresses of the children, he trotted round and round the pond, darting in and out of groups that kept him from the edge and a clear view of the manoeuvres. From time to time he glanced round him with a surreptitious air; then he stepped quickly to the little booth where boats were for rent.

He slipped something into the hand of Victor and grasped the most expensive boat. He hurried with it to the water's edge. The expression of mild determination on his face cleared a path for him. He knelt on the brink and launched the boat with a decisive shove. Once under way, she was off like a bird on the wing! The old man pulled himself stiffly to his feet. With pole in hand and straining eye on craft, he started around the circle.

How she skimmed and dipped! What a beauty she was! His gaze followed her exultingly. Ah, now she had nearly reached the opposite shore, — but he was there before her. A little breathless, to be sure, but with a look of joyous absorption. He concentrated on the grave business of navigation as befitted one who has sole charge of a precious cargo.

The English gentleman leaned forward on his cane, following the old man's antics with a fascinated gaze.

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"By Jove, my dear, it's old Gaspard!"

"I've been bursting for you to recognize him!" exclaimed his daughter. "Can you discover his grandchildren anywhere?"

She used her hand for a shade as she squinted toward the pond. Her father peered also.

"Is it possible that he is playing with that boat all by himself?" he demanded.

She nodded. "Ah, I remember!" he exclaimed suddenly. "The children and Berthe are away. He told me so himself." A slow smile stole over the Englishman's face. "'A man must have liberty.' So this is his *jour de congé?*"

It was almost sundown when she at last suggested that they had better go.

Gaspard, all unconscious of the world around him, was sailing his boat.

"I really hate to leave," she said. "I'm so keen on seeing how long that silly old man will stay! What do you suppose induced him to come here alone on his day off!"

"Instinct of primitive boy, I suppose. Nobody made him come. He was able to decide his own course; to play the game as he pleased; in other words, to luxuriate in the exercise of free will." He rose to go. "Come this way," he said, turning his back on the pool. "I don't want Gaspard ever to know that I saw him."

"And what did you do with yourself, Grandpère?" said Berthe the next morning. Her cheerful voice conveyed the impression that no answer was expected. She seemed in high spirits and did not appear to care whether Gaspard did his work or not.

Neither did the English gentleman seem to ask for details when he said carelessly, with a smile, "Well, Gaspard, I hope your holiday was a great success!"

"*Oui, oui; merci, Monsieur,*" replied Gaspard. His real answer, however, was a waggish shake of the head, as between man and man.

But Adrien was not so easily disposed of. When he learned that Gaspard had been rid of family cares on the previous Sunday, he inquired minutely how he had spent the day.

Gaspard became mysterious.

"Why didn't you join me at the croquet game?" cried Adrien. "I could have shown you some sights, *mon ami!* I could have

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taken you where the best wine is to be drunk! What did you do with yourself to pass the time?"

"A man must have liberty," Gaspard reminded him. "I took your advice. I did some — navigating — on my own account!"

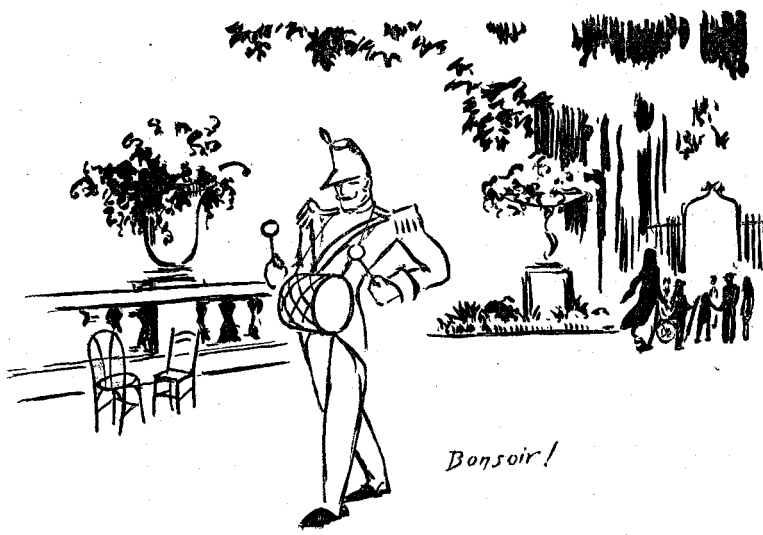
Adrien would have pressed him further if Gaspard had not diverted him by an interesting announcement: "Berthe is engaged to be married to the *patissier!*"

"Ah, ha! What did I tell you?" cried Adrien, clasping his friend to his bosom, dancing him around, and kissing him on both cheeks. "Cordial congratulations! Come with me, *mon camarade*, we'll drink the health of the bride! No more servitude for you, *mon ami!* No more child's games! Step-papa will do all that now! Hourra!"

His enthusiasm was contagious. Gaspard laughed until his face was quite red. "*Oui, oui,*" he cried, "let step-papa be the *bonne d'enfants* while I — " he stopped.

"While you and I — " began Adrien joyously.

"While I," corrected Gaspard firmly, "steer my own boat!"



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I READ THE FORUM IN SCHULE

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

ALL of us have, somewhere in our vanity, an especial weakness to which we yield just a little more readily and willingly than to any other. For my part, I confess that I cannot help feeling a trifle more important than is warranted when asked to visit the temple of those having a different religious faith.

And so, one Friday evening not so long ago, I went to the Jewish Centre Synagogue with something of the feeling that it must be a great relief to be a Jew in these days, when the Christian brethren, — the followers of the Religion of Love, — are consumed with hatred of each other. Especially must it be comforting to go to church with the knowledge that for nearly three thousand years one's ancestors have held aloft the banner of the faith. Perhaps it is because I was early led to believe that there is something sacred in every religion that I entered the old-fashioned synagogue with more reverence than one usually feels on entering a modern church.

Although I shall always be grateful to Felix Adler for the lofty stoicism that he preached in the old days in Carnegie Hall, the orthodox Jew has a greater call on one's respect, if for no other reason than his refusal to be swayed by the mad gusts of doubt and speculation that mark our materialistic time.

When a distinguished scholar such as Rabbi Jung reads the *Tilem*, and the beautiful voice of *Chassan* Josnowski carries one far back to the triumphant days of Israel, one wonders why, of the many Gentiles who travel to Greece and to Italy, so few familiarize themselves with a beauty that is at their very doors.

Into such an atmosphere it might seem intrusion to inject modern controversial questions, but a religion that has been self-sustaining without force of arms from the dawn of civilization, a race that has given to the world Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, is in its essence practical.

I shall always remember a story told me by a distinguished artist as illustrative of the passionately human side of the Jewish religion. Levy was an Australian Jew, having a hard time trying

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to live in New York on the occasional cartoon that he was able to sell to the papers, when word came to him that his father had died in Australia. Most of the people that he knew at the time were Gentile editors, and not very sympathetic ones at that. I'm afraid that I was one of them. The only names that came to him were those of important Jews in the theatrical business, and to them he went, — doggedly overcoming the difficulty of seeing them, — and said:

"I have just learned that my father is dead in Australia. I wish to . . ."

They looked at him coldly, he told me; they were rich and were not strong in the faith of the fathers, and their answers were unresponsive.

He came out, into the streets of New York, a heartbroken man, Gentile editors and rich but not faithful Jews the only people that he knew. He walked down the street, saw a Jewish name over a door, and went in on impulse.

"I am an Australian Jew. My father is dead. I wish the *Kadish* said."

"Come in," said the American Jew, taking him into the little office room in the rear. And the two, strangers in the common acceptation of the word but united in their faith, recited the beautiful prayers for the dead together.

To me that incident has always had great beauty, but I am perhaps particularly susceptible to the loneliness of grief. To me it has the fundamental of all true religion, — the filling-in of those *lacunae* where science, knowledge, power, and possessions fail to penetrate and to solace.

So it did not seem strange to me that I should assume to stand with covered head before men and women who represent the most potentially religious people in the world, and, — though an alien, unlearned in their language and their religion, — talk of religion as I see it from my own point of view, or rather as I see it from the Rooseveltian point of view, using one of the articles in the December issue of THE FORUM as a text.

I had read the article of Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans over twice, and had pondered it carefully, before I ventured to carry it with me into the temple of those whom he had dared to attack. It had profoundly impressed me as a piece of astonishing effront-

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ery, insulting more to the Protestant American than to any other. But as I read on and talked, contrasting poor Dr. Evans's point of view with that of Roosevelt, it was interesting to see that these people, — whose fathers had had a noble religion when most Nordics were probably cannibals, — were without intolerance; it seemed to me that they simply viewed it as one of those vagaries that might be expected from people who have not really become religious.

We all have different ways of regarding religion, and I have frequently quoted the saying of Merle St Croix Wright that if his religion, the Unitarian, helped others to a better understanding of their own religion, he felt that he had done his duty as a Unitarian minister. I confess that I came from the synagogue that night feeling that I had breathed an atmosphere of tolerance and kindliness and reverence that was sadly needed in the Christian church which I usually attend.

What sin, I wonder, has Protestantism committed, that it should be penalized by having Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans appear as the leader of a movement to keep America Protestant? There was just the slightest ripple of laughter in the synagogue when I read from THE FORUM a section of his life as authoritatively set forth by his official biographer. Dr. Evans, according to the gentleman authorized to speak for him, comes from no study, no cloister, no years of meditation in the wilderness, to speak on religion, — he comes from the race-track!

Could anything be more absurd? Could anything be more preposterous, — to anyone knowing anything about the earnings of dentists, — than the statement that Dr. Evans accumulated a large fortune practising dentistry in a small town in Texas? To a man knowing anything of the habits and psychology of the race-track gambler, could anything be more ridiculous than the statement that Dr. Evans gives his winnings at gambling to his secretaries, his chauffeur, and his butler?

I have known many gamblers, — some honest ones. I have known some of the richest and most successful, and I have never known one who was able to follow the "system" of Dr. Evans, — an absolutely unheard-of one in the gambling world, — of always giving away his winnings. If Dr. Evans were willing, I should be glad to pay the rent of any reasonably-sized hall in New York

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City, — say Cooper Union or Carnegie Hall, — to debate with him, not the question of religion, because of that I am convinced that he is uninformed, but the absolute impossibility of his method of playing "the ponies".

But perhaps, after all, the person who should be most interested in a debate with Dr. Evans is the Internal Revenue Collector for the particular district in which he files his income-tax return.

ASHES

JUST this sitting near you
By the fire,
Watching the old-grown embers of desire
Fade in you, too.
Fire and you
Once loved each other. . . . Now, I'm cold.
But not with darkness gathering here;
These shadows in your soul
Are what I fear, —
Where I shall sometime grope to find your love
grown old.

— *Rosemary Thomas*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

DUST AND ASHES

IT is with professed regret and secret gladness that we announce our inability to make the "Footpath and Highway" pages into a genuine "Column." Give and take is delightful in a daily and possible in a weekly, but the issue is cold by the time a monthly can print columniations. For this, much thanks! When the issue is hot, you say what you feel, not what you think; and then you spend an amiable aftermath explaining that what you said wasn't what you meant. Ordinarily, therefore, we cannot serve in these pages the funeral baked meats which our friends and enemies send us. But we mean just this once to honor our rule in the breach. We cannot pass lightly over a definite prediction of our demise.

It's a long road that has no turning; and our enemies will rejoice to learn, if the following prediction is correct, that ultimately "Footpath and Highway" must come to an end. In Hatchards's "The Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow," for October, 1925, the following verses appear:

A —TH CENTURY CONVERSATION

Between a Synthetic Baby and its Father

Goo! what's that ancient print, Daddy —
  That funny-looking man?
The species is extinct, laddy,
  That's a pedestrian.

Whatever is a 'destrian, Daddy?
  (Tut, how the child does talk!)
A twentieth-century nuisance, laddy,
  A boob who used to walk.

I've never heard of "walk," Daddy,
  Is it in any book?
The word has disappeared, laddy,
  So there's no need to look.

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And what are those queer things, Daddy,
That from his body grow?
They called them "arms" and "legs," laddy,
Some centuries ago.

Did people *use* their legs, Daddy,
When all the world went wrong?
Only a few poor muts, laddy,
That's how some got along.

And what about the rest, Daddy?
(Goo! hist'ry gets me thrilled!)
They rode in autocars, laddy,
Till all who "walked" were killed. . . .

Goo! what a body! Look, Daddy!
So big and fat and round!
Men used to eat gross meats, laddy,
Their stomachs were renowned.

And what a tiny head, Daddy,
Not HUGE like yours and mine!
Quite large enough for brains, laddy,
In 1929.

I'm glad *I* didn't live, Daddy,
In such a savage age!
Those were the bad old days, laddy,
So says our greatest sage.

And what's the blighter's name, Daddy? —
Hush — speak of him with awe!
He's called the New Methuselah, laddy,
Methuselah Bernard Shaw.

These lines stir in us a strange emotion, such as a man might have on reading his own epitaph. We feel like Partridge, the quack astrologer, whom Swift so successfully condemned to death-in-life. When the date came round on which, according to Swift's prediction, Partridge was to die, the poor fellow protested in vain that he was alive and kicking. For ourselves though, we take comfort in the reflection that it were noble to die if we could thereby win immortality for Bernard Shaw. More than this, we take positive courage when we realize that only the physical pedestrian is doomed. Mental pedestrianism, we venture to predict, may still flourish in those ultimate days. It was that which we championed

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at the start, in despite of the flivverous mind, and we still dare to hope that it will persist, even among the synthetes. In fact, we are inclined, while we are quoting poetry, to add the lines from an old doggerel, which supplied us with the first article of our pedestrian creed. The verses appear to be anonymous, though they were for a long time erroneously attributed to Snodgrass:

"The path of honest thinking, —
That way afoot you go;
There isn't any engine
Will cross the rock and snow."

The author of these lines of course never dreamed of the aeroplane. But that engine, we observe, skips the elementary steps and often comes to grief in the end. Our creed is unshaken.

Poetry appears to be the order of the day. A great man has recently noticed the fact, asking somewhat sadly why people cannot leave poetry, as they do other things, to specialists and experts. At first blush, perhaps, it is a matter for sad reflection that poetry and politics are still left to amateurs. But such gloom springs from the popular fallacy that efficiency is the opposite of inefficiency, — true enough, possibly, in the manufacture of things, but an absurd assumption in affairs of passion, like poetry and politics.

Well, to make a clean breast of it, we have been versifying ourselves. God shield man that we should pretend it is poetry, but we hoped great things for it till our Poetry Editor told us it was "not available," or "not suited to his present needs," — we forget which contemptible phrase he used. Not available indeed! There it was on his desk, offered "at your usual rates", — with ten per cent off for cash. Not suited to his present needs, i' sooth! The theme is universal. We expostulated, and he thereupon, mistaking us for a humorist, offered to accept the verses if we would omit the first four stanzas! Then, seeing that we were still unsubdued, he quoted with eloquent eye-brows an almost true *dictum* of our own, — "'Poetry is fire, which, if harmless, is ashes.'" "This," he added with deliberation and with that compassionate look peculiar to editors, — "this — is — harmless."

But we were undefeated. Anger and despair soon yielded to

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cunning. Why not print the verses in "Footpath and Highway"? Ha! Revenge! Far sweeter than the "usual rates"! Quoting the Poetry Editor in one of his less happy moments, we cried, — "'Od's blood! I'll do't myself!'"

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

The old path, the worn path,
With a pack upon your shoulder, —
Oh, there are pleasant places
  For walking men to know;
So sing your catch the bolder
Across the meadow spaces,
Along the highway places,
  That lead where men should go.

The old path, the dim path,
With fairy feet that patter, —
Oh, there are magic places
  Adown the ferny glen;
But turn you with your clatter,
For these are secret spaces,
The children's special places,
  And never meant for men.

The old path, the steep path,
To the dizzy ridges clinging, —
Oh, there are toilsome places
  For walking men apart;
You've lost your breath for singing,
But the song of open spaces,
Of jagged skyline places,
  Is working in your heart.

The new path, the hard path,
With a pack upon your shoulder, —
Oh, there are lonely places
  For walking men to go;
Above the scrub and boulder, —
Dawn-transfigured spaces,
Stern and starlit places, —
  And it's these that you shall know!

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR

AT the first flake I dropped the foolscap prose
And stole outdoors. No staying in for me
When snow comes on! I love a growing storm,
Love to be one with it and lose myself
In the gray sameness of its company,
Obeying my heart as snow obeys the wind
Until my head is full of formless dreams.
"Never you mind," I make allowance with,
"These sky-born fancies may pack down to poems
The better to recall this trackless joy."

A snow-shoe trail, crossed and recrossed by a dog's,
Brought me up short — a shadow without the man.
Strange that our doctor's name should spring to mind
Since Fred's the last one to lay by his work,
Even for hunting. As I was pledged nowhere,
I followed them down the slope, then by a swamp
Whose alders had a spite against my face,
Then through some firs that shook their snow on me
And came to the first-growth pine, a high still room
Where even a fool would not dare raise his voice,
And found them sitting silent by a spring.

The doctor was in trouble, I knew at once.
"You here?" I said, "I didn't think there were
Two men in any one county quite so wise!"

"Wise? And me telling Bruce there's no such fool
As a fool hunter humoring his hound."

"Don't lay it to the dog," I rallied him,
But seeing he did not smile, went on, "What d' you call
A wool-gatherer mistaking snow for wool?

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Snow's flimsy stuff to keep a writer warm."

"Better than silk," he growled deep from his shell.

I wondered, while we sat, and the snow laid us
Samples of stars to choose from, and then left them.
I don't like chatter, but this unvoiced struggle
The man was having hurt; yet, I am a man, too.
The spring was the most alive of all, you'd say,
With the snow-flakes bringing dimples to its face,
And in its liquid shadowy eye a look,
Startlingly clear, of much you had not seen —
A monstrous forest miniatured in moss,
The light along the under side of fir-twigs,
The sky; and yet, if you bent close, as I did —
For what man can resist the sight of spring-water! —
You'd see brown silt on a stick, and marvel how
A body could be so thirsty that he'd drink
From a frog's tub where old leaves are slowly rotting.
But balancing on my palms and toes and lips
I sucked so long a draught of winter wine
That my mouth and throat ached. "That's good," I grunted.

His eyes were riveted on the living water.
"Yes, good of springs," he said, "never to freeze.
Did it ever strike you how that it takes winter
With zero nights and ice on every stream
To prove a spring?"
"What made you think of that?"

"I had an offer in the mail this morning."

So that was it! "New York?" I asked. He nodded,
Looking away far through the woods he loved.
Success that cost so much was hard to welcome;
And if hard for him, for us unthinkable.
Our village without Fred! The turkey shoot,
Who'd run that off? Who, by a wink and nod,
Could pass the time of day in such a manner
It meant a vote for forward-looking motions?

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And who, by merely stopping by the house
Could resurrect us, body, soul, and smile?
"Of course," said I, quite bitter toward New York,
"The question is where you can do most good."

"The most? Or d'you mean the best good? That's a point."

"Isn't the most the best?"
"That's where I'm stumped.
I could mend up a dozen, two dozen, there
For each one here. There's more of good in that.
But how long would the best of me be in it?
I'd soon need mending myself, as sure as fate,
Soon be one long complaint, one constant ache
For this," — and his hand took in the trees, spring, snow.
"Doctors can't cure when they are sick at heart
More than a spring can water you when it's dried.
We let the patients catch our health, that's all."

"The trick, then, comes from being sound clean through?"

"Sure, like in everything. No man can write
More sensible than he is, can he?"
"Not long.
But tell me, Fred, what does Matilda say?"

"O, Mat's all right. She says she's not too keen
On roughing it in the city, but she'd go
To please me, if I thought that it was right."
He stopped and made a drawing in the snow
Till Bruce yawned in our faces, thinking, I guess
That we had decided to turn to stone, or stumps,
And were waiting for moss.
"Why did *you* come out?"
Fred asked me suddenly, "I thought you were busy
On your new book."
"I'm playing hookey.
On days like this I'm restless for the woods,
Just as on certain days my truant mind
Insists on verse when it should think plain prose.

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No money in verse, you know."
"I reckon not.
But, say, it's good just to cut loose and run!"

"It's life, for me. To run as the heart dictates,
Thicket or pasture, to climb and find the view
That sitting forever in a room won't give.
Without a view I'm blind. Truancy pays."

He nodded with new life and growled, "Damn right. . ."

". . because the truant is loyal to himself,
That deeper self you doctors are sounding for,
The heart no winter, however cold, can freeze,
No bribes, ambition, nor twisted thinking reach
Or muddy up, the very spring of all."

"By God," he said devoutly as a prayer,
"That's it! The spring! The spring that's in a man,
The thing he loves, the thing he's got to love
And let keep on a-welling up inside him,
And never let it dry and disappoint
Country or city folk what come to drink.
I thought it was my selfish ways; but I see.
You can't have springs ranging all over the place;
Let swamps do that. New York can come up here."
He rose, glowing, changed like a broken cloud
The sun casts off. I felt the glorious strength
That keeps him going night and day for weeks,
As he grabbed my hand and said, "Show me your poems.
If they don't beat your prose, I'm a doomed man."

"How's that?"
"Go fetch 'em, Bruce," he cried,
Ignoring me; — and both were off like mad.

Before I left I leaned above the spring
And took one last drink of the living water.

— *T. Morris Longstreth.*

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Chimes

A Novel in Six Instalments—IV

ROBERT HERRICK

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CHIMES is the story of the University of Eureka, a newly created co-educational institution in the Middle West, as it unfolds before the eyes of Beaman Clavercin of Harvard, a cultured, refined young man with literary ambitions who comes to the new university to teach English and general literature. Dr. Alonzo Harris, the first President, with his dream not yet fully realized, is informed that he has only a few months to live. Who will succeed him?

Dr. Edgar Mallory has presidential ambitions; but his wife, the beautiful, enigmatical Jessica Stowe has ambitions of her own which lie in quite another direction. Immersed in her scientific research under Rudolph Sheimer, who has come to Eureka from the University of Zurich, she refuses to take part in the banal social activities and political intrigues which will further her husband's schemes. But not wishing to stand in the way of his legitimate aspirations, either, she suggests a compromise. She will go for a year to Switzerland to work with Jung, and thus leave her husband unhampered by the presence of a wife whose non-coöperation might hurt his chances of advancement. Edgar Mallory accepts the compromise. A few days later Dr. Alonzo Harris dies. As little groups of faculty members trail back from the funeral through the dull gray of a rainsoaked November day, they speculate as to his successor. Will it be Mallory or Sanderson? "'*It won't be either,' Snow laughed. 'They'll kill each other off. It will be Dolittle,—the quiet, safe little man.*'"

CHAPTER FOUR

I

THEY called it the Wind Bag. It grew out of those desultory hours spent in the little arbor in the rear of Flesheimer's saloon, where Beckwith, Clavercin, Snow, and occasionally others gathered,—Caxton whose steely mind penetrated every subject, the poet Don Gerland who early wandered away and became almost a great poet. Later they took in Harding, the ponderous, the pompous, the assured, whose solid judgment and wide contact with life blended with the effervescent wine of Snow's Gascon wit, Beckwith's idealism, Clavercin's aestheticism. They talked of everything in their eager fresh minds except shop, which was tacitly barred,—of socialism and trusts, of scholarship and poetry, of that ideal university which existed only in their dreams. Time passed, the group broke up, merged into other lives, but every now and then when three of them met by accident the desire rose instinctively for talk, the wayward talk of men at the end of the day's work after they have eaten and drunk well, talk far into the morning. "Let us have a Wind Bag," one would say to another. "Good! Where?" "At my place—we've a good cook now."

So having been in abeyance for more than a year, the Wind Bag was dining at Clavercin's one of those first warm spring evenings which came to Eureka as elsewhere with teasing suggestions of green fields and trickling streams. The long windows to the tiny terrace were open, admitting the roar of the enveloping city. The special occasion for this Wind Bag was the chance visit to Eureka of Aleck Harding, who after serving as private secretary to a cabinet officer in the last administration had recently become a vice-president in a New York trust com-

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›any. He was a trifle balder, a trifle ıeavier, than when he had addressed he faculty authoritatively or drunk 'lesheimer's beer with hearty gusto, and ıis clothes were more noticeably finished.

"Well, what are you fellows doing with Dolittle as president of the university?" ıe asked in that slightly condescending ıanner that always made Clavercin itch o kick him under the table. "Ho, ho, to hink of old Abel Donothing as presi-ient!"

This sneer at their misfortune affected he group unpleasantly.

"At least," Dexter observed, "the ıniversity is getting students, more than t can properly take care of."

"And there is good material in the ;raduate school," Caxton added, "but ıost of the money goes into the business ·ollege, to make bank presidents!"

Harding laughed at the thrust.

"The trouble with your job," he gener-·lized in his most irritating manner, as if ıe were giving a final diagnosis, "is that ·fter all it is just school-teaching: you are ·lways dealing with immature minds, your nferiors, even in the graduate courses."

(As if Harding himself had not taught ›olitical economy for ten years to mixed ·lasses of undergraduates, escaping from 'the job" by the simple device of marry-ng into one of the rich families in the city vhose men had boosted him along to his ›resent position!)

"What are the sort of minds you dealt vith in Washington?" Beckwith inter-›osed. "So much more mature and ntelligent than university students?"

"In the outside world," Harding in-isted in his heavy, imposing voice, "men nay not be exceptionally brilliant or earned, but the things they are working or count, are of life interest, not theory. ınd that makes a great difference!"

"Evidently!" Beckwith admitted, but ıis irony escaped Harding's flat mind.

"Their decisions count! That's what nakes mature minds. Here nothing counts ·ery much. An instructor can slop along loing poor work, and if he isn't too rotten ıe gets by, and so the students, realizing hat what they are doing does not bear lirectly on what is coming, work half-ıeartedly. Not until they reach the pro-essional schools or business do they begin o wake up!"

"It sounds like Dolittle and Sanderson when they want to put over some new piece of trade machinery," Clavercin remarked.

"I speak as a man of experience, Clavey," Harding retorted. "That is the reason why the university has so little influence on American life. You are the-orists, immuned in your cloisters, lulled to sleep by chimes. Teachers of boys and girls. Until you show that the university is dealing with things that affect people's daily lives, you will be run by Dolittles and yourselves be rated socially in the white collar class!"

The coarse frankness of this attack on his former profession started a long and animated wind bag. Each man thus touched on a tender point reacted promptly in defense of himself, of the institution which with all its obvious limi-tations he must believe in as he believed in life itself. Yet each knew the kernel of truth in this common enough attack on the university career. Those in it labored under what later was called an inferiority complex. Harding feeling his ground firm beneath him continued, expanding his chest, leaning back as though to say, — "Here is the proof of my words!"

"No, gentlemen, I am n t condemning you as individuals nor c ımending the present cultural state of c ır country, the position of inferiority that our universities occupy in the social plan. I am merely stating it as a fact and asking you as persons most intimately concerned with it why it should be so. So long, I tell you, as you can't make yourselves felt, you will be bossed by Dolittles and you will work all your lives for a few thousand dollars a year while men inferior to you in intel-lectual power make fortunes. You are competing with yourselves in a little secluded corner of the universe! Get out!" he concluded dogmatically, with a flourish of his cigar.

"And to think he was once a professor himself!" Clavercin groaned.

"It was just because I realized all this in time, Clavey, that I got out before it was too late," he said in his big brother manner.

"If we were all as clever, we should be doing the same?" Clavercin asked, think-ing of the pale, neurasthenic Mrs. Hard-ing.

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"No, we are all hopelessly inferior!" Snow laughed.

"You are not giving the world what it is willing to pay well for."

"I accept that," Beckwith said in a more serious tone than the others. "We do not wish to give this world what it cares to pay for! And when we betray our profession and try to play the world's game, as you put it, like Sanderson for example, or Dolittle, we seem to ourselves a little ridiculous, Harding, a little base and inferior, also."

This thrust reached through the banker's thick complacency.

"Then you should not complain if the world lets you go your own way and starve!" he retorted sullenly.

"We were not complaining, were we?" Beckwith asked sweetly. "You put the question, — what is the matter with the American university, and answered that it was not delivering the goods wanted."

Caxton joined. "Beckwith is right. We have no ambition to compete with what our socialists call the *bourgeoisie*, at least not most of us!" He grinned at the extraordinarily good *entrecôte* that had just been put before him, — Louise Clavercin certainly had a good cook! . . . "And we seem ridiculous when we try it. But we must live in the world as we find it, reasonably free from anxieties, and that is becoming impossible on our present salaries, without wasting our time in commercial work which takes our energies from our real contribution to life. For we believe that we have a function to perform in the community as valuable, as important, let us say, as banking or steel-making or politics! And we believe that the community does not always recognize what is best for it, how much it really needs our contribution."

"Make 'em recognize it!" Harding snapped back.

"And that function," Caxton persisted in his unpassionate, dry voice, "is a good deal more than keeping a sort of higher boarding school for the children of the well-to-do, where they can play about harmlessly for four adolescent years. It is to preserve and increase knowledge."

"And to train good minds for leadership," Beckwith added.

"All very good," Harding accepted confidently. "But leadership means character, and that is made through strife, in the world," and he quoted, as he had a every Wind Bag that Clavercin remembered, the verse from Goethe to that effect. "As for knowledge, there are other places where it is preserved and increased The American university is a hybrid between a preparatory school for the professions and a research laboratory. The men in it are paid like school-teachers and laboratory workers, and will be until you prove that you are necessary."

"It sounds like Dolittle's inner thought — serving the community what it thinks it wants as cheaply as possible."

All laughed, for the cheeseparing methods of the new executive had become a common joke.

"He is building up a surplus," Snow said. "Whoever heard of a respectable university with a surplus in its budget It's like the steel corporation!"

"The old man's palsy is growing on him," Dexter remarked. "He can't go on forever sitting on the lid and saying 'no no,' to any suggestion for improvement in this best of all worlds."

Harding, who had been smoking with dubious sniffs one of the large cigars Clavercin had specially ordered from the university club in honor of the banker's presence, now cleared his throat, with the air of one who after listening to the testimony is ready to deliver judgment.

"You all speak in terms of the competitive society in which we are living and thus indirectly concede my point. Caxton wants higher salaries, more books, leisure for research. Dexter here, I take it, wants much the same, more laboratories, more assistants and better paid ones, more time for his own researches. Clavey probably wants the university to build him a theatre and run it, and also endow him so that he can write more horrifying sex plays."

This last was aimed at the three days notoriety caused by *Why?* Clavercin's abortion play, which after many revisions and vicissitudes had been put on at one of the city theatres only to be withdrawn at the suggestion of the police department The incident had caused much indignation among the more conservative trustees who deplored that the university should be involved in such an unpleasant affair, and it was said even discussed asking for

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Clavercin's resignation. As Clavercin took no notice of this allusion to his ill-fated play, Harding continued in his most impressive manner:

"So each one of you is concerned like everybody else in boosting the goods in his own stall at the fair, trying as we all try to make our own wares attractive to others and thereby enlarge our business, our own prestige, our standing in the community. In this process the university in no way differs from any other social enterprise. If you cannot make your goods sell themselves, as they say in business, you must not blame the public who will not buy them, but yourselves for offering an undesired commodity or offering it unattractively."

He paused to light a fresh cigar, which this time he drew from a limp-leather gold-rimmed case, adorned with a delicate monogram. The company watched him silently while he lighted this cigar, smelled it appreciatively, and relaxed. There was nothing more to be said. The cigar, the monogrammed cigar case, the finely cut sleeve of the banker's coat were palpable symbols to all of what Harding had sought in life, material achievements rather than the intangibilities for which they were leading cramped existences.

"Your world needs us more than it knows," Beckwith insisted. "Some day it will come to us seeking."

"Make them know it then!" Harding exclaimed skeptically.

"But not on your terms," Beckwith said.

"On any terms you can get over," Harding came back. "The trouble with you fellows in the universities is that you won't accept the world as it is. You are all idealists at heart, and this is a realistic world. You despise the Sandersons and Donothings who do understand their world and cater to it, and yet you expect it to support you in an elegant and learned leisure."

"An elegant and learned leisure!" a woman's voice mocked from the terrace outside, and Louise Clavercin appeared in the window followed by Jessica Mallory, the Flynns, and others. They had been dining with Constance Fenton and inspecting the new university *crèche* which she had made out of her father's old brick house.

"So that's what he thinks our life is like, does he? I don't see much leisure in it; the learning I take for granted, though every professor seems to consider that most of his colleagues are not real scholars, and as for our elegance I suppose that is a joke, isn't it?"

"Ah, Louise, come in here and tell these fellows they are a lot of day-dreamers and loafers, grouching because they can't live like millionaires."

"Why, weren't you satisfied with your dinner?" Louise asked insinuatingly.

"It was delicious — you are an epicure, Louise!" Harding roared. "You don't belong with this oatmeal and gruel crowd."

"And of course if they were real men," she gurgled amiably, "they'd give up their school-teaching, as you call it, and make money — or marry it like you, Aleck."

"Of course they would!" he accepted frankly.

And so the last Wind Bag broke up in the usual piffle and sallies of dubious wit that characterized university society when it met in double sex. Louise's good dinner combined with Harding's coarse complacency killed the Wind Bag. The company drifted into the living-room, which originally had been decorated in gold and black, setting off the dusky coloring of its hostess, but was now dulled after a few years' exposure to Eureka grime. They chatted desultorily, seated about the fire in couples. Harding drew Louise to one side and devoted himself to her, while Clavercin having replenished the glasses and stirred the fire stood to one side, observing his guests. He was conscious of his wife's vivacity, which made her look younger than she was. She was exerting herself to entertain the pompous, successful banker, whom in former years she had derided. Clavercin did not believe she liked the man any better now, but she liked success and found the almost universal lack of its evidence in university circles painful. That was what made her accept so avidly all the invitations that came their way from city people, made her exert herself rather obviously to please them with her lively chatter. Many of their homes were tiresome, stuffy places where there was too much rich food and a boisterous merriment sustained on alcohol. Clavercin disliked these city parties more

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and more, and resented the rôle of parasite which Louise's taste for them thrust on him. Also the reciprocating entertainments in his own house when Louise invited in such of his colleagues as she thought most presentable to her city friends, who occasionally motored down to the university as to an arctic adventure. He did not know what he would substitute for this form of society; the university people undiluted bored him almost as much as they did Louise. As for that eclectic, "artistic" circle of musicians and painters and writers, which in his younger days he had dreamed of discovering, it did not exist in Eureka, if anywhere in America. The more successful of the artist tribe tried to identify themselves with the rich city people, like the portrait painter Jug, the amiable sculptor Pitch, who was busily filling the parks with his marble masonry on a contract, and the others existed in feeble coteries less exhilarating than the university people.

On the first night of his play the little downtown theatre had been packed with these city friends, prepared to applaud him warmly into fame. The one most painful experience of his entire life had been the realization of their disappointment, first silent mystification, then laughter, inept laughter at some of the most tragic passages in the play. At first he was angry with their crass stupidity, then realized that they were laughing nervously because they were uncomfortable when it had dawned on them what was happening to the girl on the stage. His was one of those disagreeable situations that the "healthy-minded" American resents as in some way denying the very postulates of his existence. When the third act went down on an emptying house Clavercin knew that his play was a failure in every sense, in spite of the kind things being said to him about it by the Flynns, Beckwith, Caxton, Snow, and the few others who had sympathetically interpreted the piece from their understanding of him, which the public could not have. The situation was too preachily, too starkly set forth. But he also felt that he could write a better piece, if he had the chance, and said so to Louise that night going home in the cab.

"It's no use doing things on the side like an amateur. I must get away from Eureka and take my chances with the others on Broadway," he said.

Louise, who was tired and hurt by the reception of the play, on which she had counted for her own triumph before her friends, also perhaps suspicious that her dear Beaman might not possess just the kind of talent to succeed on Broadway replied between yawns, "Well you might try it next winter. I could stay on in the house with the children." There were now two children to consider, the older one just entering high school in the College of Education. Naturally Louise thought more and more in terms of their future and of family stability.

She was having a quite earnest conversation with Harding, in the niche beyond the fireplace to which they had withdrawn. Probably Louise was pumping him about investments, getting his advice: she was always asking the more prosperous men whom she met whether this or that was a "good buy", in the hope of somehow rolling Uncle Blair's small inheritance into the desirable hundreds of thousands. To Beaman this "piker" stock marketing habit of women these days was intensely distasteful because it was so closely linked with their sex play. No man would take the trouble to put a woman into really good things unless his interest were stimulated by some display of her charms. Harding had always been a little *épris* of Louise in his elephantine, strictly moral way, and was now emphasizing his words with tense gestures, while Louise nodded repeatedly.

Clavercin who still loved his wife, when not hurt by her occasional selfishness, still found her desirable, had a quick perception while he watched the two that Louise no longer loved him completely if she ever had. She would have been happier with a different sort of man, with the Harding sort perhaps, who would be doing things she recognized as worth while in the world and above all would enable her to exploit her own social talent more brilliantly. No doubt Harding also would have profited by marrying Louise because he needed somebody more vital than his neurasthenic wife to smooth off his boorishness, which still remained an obstacle to his worldly success. Both Harding and Louise were of the same

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unmistakable breed, *arrivistes*, hearty believers in the "game" and keen players of it. Neither belonged in a university, even a university so little exacting as Eureka was. It was an accident that they had got there.

Clavercin saw all this with painful clarity.

Once when he was in Rome, Bayberry had taken him to call on old Madame Seltzan, the austere wife of the gay sculptor well known during two generations for his relations with various women. Dressed in a long gray robe like a piece of seamless sacking, a wisp of gray hair knotted on the top of her large bony head, Madame Seltzan was engaged in looking through the ledger of a hospital, one of her many charities. She was a Tolstoian, and when the conversation came to the great Russian the old woman's face lighted with an almost youthful radiance.

"I knew him very well for many years," she told Clavercin, "and his wife too. They were neighbors." Then with the dispassionateness of a familiar revery she added, "Yes, Tolstoi and I should have married long ago, and Seltzan should have married Madame Tolstoi. They would have perfectly suited each other! — and Tolstoi would not have had to wander off like that at the end and die in a railroad station!" The old woman's simple gesture completed the story of wasted opportunity, of her realization of what she might have given the Christian theorist, while the other pair were rejoicing together in the sparkle of worldly life.

Was it always like that, human misfits? Or would it have happened as Madame Seltzan thought? Human beings might need in order to make their unions enduring some secret antinomy. Who could tell! There was Jessica Mallory. University gossip had it that she and Rudolph Sheimer had been together the winter both had spent in Jung's laboratory in Zurich, and it would seem that they could be more useful to each other, working on common problems, than the Mallorys ever could be. All the same Mrs. Mallory had returned to Eureka this year, her vacation ended, and had calmly resumed her domesticity with her own work in Sheimer's laboratory, while the German-Swiss had stayed over there. She was seated a little apart from the chatting groups, smoking a cigarette in a long holder, with that air of detached yet interested observation of the scene that was characteristic of her. Suddenly Clavercin crossed the room and repeated to her the Russian woman's remark about Tolstoi. Jessica listened with a deepening smile on her fine lips, and at the conclusion emitted a low "Huh!" a sort of Indian grunt of appreciation.

"Both couples had gone stale," she commented.

"And if they had married the other, they wouldn't have gone stale?"

"No telling! It isn't the people so much as the institution. Marriage usually goes stale one way or another," she pronounced dogmatically.

"Necessarily?" Clavercin said wistfully.

"Oh, more or less. They exhaust after a time what each has to offer the other in the way of stimulus."

"And they can't renew?"

She made a little gesture as though to call his attention to the couples chatting animatedly in this room, all of whom would presently depart and trudge homewards, yawning, silent, each repressed into self.

"Mallory still in Washington?" some one asked Jessica.

"So far as I know," she answered tranquilly and drawing a scarf over her thin shoulders rose to leave in her usual abrupt manner.

Since Dolittle's accession to the presidency of Eureka, Mallory, who had been offered the position of Senior Dean, had found one reason or another for absenting himself from the university. It was hinted that the Larson estate having converted itself into a giant philanthropic trust with headquarters in Washington was being run by the competent Mallory. At any rate he spent most of his time in Washington, and people were wondering how long the Mallorys would keep open their house opposite the campus. The three children were all parceled out at different boarding schools, and collected for vacations either in Washington or in Eureka. This scattered family hearth seemed to work in its way, — Jessica's way.

"Good-night," Jessica nodded collectively to the room and disappeared through the blue curtains followed by

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Clavercin. "No, thanks! Don't trouble — only a few steps around the corner."

So she went her way alone, fading quickly into the darkness, her little boot-heels clicking smartly on the pavement. Odd creature! So pretty, almost girlish still, so self-sufficient! Was she simply inhuman? Clavercin suspected that she was not, but no observer would ever discover what went on within her hidden being. Probably the only thing she passionately cared for was her work, her investigations and theories and publications. In this respect she was more like the men he knew, like Caxton or that dry compendium of irrelevant knowledge in his own department, Paul Rymer. Such beings got what nourishment they needed through printed words, ideas, abstractions. Yet Jessica Mallory had made one of the few discriminating remarks about Clavercin's play, *Why?* "It's too honest, — truth has to be more veiled for most people," she had said.

The party was breaking up. The Flynns went off with Constance Fenton and old Bayberry, chaffing Constance over her *crèche*. Pretty Mrs. Flynn, who was the daughter of a missionary and used to begging, had helped Constance in raising the necessary endowment. "We got five thousand dollars and the heat and light from the university," Constance told Clavercin triumphantly, "and Mr. Bayberry has promised to give five hundred, though he hasn't any babies to be looked after!"

"Come, Connie," Tom Flynn urged, "don't hold up a man like that in his own doorway at midnight!" The Flynns who had nothing at all except a meagre salary managed to look after more stray and forlorn persons in the university than anybody else. They had four children of their own. Bayberry had given Constance five hundred dollars, while he and Louise were hesitating over fifty! These people were the very salt of the community in kindliness and generosity, — they were neither ambitious nor critical of life. They conformed and went along, and found it all good. What made it possible to be like that?

Last of all Harding left, saying as he donned the celebrated fur coat and silk hat, "Clavey, I'm telling Louise you must bring her to N'York next year. Get out into the world, man, and see something besides books and students." He patted Clavercin patronizingly on the shoulder.

"That's just what I have been saying to him for years!" Louise cried glibly.

The university chimes were playing the nightly hymn. Since the accession of Dolittle the repertoire had been enlarged, and now through the misty dark was sounding softly the refrain of "Now let thy servant depart in peace." The Clavercins stood on the steps listening to the sweet bells, until Louise, yawning, turned back to the living room and began collecting the empty glasses.

"What did you mean by what you said to Aleck Harding — that you have been urging me to give up Eureka?"

"Haven't I always said I was ready any time you felt it was best?"

"No! You have been proving to me how necessary it is to stay on in Eureka and earn more money."

His dislike of Harding's crude materialism and condescension, his appreciation of the sweet quality of the Flynns, of Bayberry and Constance Fenton, the chimes with their special appeal to his youthful vision of a life not devoted to self-seeking, a life peaceful, serene, unruffled, — all mingled in his irritation with his wife. Just as after another painful struggle he had convinced himself that his true work lay here, trying to enlarge the vision of such raw youth as came his way, Louise was again fretting the nerve of his thwarted ambition.

"Oh, don't let's go all over that again," she said wearily, in her bored after-the-party air. "If you are ready to give up teaching in the university and can make a decent living for your family by your writing, I shall be only too glad to do a wife's part and help you," she said stiltedly, adding as an after-thought, "but you will have to write something different from *Why?* if you want to succeed on Broadway."

Then she went to her room, and Clavercin went to his study on the third floor, thinking of Jessica Mallory's dictum on the staleness of marriage. Louise, he felt, held to their marriage because of the two children, because of the social risk of breaking it, rather than from any faith in him or enthusiasm for his interests. She was much more adapted to the Eureka

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world than he, accepting it with its limited ideals and obeying its dictates. Unfortunately, like so many other women, she had made her choice of mate too early, taking a professional man of slender earning power and now in the glare of middle age was confronted without illusions by all the cramping facts of a small income, thwarting constantly her instincts. Quite inevitable, Clavercin thought as he lifted one of the bulky manuscripts from the pile on his desk and began to turn its dull pages, that she should be attracted to the more burly, the more dominating men whom she met in the city, like Harding. They might not appeal to her aesthetically as much as he could, but to the practical woman in her with children to launch they must appeal. And for him some other woman, without that eternal feminine instinct for congregating socially, for building and enlarging the nest, so that her own importance could be felt, would be preferable. Somebody who cared for ideas, perceptions, somebody like Jessica Mallory. And the figure of the old woman in the gray sacking, her gaunt face glowing in vision of what might have been if life had been lived with another teased him.

However, as the last notes of the chimes died, he pulled himself together. He must try to see Dolittle and find out whether there was any prospect of a salary increase another year, or of the university's building that theatre Dr. Harris had promised him. If not, it was not too late to go down into the open arena outside the university and battle there in the competitive world. Jessica Mallory, that fierce individualist, would smile sarcastically at his thus leaving such a decision to the fitful will of one palsied old man. Or to the expectation of a wife for security and position!

II

A steel engraving of the martyred president William McKinley now hung in the president's office beside the portrait of the Founder and opposite the oil painting of Dr. Harris in cap and gown, whose round face with jaw tight-gripped cast a challenge at the others. Dolittle had once encountered McKinley at some political convention held in Eureka, and the Ohio statesman's suave appearance and benign courtesy had deeply impressed the college dean. To Abel Dolittle, William McKinley was "the great American of our era." His manners he patterned on the McKinley model, his administrative methods on those of Pliny Lucus, president of the Public Utility Corporation that held Eureka in its embrace — for its own good.

Under the inspiration of these two great Americans (although Pliny hailed from Canada) the presidential suite had been withdrawn from the public eye at the end of a maze of little corridors not easily penetrated. There President Dolittle, a little shrunken, gray-haired man, whose face and hands already trembled slightly from incipient palsy, sat behind the broad desk, no longer disorderly with piles of unanswered correspondence and notebooks, and received in a chilly isolation the occasional caller who got through the guard of stenographers and secretaries. Even the outer office was no longer the humming hive it had been in the old days, with scraps of heated conversations heard across partitions, telegrams flying in and out, the incessant ringing of telephone bells. The worn, middle-aged Miss Betts had been replaced by a fresh faced young woman whose correct attire and soft voice were in the best corporation style. A suave young man from the department of public speaking took many of the president's burdens from his shoulders, showing visitors the library, the campanile, the new gymnasium, and commons. He wore a small silk hat and frock coat, and was nicknamed the "Little President" because he was supposed to be in training for the succession. His burly wife assisted Mrs. Dolittle at her monthly receptions, "standing in line" and passing on the guests with a soft word of explanation to the hostess. Under the secretary's watchful eye everything in the outer office went smoothly after the fashion of the best new business administration, properly "filed", "organized", "correlated", and "delegated", so that to the superficial eye the university ran itself, and there was peace.

Dolittle had arrived rather late but securely. A new order of things had come with him to Eureka. Instead of haste and aspiration and red ink balances, there was the efficient functioning of a well oiled machine where high school boys and girls entered at one end and dropped out at the other as "our graduates" arrayed in cap

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and gown with a roll of parchment in one hand. Whether the university for the sake of economy cheapened its process Dolittle considered to be no one's affair, provided it turned out a satisfactory product, and by satisfactory the president meant something that would sell. He detested as he frequently said "the critical spirit", the noisy habit of confessing one's shortcomings in public. One should boost and boast, not knock or kick. He liked as instructors smooth young men with soft voices, who dressed neatly in the best ready-to-wear styles and avoided all "unfortunate complications" either with women or politics. His influence with the local Republican machine was sufficient to procure for the university some valuable privileges, such as closing up a city street in order to erect a central heating and lighting plant, whose tall yellow stack was to become the enduring monument of his administration. From his big swivel chair behind the presidential desk he could watch this soaring creation shoot upwards day by day. This sight gave him, perhaps, the most acute sense of accomplishment of his seventy years. He was just seventy when the cloud of black smoke first poured from the throat of the stack (in contravention of the city ordinance rivaling the steel chimneys farther south).

He disliked the head of the department of political science because this lively young man had defied the old machine and had the temerity to run for office as an independent. "It is a bad thing for the university to be identified with radicals and reformers and unstable people of that sort," he said in condemnation of Walter's candidacy. "It is the Roosevelt nonsense." But characteristically instead of fighting Walters in the open he "praised him away" to a neighbor university in the centre of the state where he could do no harm playing Roosevelt politics. Likewise although he had always disliked "the Harvard gang" in the faculty, "the culture crowd", and let them have as few of the niggardly gifts he dispensed as possible, yet he was outwardly courteous to them, even to Beckwith, after "that dangerous firebrand" had joined the executive council of the feeble labor party in Eureka. Irritated by Clavercin's ill-fated play and the attendant notoriety, nevertheless he had refused to entertain the suggestion made by some of the more scandalized trustees that the professor of dramatic literature be asked to resign. "That would be poor policy," he counseled, "for all the noisy radical element in the country would seize hold of it as an excuse for attacking the university. Let him sink into obscurity, which won't be long!" Patience and prudence had been Dolittle's watchwords from youth. He had observed that "noisy people" either found it best to conform and shut their mouths or came to trouble in this world where what Dolittle called common-sense usually got the last word.

In short he was of the Hanna-McKinley breed, ardent about nothing, industrious, methodical, believing in a snug, orderly world run by people like himself, who were neither brilliant nor "erratic", but kept their accounts in order and never offended those in power. The trustees took great comfort in Dolittle after the uncertainties of Dr. Harris. He did not present them with unsuspected deficits, did not shame them into great exertions to keep the university afloat. If those among them who traveled away from Eureka discovered that the president of their university was generally considered an insignificant nobody, who made trite and boresome speeches, they shrugged their shoulders contentedly. Dolittle did well enough for Eureka, at present. "Nothing at all showy about Dolittle," they said, "but he is safe." To the students he was just "Prexy", a conventional, mouselike figure whom they rarely saw. To the faculty he was either negligible or the source of petty irritations. They reckoned up his increasing years and calculated the time that must elapse before the Board would retire him on a pension.

Clavercin sitting opposite the president, whose watery green eyes regarded his visitor malevolently as from a great distance, was at once conscious of the insurmountable wall of prejudice that lay between them and talked badly, stammering, hesitating. Dolittle brought up on an Indiana farm disliked in general the Harvard product as snobbish and superior, and in particular there might very well still rankle in his memory a *mot* that Clavercin had made about his wife in those green years when he first met the

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lady. "Abel's Mistake, his One Great Mistake," he had called the tall raw-boned, nasal-voiced wife of the Senior Dean. The good lady was plain, small-town American and nothing worse. Her efforts to preside socially over Eureka were gently humorous. She nudged distinguished guests with her elbow, exclaiming, "Now, you don't say!" or hid a coquettish merriment behind a large hand, gurgling, "Oh, come Mr. Blank," and a few innocent ways like that.

He knew that Dolittle had pronounced *Why?* "disgusting" and "degenerate" and had never looked with favor on the growing popularity of his courses. It was on behalf of this work that he had obtained after long delay the present appointment with the president. He must have something better than a graduate student for assistant in a course that involved the examination of so many student plays, also a better stage than the crumbling wing of the old "temporary" gymnasium-library. The dream of having his own theatre where his students might experiment in staging and acting their own productions had gone glimmering with the death of the sympathetic Harris. Latterly there had been a report that Caxton's Modern Language Hall had been assured by the gift of a rich and learned Jewess of the city, and Clavercin hoped the proposed auditorium in the building might in some way be adapted for his pet project.

"We shall not build the Modern Language Hall at present," Dolittle replied to Clavercin's appeal. "Labor has made the cost of building prohibitive," he explained. This remark, Clavercin knew, was aimed at his supposed sympathy with the new Labor Party. "And furthermore the Board would not favor devoting so much space in the building to a theatre, which is not properly a university undertaking."

"Why not?" Clavercin demanded sharply. "Don't you consider the study and practise of an important branch of literature suitable for the modern university — as much as journalism or business administration?"

"I did not refer to the study of literature, properly conducted, although in my opinion too much attention is already given to literary courses at the expense of more important subjects. I had reference to the writing and staging of plays — to drama," (he pronounced it *drayma*) "which I understand is your chief interest."

Clavercin knew well enough how useless it would be to argue with this limited, prejudiced old man in behalf of creative effort in a university, but he could not refrain from asking ironically, "Do you think methods of cost accounting more educational than the effort to express ideas in the form of plays?"

"It is more useful at least," Dolittle snapped, as he toyed with his eyeglasses in a manner he had assumed since becoming president, indicating that so far as he was concerned the interview had ended. Clavercin rose from his chair, feeling that the only suitable thing to do was to hand in his resignation then and there, but conscious that such a hasty act would simply please the old man he restrained the impulse. He would leave the university at his own convenience.

In the outer office fidgeted a number of his colleagues, waiting to see the president. Dexter was concerned with the fate of his famous "mouse-house", where under the care of an ancient dusty female innumerable generations of mice had been born, lived, and died, for the cause of science. The next year's budget, now being prepared, had cut off the appropriation to maintain the "mouse-house", Dolittle for some reason not considering it necessary. Dexter was anxiously waiting his opportunity to convince the stubborn old man that without the mouse-house his present work would be made impossible, knowing in his heart that this was precisely the end Dolittle had in view. Beyond him sat Paul Rymer, who had remained an assistant-professor for twelve years and was hoping against hope that the president would recommend him for the long awaited advance to associate professor. He knew that there were at least twenty more members of the faculty in the same situation, and that not many of them could receive the promotion. Who was to decide? There was no seniority as in the army or navy, no responsible committee to examine his record and determine on his claim against that of the nineteen others. All depended upon the judgment, whim, or prejudice rather, of

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that one old man who stood between the faculty with its clamorous desires for promotion and equipment and enlargement of work and the Board of Trustees, who had control of the resources of the university. As a matter of form these decisions were referred to a select committee of the Board, but they rarely if ever acted contrary to the president's recommendation. "Make him responsible — he ought to know," was their reaction.

In all the years during which he had been connected with the university Clavercin had never had such a clear insight into the system of the institution as this Saturday morning in the president's office. Here in epitome was the drama of American university life, in the figures of these mature, intelligent, in some cases, like Dexter, distinguished men, sitting in a row in the black office chairs, like clerks waiting for their chance to defend themselves and their life effort before the autocrat of their destinies.

It was amazing, it was preposterous, he thought as he gathered up his coat and hat and satchel of books, that an old man of mediocre natural ability should have such complete control over the fate of several hundred members of a faculty, many of whom were his superior in character and ability. Nowhere else in the entire modern world it seemed to Clavercin was there such an example of pure autocracy as in the American university. Not even in the great business corporations where the president was responsible not merely to a board of directors but to a large number of stockholders, and was tested day by day by the results he obtained. In a university outside the faculty nobody knew anything about the results the president was getting, and the faculty was powerless, except to gossip and grumble. He tried to think why it had come to this point of one-man control, for it had not always been like this, and he concluded that it was because the trustees, self-chosen to care for the university funds, were busy and ignorant men, depending on their agent to inform them and to administer their great trust.

Outside the administration building students were strolling over the campus on their way to "classes" or "lab" or lolling about the benches discussing their own affairs. Around the entrance to Founder's Hall was the usual eddy of instructors and students, in which Clavercin encountered Caxton and Beckwith on their way to a meeting of the curriculum committee, which after a number of years of abeyance was functioning again. With his quick sense of the dramatic Clavercin recounted to these two old friends his interview with the president and the scene in the outer office of waiting supplicants.

"It's incredible!" he exclaimed at the end. "Think of the power that palsied old Donothing wields, — the destiny of several thousand human beings, counting both students and faculty, the income of twenty or thirty or forty millions of dollars. No prelate or feudal lord ever had a more complete sway. What we need is a revolution, right here and now!" He looked across at the peaceable groups of students. "And if we all realized the absurdity of it that is what we should try for, first to throw out Donothing and then to inaugurate some sort of faculty rule."

"It's been tried before," Caxton said, "and has never succeeded. They fight among themselves for the spoils."

"At least there ought to be some appeal from the decisions of a president to the Board."

"No strong president will permit that," Caxton smiled wanly. "Just wait — Dolittle is near the end of his tether. I am told the younger trustees are getting tired of him and mean to retire him as soon as they can find a successor."

"And what is he to be like?" Clavercin asked. "Are we to be consulted in his choice?"

Beckwith laughed with gusto.

"Of course he's to be Lord Sanderson if not the Little President! Better come into my labor college. No autocracy there!"

"And no salaries," Caxton gibed, with the weariness of the scholar who has already spent over half his vital years in patient waiting for an opportunity to do his own work.

"Yes, we are going to pay something," Beckwith assured them. "Not much of course, at first. But as labor wakes up and the union leaders realize what we are doing for labor the money will come fast enough. At any rate the work is alive. They want it. No pounding your stuff into the closed minds of a lot of lazy undergraduates or feeding desiccated graduates material for their theses!"

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This was Beckwith's way of keeping his spirit alive, his absorption in the new labor college for which he recruited teachers in the university. He dreamed of its becoming a new and vital form of education, supplanting more and more the older universities, leaving them to sink into the desuetude of institutional routine, retreats for the children of privilege. But that goal, Clavercin felt, was a long way off in a dubious future, and he had no special enthusiasm for educating labor youth into a position of vantage. Education, the university, should lie outside that controversy.

"Come on into the meeting," Beckwith urged, seizing Clavercin by the arm, "and help us lick the science and business crowd. They've got a rotten scheme for —"

III

For they were at it again, the revision of the curriculum, what Beckwith called "the second phase of the Thirty Years War between Science and Culture." Old Tom Bayberry, now quite frail and looking forward to his retirement, sat through the long wrangles in the committee with a queer expression on his wizened face, now and then taking off his spectacles to rub his tired eyes and hide a smile. Although he was supposed to represent the classics in this eternal battle, taking the place of that stout campaigner Langdon, recently retired, Bayberry said little except to remark occasionally in a gently ironic voice, "Gentlemen, they were saying just the same thing twenty years ago!" The younger men, especially the science group, who under the leadership of the chemist Pillbury led the present attack, listened respectfully to Bayberry's irony, then repeated their futilities.

This time it was "the group system" that the scientists advocated as against "the lax elective system" that had been in vogue since the founding of the university. The elective system, it was asserted, did not favor "concentration". Thirty years ago the elective system had been the novel, the advanced idea in education, by means of which the young mind was to be presented with such a dazzling array of intellectual dishes as to tempt him to eat something even against his will. The feast was prodigally extended before him in the thick pages of the university catalogue. But an increasing dissatisfaction with the results of this freedom of choice had grown among parents, faculty, the students themselves, as the numbers of idle students with their motor cars parked about the campus and their noisy fraternity houses increased year after year.

The Harris idea had been to extend the elective system democratically by university extension courses so that as Clavercin once said, "Any stenographer reading a novel on her way to the office might in the course of time pick up enough university credits to apply for a degree." All that sort of popularizing of education was falling into disrepute: the word now was quality, and the rounded graduate. So for the past year a carefully selected committee of the faculty had been working over a plan for regrouping all courses of instruction in an intricate scheme, each group presenting supposably a possible perfect education for some type of student mind. It was simple enough to make the groups in the rough. But as each group was supposed to include some general or "cultural" subjects to balance the "major" subject in the harmonious ideal of a complete education, all sorts of animosities and personal spites broke out between the representatives of the different groups. Was one course in psychology equivalent to a survey course in literature? The earnest professor of ethics almost tearfully besought the Committee not to neglect the study of philosophy, not to permit youth to leave the university without knowing what the greatest minds of all times had thought. After listening one warm June afternoon to several hours of this display of the mediaeval mind, Beckwith delivered himself caustically. First he sketched graphically the ancient and the mediaeval conception of education, and the liberation of the human mind at the Renaissance, "which has proceeded steadily until the present day."

"What we are trying to do here," he concluded, "is to revert to the mediaeval notion of the perfect education. We are trying again to square the circle, discover the impossible, an ideal education for every kind of human mind that comes into the university net. Our old way was

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safer because it permitted minds to discover for themselves their own salvation. We dislike the results because many of them remain as they were born, empty. So we are trying once more to play the part of Providence for the young. We set up a series of complete educations, like so many 'club' breakfasts on a bill of fare and say to the student, 'Choose! Each one of these menus has the requisite number of calories, the same amount of vitamins.' We have assembled here a deal of statistical information as to what our students have elected over the recent years, and we have had much expert opinion from the deans as to the results and from educational authorities as to what effect each sort of diet will have on the human mind. As grown men in a real world we should be ashamed of ourselves for wasting time over such a futile, such an unreal task. The day of the quadrium and trivium is definitely past. Nobody knows what is a perfect, a complete, an ideal education for another human being. No body of men can set up a standard of what educates and what doesn't. The human mind has long since broken from the theories of life which permitted any such formulation of the claims of knowledge. It makes little difference what we decide here, how many slices of this or that subject Eureka will require for our degree. We shall be doing it all over a few years hence on an entirely new and equally erroneous basis —"

"What may I ask Professor Beckwith would he prescribe for the degree?" the dapper Little President interposed.

"Nothing!" Beckwith snapped back. "I would abandon the meaningless custom of giving degrees which are nothing but certificates of residence of value only to those who seek jobs."

"Gentlemen," said President Dolittle who had been slumbering in the chair, it being one of the occasions when he presided in person, "do you wish to continue this pointless discussion or are you ready to vote?"

Beckwith turning his back on the president spoke directly to the members of the faculty.

"Yes, we shall vote the report and try the new system. But we all know that it will have no influence on the future of education, as I have so often heard it magniloquently claimed here. There is no known method of discovering the ideal human education. The most efficient education to-day is not being given in our universities. It is being dug out of public libraries, night lectures, technical journals, laboratories, wherever a hungry mind can discover for itself —"

"Gentlemen," Dolittle's voice broke in irritably.

"One moment more, Mr. Dolittle," Beckwith remarked scornfully. "I do not often waste the valuable time of this faculty. The gist of what I have to say is this: under the disguise of a new curriculum on the group plan certain departments in the university are trying to boost their own wares. Why not put the question plainly so that we may all know what we are voting for? Do we want to turn Eureka University into a trade school, for the study of business administration, journalism, pedagogy, and so forth? Why not be honest, if we do, and tell the world that we are engaged here solely in showing the student how to get a job?"

"Question! Question!" came angrily from different corners of the room. Beckwith sat down, an amused smile on his red face.

The committee voted overwhelmingly for the report. Sanderson encountering Beckwith in the hall greeted him affably, "Great speech, old man! I think you gave us our majority!"

A smile twitched the ends of his little blonde mustache.

"That's precisely what I meant to do," Beckwith rejoined, drawing out his watch to see if he could make the next express to the city so that he could attend a meeting of the council of the Labor Party, which seemed to him so much more real than the vote of the Curriculum Committee.

IV

But before the new group system of studies could be put into effect, which was to fashion at last the perfectly educated and efficient American gentleman, hustler and leader, prophet and sage and man of action, — before in fact the general faculty had finished its wrangle over the committee's report, — something had happened in the world which made the chatter about the proper ratio between cultural and professional studies seem futile even to the faculty of Eureka.

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Clavercin who at the time was writing his new play at a little inn in the Dolomites wrote Beckwith after the Archduke's assassination, — "something is brewing in Europe, something that makes our petty academic squabbles and our complacent belief in our national destiny equally ridiculous."

Walter Snow, who followed current political events more closely than Beckwith, also remarked, "Everything seems set for a general conflagration. Then we shall see where we have got with all our educational ideas!"

Beckwith more and more engrossed with his labor college shrugged his shoulders indifferently, being of those who thought war too incredible a folly for the ruling classes to permit.

In September before the opening of the term he heard again from Clavercin, who was now in Lucerne. "Well, it has happened," he wrote, "our world is staggering into a gulf." Then a long silence, and the next Beckwith heard from him Clavercin was engaged in relief work in Geneva. He remarked casually as if he recalled Eureka with difficulty, "Tell Caxton I shan't be back until the end of this — if ever. Dolittle can give me a leave of absence or the other thing, it makes little difference!" In a postscript, "Mrs. Mallory has just left here with Constance Fenton for Genoa."

This last mystified Beckwith considerably. The Mallorys were reported to be together in the Canadian Rockies with their children. How had Jessica happened to transport herself so swiftly to Switzerland and how and why had she and Clavercin met? The episode is told elsewhere, with its accidental inception and its abrupt ending. Although it had more to do with Clavercin's personal destiny than Dolittle and Eureka combined, even than Louise and the children, Beckwith was never to know the whole story. When later in the year he met Jessica Mallory on the suburban train and said something to her about having heard she had been in Switzerland at the outbreak of the war she replied merely, "Yes, it was an interesting experience, the kinds of reactions one saw there."

"Clavercin has stayed over, is working in the Red Cross," he observed.

"Yes, he took the war quite seriously — seemed to think it had a sort of symbolic meaning for humanity. I don't see it that way."

"Nor I!"

The war was now in full swing, and the correspondents were providing the American breakfast table with graphic descriptions of its horrors and long disquisitions on its origin and results. The university buzzed with a real interest, as if the faculty had been awakened to life from a somnambulistic dream of credits, majors, minors, degrees, and cultural subjects. Supper tables and lunch tables found something passionate to talk about. The "intellectuals" of Eureka, like those of other universities, swiftly took sides, or rather one side. (Poor old Schmidt of Comparative Philology loyal to his remote ancestors and to student days at Bonn spluttered ineptly into notoriety, for which he was sternly rebuked by Dolittle, with the injunction to observe henceforth, if he hoped to receive his pension, that strict neutrality of word and thought recommended by his country's President.) Dolittle himself was very far from neutral over the war, saying in the sanctuary of the Eureka Club in company with Pliny Lucas (Canadian) that for his part he could not see how any man with red blood in his veins (lifting a glass of ice-water in his palsied hands) could remain neutral over a crime. Almost to a man the faculty was with him, the American university intellectuals having distinguished themselves by as precipitate and as passionate a partisanship as those of England or of Germany.

"The higher education does not appear to breed the judicial mind," Beckwith observed at the faculty club where he occasionally lunched at the large centre table. "I suppose I am the only purely neutral person here because I happen to know enough history to realize how crooked both sides are in a war, how misinformed the outsiders usually are. Alsace and Lorraine, we seem to forget, were not always French provinces before 1870, and as for Belgium her neutrality was the faith of the kept woman, kept jointly by England and France!" which being speedily reported with amplifications to President Dolittle was added by that gentleman to the long list of demerits he had against the intractable professor of

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mediaeval history. However, Beckwith absorbed just now in a dispute before the Adjustment Board of the Ladies Garment Workers paid small attention to the war.

"Labor," he told Jessica Mallory, whom he had induced to serve with him on the arbitration board, "that is intelligent labor, is against the war, any war, and alive to the danger of our being pulled in by the Allies. I don't believe they will be able to stampede labor into this war."

"I hope not!" Jessica assented with more vehemence than was usual with her. "But as a psychologist I know how easily the crowd can be converted to any unreason."

"England is selling us the war as hard as she can — if we don't take care we shall be in it."

"I suppose you and I are almost the only sincere pacifists in the university. Edgar is dying to get into the war — he feels as outraged as if his own back yard had been invaded by the Germans."

"Oh, there is a corporal guard of us who don't believe all we read in the newspapers," Beckwith laughed, "unexpected ones like old Bayberry, who blushes over the war as if it were a row in a tenement, says they will smash all the beauty that's left in the world before they are done. And there's Snow. His mother was German, you know, a sort of French German, but they are looking into our pedigrees these days with a microscope to discover if we have a drop of tainted blood in our ancestry. Snow had the bad judgment to address some German-American society the other day on the causes of the war and outlined diplomatic history for the last quarter century with scrupulous impartiality. It scandalized Donothing because he didn't give the Allies a wholly clean bill of health, so he came out in the 'Thunderer' with that ignorant protest, cribbed I suppose from the English propaganda bureau, which keeps him supplied with the truth. Before we are done with the mess we may have our own St Bartholomew. And one grudge we owe the war is that it has riveted Dolittle on us for another year or two. Trustees are all thanking God they have a safe man at the head of the university. No wonder Dolittle is for the war!"

Beckwith at the request of some of his students gave an historical résumé of the European situation, outlining the causes of the innumerable bloody wars in which the nations now engaged in destroying themselves had previously taken part. "All of them, we must remember," he concluded, his pleasant smile mounting to the bubbling blue eyes, "righteous wars over matters that national honor prevented them from arbitrating. They don't seem to us so righteous or so inevitable in the perspective of time. Somebody was pulling the wires, as they are to-day, somebody who hoped to make something out of public arson and rape, committed in the holy names of justice and right!"

Which being freely reported did not add to Beckwith's popularity among the many sympathizers of the allied nations, who had got into the habit of referring to the daily slaughters in Europe as "the crusade for the right", and were beginning to ask indignantly when their own country would "wake up". A little coterie of the more advanced students, mostly of dubious and Semitic origin, met with Beckwith or Snow and discussed the issues of the war, but the great majority cared little for what was going on "way off in Europe". A few adventurous ones ran off to Canada and got into the "scrap", but mostly they still went in for athletics and fraternity dances, lounged and yawned through their classes, petted their girls in parked cars, and languidly envisaged a future in some remunerative job, like selling bonds or "banking".

Late that year of 1916, President Dolittle introduced in the faculty a motion requesting the government to provide instructors for military training in the university. In spite of the indignant protests of Beckwith, Snow, Bayberry, and a few others, the motion was overwhelmingly carried, and presently two tough ex-army sergeants could be seen behind the new Modern Language Building barking commands to a couple of hundred students, who ran hither and thither in breathless bewilderment.

"Almost all our members," President Dolittle announced to the reporters, "I am glad to say are wholly patriotic."

"They ought to make Donothing a major general," Beckwith commented, "for distinguished gallantry in the rear."

TO BE CONTINUED

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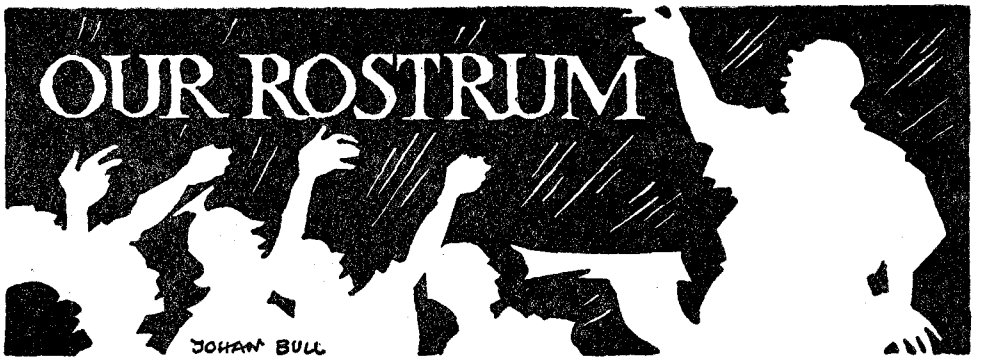

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

December Résumé

An enthusiastic subscriber is inspired by our December issue and sends in the following verses:

'In truth, I'm just an average man;
And while I have no definite plan,"
Says Mr. Evans, of the Klan,
"I'm on the tail of the mongrel man."

A civil war," says Seitz, "is due
To squelch the curse of poison dew."
We've heard of Seitz a time or two
Before — or was it "Seitz's Brew"?

And Ellis says that History shows,
The way our population grows,
We may, in time to come — who knows?
Be hanging on by just our toes!

Now what's a fellow go'n' to do
If what the prophets say is true?
Be hanged if I know what to do —
And wife, she says, she's scared "plum'
through"!

GEORGE A. LANDRUM.

Seeley, Calif.

K. K. K. Pro and Con — Mostly Con!

Editor of THE FORUM:

We are quick to criticize, but slow to praise. I seldom go to the trouble to write a man to tell him that I like what he is doing, but I think I owe it to you to tell you that I think that you are rendering a real service in allowing Catholic and Protestant to say through your pages, in a frank, friendly manner, just how each appears to the other. We need an unbiased medium, a real forum, through which honest opinion and the frank statement of facts may be made on religion, and other important subjects, at this time. You are making THE FORUM just that kind of a magazine, and I wish to express my appreciation of the thing you are doing.

S. S. MARQUIS.

Birmingham, Mich.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Has the controversy been productive of more good than evil? Has it stirred up more passion than it has allayed? This is a question on which I do not venture to hazard a guess. But what are we to think of the conduct of a respectable publication which places its pages at the disposal of a class of persons who desire nothing better than to have the opportunity of slapping one out of ten of their neighbors in the face? I have been as curious as others to see what there could be inside a Kleagle's head to justify his conduct and his aims,— as curious as Helen's Babies were to have a glimpse of the inside of a watch and see the wheels go round. If I looked forward to the opportunity with longing, I read the fulfilment with disappointment. Inside the mind of the Imperial Wizard I find passion instead of reason, assumptions instead of proofs. The former is his own concern; some of the latter are important

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enough to be pointed out. I will mention three.

Assumption 1. This country belongs of right to white, native-born Protestants. Ownership concerning which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Let him read *A Century of Dishonor*, or go out for a half-hour's talk with the Shoshones where they are clinging to the naked side of the Wyoming Rockies. Discovery? Commend this to the Nordics and those who are ready to justify the aphorism that "all history is bunk". Colonization? The answer is given by the roll of names, Hennepin, Marquette, Juniper, Serra, Gabriel Richard, De Smedt, and so on, and so on, and by the writings of such Protestant historians as Parkman, Lummis, and either Bancroft. The War of Independence? If the letter of George Washington to the Roman Catholics is not enough, there are such works as the writings of Martin Griffin and O'Brien's *Hidden Phase of American History*. Is it the World War for Liberty? The record of the Catholics is so fresh in mind that an answer would be bringing owls to Athens.

Assumption 2. There is nothing arrogant, nothing un-American, nothing treasonable, nothing monstrous in the attempt to dislodge the very foundation of our liberties, which makes the Constitution the supreme law of the land, and to create a State within the State, wherein the greater part of the population would be reduced to the condition of helots, allowed to breathe only at the good pleasure of an irresponsible, invisible, self-constituted oligarchy. Can fifty million native-born white Protestants be counted in America? Is the majority of those not thus disfranchised in sympathy with the Wizard?

Assumption 3. To stir up religious strife would be wrong if done by Catholics, but is right when done by Protestants. Moreover, these do well to take their cue from Aesop's wolf and lay the blame for their doings on the lamb. Honestly and candidly, where does the blame lie in this matter? Here is an opportunity for a discussion in the pages of THE FORUM. After you get through letting bigotry have its fling at the Catholics give the assailants their turn. You might keep to the same line of topics, even nearly to the same headings. But by all means, make a clean job of it and have the matter thoroughly thrashed out. Is it true that there ar Protestant Churches which thrust the religion into politics? Is there evidence t prove the charge which has been publicl made, and by an individual of prominence that there is an attempt on the part o Protestant Churches to control the Gov ernment of the United States, and tha this evil exists on such a scale as to cor stitute a serious menace to America liberty?

EDWARD BERGIN.

Detroit, Mich.

(*Editor's Note. We believe that good wi come of the religious controversy. Bigotr and intolerance are bred of ignorance; u derstanding comes with definition. M Bergin may have not read Mr. Willia Franklin Sands's article in the July* FORUM *Michael Williams's in the March issue and Dr. Frederick Joseph Kinsman's i May, in which they took up the cudgels i defense of Catholicism.*)

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article in the December FORUM b Hiram Wesley Evans, explaining th principles of the Ku Klux Klan, is a splen did example of the non-partisan policy c this magazine. It should correct any ba impression one may have concerning thi movement, either from insufficient o untruthful information.

R. C. WARE.

Wilmington, Del.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Evans's article furnishes timely a valuable confirmation of the diagno made in THE FORUM last July by M William Franklin Sands. I am a Cathol American citizen born in Ireland. I totall disagree with Mr. Evans's concept of th "American idea", yet, I find it easy t understand why he holds it, and why it i attractive to many people. And I am quit sure that it is most desirable that it shoul be stated as Mr. Evans has stated it. Th particular controversy belongs to th class of disputes which develop highl explosive qualities if not talked out wit the utmost frankness and completenes and which lose much of their dangero possibilities when so treated.

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Stripped of all its childish nonsense and grotesque pomposity, the Klan unquestionably expresses, I will not say the thoughts, but rather the vague instincts and unreasoning emotions of a (probably) rather numerous class of people in this country. These instincts and emotions are a survival of certain primitive elements, which are found in all civilizations during their early childhood. Education and experience tend to remove them, as time passes, and civilization proceeds through adolescence to manhood. They tend, however, to remain for a long time in places where what we may call eddies have formed, in which débris and driftwood circle monotonously, while the main current of civilization passes by, leaving them in a sort of Sargasso Sea of perpetual childhood. We have many such eddies in this country, and the Klan is their expression. We must rely upon time and education for the ultimate release of the flotsam now imprisoned therein.

Nothing is more helpful to the efforts of time and education than is the introduction of light by a discussion that is at once utterly frank and full. There is no reason, moreover, why it should not also be reasonably good-natured.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Washington, D. C.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is a relief to have the responsible head of the Ku Klux Klan publicly confess for his order the gravest faults charged against it as does Mr. Evans in the December FORUM. He admits the Klan determination to deny equality to Negroes, despite the plain language of the United States Constitution. He admits Klan intolerance in the matter of "white supremacy" about which "we do not propose to permit any argument to avail." And he excludes from possibility of useful discussion with citizens of the invisible empire "those who hold the cosmopolitan view of these two things."

What are the assumptions underlying this expressed determination of the Klan to foist intolerance and provincialism upon the land? He insists that America must remain forever unchanged from the civilization brought forth by the early settlers. Had that philosophy prevailed, we should still have Negro slavery in this country. Further, history shows that when any civilization becomes static it dies. Mr. Evans draws a picture of a wholly mythical pioneer whose character is compounded of "convictions, independence, self-reliance, freedom, justice, achievement, courage, acceptance of responsibility," etc., ignoring witch-hanging and the intolerance and cultural poverty of the frontier, the crass materialism which Dickens caricatured, and above all, leaving out of discussion the Negro's and other contributions not only to the earliest pioneering, but services in war and peace, martial and cultural, from before the time this country was made into a nation up to the present.

For a writer who, like Mr. Evans, claims to be "looking at facts", this seems strange procedure. It is no stranger than the claim set up by Mr. Evans that Klansmen are the sole heirs of the American tradition and that "aliens" are not and cannot become Americans. Examination of the record makes clear that a large part of the greatness of America is due to such "aliens". There are not homogeneous nations anywhere. The whole world is "mongrelized" to a certain extent, and America is part of the world, a circumstance which "little Americans" want to deny or forget. To speak of pure races is to indulge in fiction. All races are mixed.

As for Mr. Evans's disclaimer of the Klan hatred, the shopkeepers boycotted in Middle Western cities, the salesmen boycotted in the South, the respectable Negroes terrorized because they sought to move into decent homes, could tell and do tell a different story.

Finally, the assumption of Nordic race superiority trumpeted by Messrs. Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, and appropriated for its own purposes by the Klan, is one challenged by leading anthropologists, known among scientists throughout the world, not as magazine writers, but as honest searchers after truth. Where these scientists are tentative and let the facts speak Mr. Evans unequivocally asserts science has found "that racial mixtures are unstable, and that the mongrel offspring of such mixtures is below the standard of either parent." Klan science maybe. No other.

Fortunately, there is abundant evidence

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that the mass of plain Americans, for whom Mr. Evans claims to speak, are in no mood to swallow the nostrum which the Klan is offering.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON,
Secretary, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
New York, N. Y.

Suppress THE FORUM!

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am a professional one hundred per-center and proud of it. Having attained to a position of leisure and affluence through the manufacture and sale to bootleggers of a refillable non-refillable bottle, I am devoting my wealth and declining years to the service of my beloved country.

Believing that neither the Klan nor the American Legion is sufficiently patriotic, I have gathered together a group of zealous souls who, like myself, are imbued with the Crusading spirit. Unlike other organizations for moral uplift, we work in the open. We want to give our opponents an opportunity to reform voluntarily. But they never do. We do not expect the FORUM to be any exception to the rule. Therefore, we herewith give you fair warning that unless you voluntarily suspend publication, we will close you up, just as we have already closed up the saloons, the Karolyis, and all other evil influences. Of all these the FORUM is the most devastatingly un-American. Consider: the essence of Americanism is the standardization of everything, including thought. True Americans have standard thoughts about everything, — thoughts that have come down to them from the past, — thoughts that are ripe with tradition. But in one number alone, — your latest, the January FORUM, — you emit more Bolshevism than has ever come out of Russia: —

First, you permit a Bolshevik minister by the name of Inge to attack the infallibility of the Bible, to argue that Modernism is old stuff, to maintain that nations get the religion they deserve, when everyone knows that Americans get more than they deserve!

Second, you let a cracked-brained foreigner with an unpronounceable name say that the North Pole is not cold, that the Arctic is not covered with eternal snows, and that we should stop eating good American beef and turn for food to an animal which simply doesn't exist. Who, besides this Stefansson person, has ever seen an ovibos?

Third, you allow another foreigner, who on your own admission always puts the cart before the horse, to praise Catholicism in terms which are positively convincing.

Fourth, you let still another foreigner spin a lot of impossible yarns about Franklin. We cannot permit this tampering with American tradition concerning the Fathers. Franklin is famous because he founded the "Saturday Evening Post" and invented lightning. It's too late to tell us anything different.

Fifth, you allow even yet another foreigner, presumably a German, to tell us that Mexico is an orderly, well governed, progressive country. We all know that Mexico is a hotbed of anarchy in which no white American is safe.

Sixth, you permit a man with a name that sounds foreign to me (at least there is no one called Gummere in my Rotary Club) to say that American education is on the bum.

Seventh, you have the effrontery to permit some one to discuss music. Music in our universities will mean the end of those he-men activities for which universities exist.

I pass over "What Sailors Read", knowing full well that they don't, — thank God! And I turn to that scurrilous article dealing with the so-called first Americans. Polynesian savages indeed! Is that what you call George Washington and Thomas Jefferson?

Your serial *Chimes* with its low jibes at the American university is all of a piece with the rest of it. In all your magazine there is only one redeeming feature, — an article by that super-patriot Don Seitz advocating the annexation of Canada. But even then you have to allow a fresh young Englishman to insult Mr. Seitz.

From cover to cover your magazine is filled with the poison of new ideas. Why, damn it, the first thing you know if you are not suppressed in time, you will be making Americans think!

HIRAM LUDBETTER.
Lincoln, Neb.

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Inns and Innuendo

Editor of THE FORUM:

Among prohibition by-products in California must be listed the growth of advertising by innuendo. For instance: In Sacramento, capital city of the Golden State, a resourceful caterer, in black-face ten-point, informs a melancholy world that he never fails "to entertain my friends in that happy social way that cheers and brings back the joys of other days."

The owner of an adjacent resort concludes a printed discourse on the excellence of his chocolate sundaes with the news that he also is "the big Sheik in an Oasis for poor camels who suffer from enforced Thirst." A strenuous competitor assures prospective customers as follows: "I will nearly break my neck to please you."

Still another restaurateur attempts to convey his message by informing readers that "my place has a distinctly European flavor."

The proprietor of a roadhouse in Nevada county until recently bought advertising space enlightening a parched community as follows: "I sell everything that Nature makes or Man manufactures."

But alas! Late one stormy night a husky stranger collapsed in his establishment. When the roadside Samaritan in the kindness of his heart applied a restorative, the effect was instantaneous. The Ishmaelite in his delirium grabbed the bottle and disappeared. Later the resort owner confronted the prohibition agent in court and experienced a painful aftermath.

Another roadhouse specialist appeals to the high-brow trade. "Liquids of the finest brands are sold in this place," he announces, with a delicate emphasis on "Liquids". Another caterer wishes the elect to know that "Quality or something better is my motto," and a third believes that "Gentlemen appreciate little attentions."

Finally, California legislators enjoy, or enjoyed during the recent session, a special saloon known as "The Assembly Bar", where three white-aproned mixologists sold gin fizzes at seventy-five cents to Solons and friends. During the session, our representatives patronized the institution with the liberality of dry statesmen wrestling with such problems as birth control and Japanese morality.

This surviving institution of a past era was situated within a few steps of the Capitol and was raided once, — after the law-makers had returned to their homes in the dry rural territory.

JOHN A. HENSHALL.

Sacramento, Calif.

Pax Anglo-Americana

In connection with Edgar Ansell Mowrer's article "Our Imaginary Isolation" in this issue, it is interesting to read the point of view of an Australian editor who believes in the necessity of an English speaking alliance.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The day has passed when any nation could claim that it was protected by its isolation. The Great War effectively disposed of that contention. Countries separated by oceans have been brought closely together by scientific development and human ingenuity, and now no nation, however happily situated, would be able to withstand for long the onslaught of a powerful combination of other nations. It is clear, therefore, to me, that national security can only be obtained by Leagues or Alliances.

Apart from mere motives of self-protection there is a powerful bond between nations, which all are in duty bound to recognize and accept as a sacred responsibility, and that is the maintenance of our common civilization. There are signs and portents in the world to-day that civilization is not valued as it ought to be. There is a strong flood of barbarism even in countries supposed to be highly civilized. Hence the need of combination for the protection of the great future of a civilization which is the result of many centuries of struggle and development, and the real standard or measure of any nation's greatness.

The feeling exists very strongly in Australia that an alliance between the English speaking races of the world would be the greatest guarantee of the world's peace, and a strong defense of our common civilization and all that it stands for. Next to Great Britain we regard the United States of America as the greatest bulwark against those forces which are antagonistic to civilization, whether without or within.

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We expect great results from the League of Nations, which, unquestionably, was a great move forward, but even the League of Nations might crumble as the result of disintegrating forces brought into being by distrust and racial hatred.

A union between the United States of America and the farflung British Empire would be the greatest factor in the maintenance of the World's Peace, because it would be based on a common language, a common heritage, and common ideals, and it would, moreover, win the allegiance of every nation equally free from any desire for conquest.

Holding these views I was much impressed by the letter of A. Washington Pezet, in which he advocates the Pax Anglo-Americana. It is wide in its outlook and evinces a clear discernment of those factors which will constitute most to the end we all have in view.

GEORGE MACKAY.

Bendigo, Victoria, Australia.

Books That Are People

Whether one is bound for that mythical desert island or hopes to establish a private mental one, one can't resist the eternal pastime of listing the ten best books. In the May FORUM *Arthur Symons gave his list, disagreeing with a previous selection of William Lyon Phelps. Anne Bosworth Greene in "What Sailors Read" related in last month's issue the literary fare of the men at sea. And here's another list by a well-known editor!*

I am particularly interested in tales of adventure, and while I am not yet contemplating residence on a desert island, I was running over in my mind the books in this category that had made the most lasting impression on my mind. Certain names out of the long list presented themselves most forcibly to my attention and stayed the longest at my elbow. Most of them are modern, and all of them speak in some measure the language of our own time.

First for their names only: *Two Years Before the Mast; Roughing It; Far Away and Long Ago; The Further Side of Silence; White Shadows in the South Seas; Beasts, Men, and Gods; Adventures in Bolivia; Our Southern Highlanders; The Surgeon's Log; The Sea and the Jungle.*

In each one of these books the author brought to the writing of it a peculiar qualification, a point of view, or a background of experience that gave it a value beyond that of the average product of the printing press. He himself may have been of transitory importance, but the thing he did and into which he put something of himself had the germ of immortality.

Take the case of *Two Years Before the Mast.* Here is the great classic of the sea, the standard by which all sea books are measured. The great advantage that young Dana brought to his task was that he was neither a sailor nor a writer. He went to sea for the same reason that other men take mud baths or diet or do their Daily Dozen. His health demanded it. And he wrote of the sea directly and simply in daily diary form. The things that happened he set down as they happened, without attempt at literary style or effect. The result is an immortal picture of life on a square-rigger around Cape Stiff. Those are empty waters these days and the squareriggers lie fathoms deep in the Seven Seas or rot on the weedgrown flats of Jersey or Puget Sound. Turn to Dana, and they live again with swelling canvas, polished sides, and white decks.

Another book that holds for us the image of a vanished day is *Roughing It.* Mark Twain had the good fortune to cross the plains when the Overland Stage was showing the way to the railroad. He had the greater fortune to do it in the brief period when the Pony Express was in its glory. And the greatest good fortune was that he was Mark Twain.

It is helpful sometimes to know why a book was written. W. H. Hudson happened to pass his youth in Argentina. Chance and desire made him a naturalist and a writer on natural history subjects. He wrote many good books, *Green Mansions, Purple Skies, A Naturalist on the La Plata, The Book of a Naturalist.* These books are really better than good, especially *Green Mansions*, but you can read them or not and be not much the better or the worse for it. It remained for his old age to produce a book that cannot be overlooked. *Far Away and Long Ago* is one of the few books that is like a window opening into another world. Not to have read it is like never to have seen a mountain range or the sea.

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It's a long jump to the next book, from the plains of the Argentine to the jungles of Malaysia. Hugh Clifford was less than twenty-one when he was sent into one of the remote districts of the Malay Peninsula to negotiate a treaty with a free-thinking sultan who was making himself somewhat too casual with the lives, wives, and other property of his subjects and neighbors. Young Clifford spoke the vernacular of the district and he made the treaty. As a reward he was sent back to act as resident agent of the British government in the sultan's territory at an age when most English boys would have been more interested in cricket and football. For three years he lived in his jungle kingdom, seeing no other white man and having no friends except a little group of coastal natives who had gone with him, partly as a bodyguard and partly because in their judgment it was not becoming that an Englishman should live among such savages without friends to do him honor in ways befitting. His book is *The Further Side of Silence*, and if it is not a true picture of the native soul then that picture will never be drawn. His people were queer, shy, half animal dwellers in the jungle, and the tale of the things he learned from them should be required reading for every member of Congress or Parliament before he is permitted to discuss the problem of governing distant alien races.

The question of truthfulness in a book is a vexing one. In this discussion, as in many others, a large part of the difficulty lies in definitions. There has been a small controversy of this sort around Frederick O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*. If you read it as a scientific description of life in the Marquesas you will be disappointed. Anthropological Society bulletins are the diet for you. But if you want to see the South Seas, the blue-green, sun-smitten water, the surf on the coral beaches, the palms waving in the wind, and above all a beautiful people wasting away in the diseased shadow of the white man, then here is a book for you.

The same question of truthfulness arises in connection with *Beasts, Men, and Gods*. Again, as with *White Shadows*, it doesn't much matter whether it is all true or not. The impression that it makes on one is of a weird human experience, something dug out of Marco Polo's time, marked with a few of the superficial stamps of to-day, and laid down in twentieth century New York.

I come now to a book that was so clearly an accident that it is almost certain it was suggested by admiring friends long after the events had happened. An English horse trainer in Peru was approached by the representative of an English rubber company to go into the Challana Indian country in the back blocks of Bolivia and come to an understanding with the chiefs by which the Indians would tap rubber and deliver it to the agents of the company.

He said he would — and he did. He trained down from two hundred and sixty pounds to two hundred and thirty-five, crossed the Andes at seventeen thousand feet, waded, swam, and was carried across the rivers on the other side, and landed in the Indian country. There he made his treaty.

Evidently he kept a diary in which he faithfully set down everything that happened from the largest to the smallest. Years afterwards, — the trip was made in 1903, the book is dated 1922, — there appeared *Adventures in Bolivia*, by C. H. Prodgers. You can imagine him in the years that came between telling the stories of his days on the high passes, in the jungle, among the Indians, to friends and family, to camp companions, to chance comrades of the boat, the railroad, and the trail. And one and all would echo, "Why don't you write a book about it?" Finally he said with the slow firmness of the fat man, "All right, I will."

He describes the view from the pass, the field of flowers that carpeted the slope on the other side, the jaguar that haunted their trail, and his conference with the Indians where it was touch and go whether he would go back to civilization or to the block. At the end of a hard day he took a "bathe" and changed his socks. He tells it all, including the price he paid for the socks. It is a straightforward, matter of fact narrative and strangely thrilling. After his return he killed time with a treasure hunt. The treasure was almost in sight, but the rainy season came on, and he never went back.

There the book ends. There is no explanation of anything. Things happened,

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and he says so. He saw sights and he sets them down. It was somewhat in this way that Herodotus wrote.

In one of these books I have my own personal pride for that I had something to do with the writing of it. Horace Kephart had lived for several years among and with the mountain folk of North Carolina. Note the two prepositions. *Our Southern Highlanders* was his own idea, let there be no doubt about that. I claim only so much credit as may be due for an effort to overcome a natural reluctance to "make copy" of a sensitive, retiring people who are hard to understand and therefore hard to express. They have been called "poor whites" which they are not. They have been analyzed as an alien species, which they decidedly are not. They were naturally resentful of these labels and suspicious of the man with the typewriter.

Mr. Kephart did a wise and self-sacrificing thing; he wrote only of the people he knew. There are no glittering generalties, such as politicians and students of social science love. The mountaineers don't "always do" this or "never do" that. In each case they are individuals living individual lives. And the whole is a picture of an ancient people lingering in this twentieth century at least a century and a half beyond their time. They are being civilized now, — by lumber companies and railroads and outsiders hiding from the law, as well as by schools and settlements. Soon their children will be no more interesting or significant than the rest of us.

Two more names for my Hall of Fame: One is *The Surgeon's Log* and the other *The Sea and the Jungle* by Tomlinson. The author of *The Surgeon's Log* must remain nameless. So far as I know the book was published only in England, and some absent-minded friend has my copy. The books can be coupled together, although the surgeon traveled east and Tomlinson west.

The surgeon was walking a London hospital, and jangling nerves warned him that he was treading dangerously near the edge. At the suggestion of an older doctor he found a berth as ship's doctor on a tramp steamer heading out through Suez to the islands of the East. They turned about in the Inland Sea of Japan and threaded their way back through the spice islands where for centuries the Dutch flag has flown. They nosed into little, forgotten ports where warehouses sag on rotting piles, and fat Dutch traders slumber in easy chairs through long, lazy afternoons. He saw the sun go down behind hills where head-hunters still gather their quaint souvenirs.

Tomlinson, the westward bound, took ship in Bristol and headed out across the empty space of the Middle Atlantic, bound up the Amazon with a load of coal and railroad material for the railroad that a Yankee company was pushing around the falls of the Madeira that the rubber cargoes might come down with more speed and less labor. It was his first sight of the sea and the jungle, and the book fits the title.

And there's my list of Ten Big Books. They are veritable documents, hewn out of hard experience, paid for, most of them, with sweat of body and spirit and the torment of fatigue. Through some of them is woven the thread of danger. At least two of them have touched with immortality the men and things of a forgotten day. They are books worth the reading of any man who wants to know how the world wags and folk live and move in strange corners of the globe. These are more than books; they are people.

ALBERT BRITT.

New York.

A Belated Correction

The editors have received a letter from a citizen of Maine protesting against the appellation "Governor Pattangall of Maine", which appeared in a FORUM advertisement of the article against the Ku Klux Klan in September. Mr. Pattangall was twice a candidate for the governorship, but was not elected. The title is of course by way of being a nickname used by some of his friends, though, we are informed, the most privileged call him plain "Pat".

THE EDITORS.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

The Pilgrimage to Perfection

Count Hermann Keyserling's voice is one of the most penetrating in our present wilderness, — all the more so because it isn't, like most of the others, shouting. In an era of acute national and racial self-consciousness, of suspicious antagonism between East and West, he stands forth as the man who, more convincingly than any other interpreter of the times, has risen above the plane of national thinking and feeling and taken all manifestations of life as his province. Whether his conclusions are right or wrong doesn't matter; what matters is the higher common multiple he establishes. What present civilization is most in need of is a group of leaders trained to move about on his plane. As Keyserling himself has said in one of his books, "The level of our understanding, rather than the nature of our opinions, is what makes the difference between truth and untruth, ignorance and wisdom: two people who dissent on a proposition on which both have reached a high plane of understanding are nearer to truth than two others who agree on either alternative on more superficial grounds."

If only a dozen of our senators, preachers, and university presidents could grasp that truth, and having grasped it, cling for dear life to it! If only one could shake a stick at a dozen influential Americans of whatever calling who could appreciate to the full a *detached* passion for metaphysical truth! Fatuous hope, — a nation that can let its attention be distracted for weeks and months and years by such puerilities as the Dayton trial and the prohibition wrangle has a long road to travel before it can produce even half a dozen minds that will feel at ease in the society of abstractions. What American, now that Henry Adams is gone, could be thought of as a candidate for an instructorship in the Darmstadt School of Wisdom? If one listens carefully to the utterances of the few soothsayers we have, one catches an echo of the mental promiscuity that has degraded the American press, pulpit, and council chamber. We think, when we think at all, in headlines; we criticize in miscellaneous superlatives; our emotions have lost their edge; our morals are in the hands of congress; our sense of taste has been vitiated by the advertizing profession; and it takes a

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prophet who has miraculously kept himself immune to make us see into what an abyss of vulgarity we've slid.

That was not his aim, but it is, for us, his salutary effect. Keyserling is what most men of the world would like to be and exceedingly few are: an artist-philosopher, — a man who is on surprisingly intimate terms with the culture and manners of a dozen countries; a musician and a connoisseur; a student of religions; a linguist; a scholar whose erudition is dominated by a sense of form; and a writer whose technique is equal to the most subtle convolutions of thought. He controls the orchestral German language with the virtuosity of a symphonic conductor whose familiarity with modern idioms lends character to the classics which are his private preference, — and like every stylist, his virtuosity carries over into translation, especially when he is fortunate enough to have such a sympathetic and skilful collaborator as Mr. J. Holroyd Reece. The descriptive passages in THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER (Harcourt Brace, 2 Vols. $10) have the washed and purified vividness of reflections in a mirror; they do justice, as Keyserling himself says, to potentialities rather than facts. He confronts you with oriental rice-fields imbued with a soul, and flat Buddhist faces which seem to be a human variety of tropical efflorescence. His solid pages of earnest ratiocination have a vitality and a lift that cannot be found in the work of any recent or contemporary teacher whose thinking goes equally far under the surface. Spengler's gloomy predictions arouse in you a sullen mental counterpoint; Bergson's scientific hymns to the *élan vital*, mitigated by occasional transfiguring metaphors, alternately drown and resuscitate you; after the Bergson ordeal William James's dogged rolling of an idealistic hoop over undeniable Matter is healthy exercise; Santayana's suave and lyrical insistence upon the imminence of "nothing at all" leaves you inert and frustrated; but Keyserling, with his all-seeing impartiality, more intent upon *recognizing* phenomena, whether of the earth or of the spirit, than on whittling them down to preconceived dimensions, arouses in your breast a peculiar gratitude. Most philosophers waste time telling you what's in heaven; Keyserling is satisfied to open the doors of this earth. You are grateful to find that however minute your own little acre of knowledge may be in relation to the new vistas, you need not in your search for further knowledge abandon it, for if you but penetrate to the last hidden secrets of your own acre you will be at the heart of all truth. You are grateful to him, not for adding to your mental content, but for giving you an example of mental flexibility and fortitude; for proving to you, by implication, that the essence of knowledge is to have a capacity for knowing, an ability to steer a long course through the world of appearance without stranding upon irrelevant facts. Any road will bring you to self-realization provided you have the endurance to follow it to the end. Whether Keyserling's conclusions are profound or superficial, whether they are tenable or not, is of minor consequence; for they fulfil a standard of their own, just as a poem does, or a painting. Leonardo's Gioconda is many things to many people; to Pater it was a literary opportunity: what he thought and said of it is significant because it made people talk and talk; and out of the talk emerged accidental truths which are still reproducing their kind, — all because Leonardo, innocently painting the likeness of a lady, established a common multiple that was a step toward the solution of a problem.

Nor is it of any consequence that Keyserling may say at one moment that an object is white and at another that it is black. At either of the given moments he is potentially right, for an object can be white in one light and black in another, and his truth is always poetic truth, almost more so than metaphysical. It is even a saving grace that he indulges in this apparent contradiction, for two points of view, like two heads, are better than one, — provided one has the ability to place the contrasting impressions side by side and generalize cogently from them. In other words an artist-philosopher is more helpful than a mere philosopher; the philosopher can persuade you that black is white, but the artist-philosopher makes you feel the black being white.

No one is more aware of this than Keyserling himself, who at the outset warns you to read his diary as fiction. Perhaps

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that is a subtle way of disarming you and heightening the effect of his contributions to speculative thought. At any rate it is wise to take the hint. He goes to India, and chameleon-like absorbs its color, vegetates among its profusions, lays aside his Occidental preconceptions and identifies himself with the spirit that informs the ancient writings, myths, and traditions, until he has achieved a state of being in which he sees truth only in terms of Indian expression, — and in the process he keeps giving you, piece by piece, *an* ndia, in essence and in feature, which if it s not an accurate reproduction is at least superb creation.

This *tour de force* might possibly lie within the range of more than one student of Indian culture, but when he proceeds o China and with equal, if not greater virtuosity, gives you back *a* China in which none of the myriad features obscures the meaning of the whole composition, an unwieldy great China all eatly tucked in, and one which, be it eproduction or creation, makes *sense*, — hen you are ready to follow him anywhere, even, or perhaps most of all, to merica.

For you have begun to wonder, with ome trepidation, what any one so utterly on over to the Oriental mode will make f Western progress. Hasn't he by inference belittled it throughout, seduced as e has been by the diametrically opposed onception of spiritual self-realization? nd haven't you already, when accidenally opening the second volume, been lectrified by the ominous sentence, "Chiago is awful!" Will that be his last word? ut it is here, most startlingly, and for s most encouragingly, that black takes n a semblance of white. Though Ceylon, ndia, China, Japan have got further long the road to perfection than we have, he human race is perversely, but unvoidably bound in another direction. is, if one may attempt a glib paraphrase f Keyserling's intricate thesis, almost s if India and China had got as far East s it's possible to get, while Europe and merica, the latter well in the vanguard, e charging further and further West, ead down, oblivious of the fact that if ey keep on long enough they will fetch p at the point where West ceases to be est and turns into East! In the East the body has grown into the soul; in the West the soul has yet to grow into the body, which takes longer than the reverse process, "because, whereas the body must do what the soul wishes, the soul is not directly subject to the former's volition." But just as the spiritual part of man is strengthened in battle, so our present materialism may be a guarantee for our future spirituality. Our only course, committed as we are to material progress, is to progress materially to the limit, and come through on the other side.

"I have nothing to say against making life mechanical: on the contrary, I wish that everything that can be made mechanical would be made so as quickly and as perfectly as possible, so that the mind should have all the more power and leisure for what is above the mechanical. . . . One cannot fairly accuse machinery for devitalizing men in the biological sense: the men of Chicago are vital through and through, and they consider the conduct of their lives superior to all others for this very reason, because it enhances consciousness of life as no other does. And it really does so because it compresses all existing forces into the narrowest channel of activity, with the result that they reach an extraordinary degree of intensity. . . . What is so awful in Americanism is not that it devitalizes men, but that it simplifies the psychic organism to an unheard-of degree."

There is, however, this hope for us: "We are more materially than spiritually minded, because we have not yet got beyond the period of physical growth; we are materialistic as children are. For this very reason our energy is chiefly expressed in a blind desire for activity. If I lived longer in this country I too would develop enterprise; my spirit would become more and more embodied in matter, and the idealism of the philosopher would be changed to that of the *conquistador*. I cannot assert that this world is personally congenial to me. And yet I am quite clear about one thing: if it is the aspiration of the spirit to penetrate the world of appearance, if it is the mission of man to bring about this spiritualization, then our materialism has a greater value in the future than the spirituality of Hindustan. This spirituality is powerless in the fact of Nature. It does not control her; for this

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reason it cannot spiritualize her. We may succeed in this. Only our path leads first into the very heart of matter. We must enter into and pass through all that over which the East has risen with a single leap. *We must be materialists for the time being.*"

Keyserling maintains that he is "a metaphysician and can be nothing else," for he is seriously interested only in the world's potentialities, not in its actualities. And "it is the tragedy of tragedies for the metaphysician that he cannot ever entirely overcome his own individuality." In the degree that Keyserling fails to overcome his individuality he must, one concludes, be an artist. "Facts as such never are an object to me," he says, "but only a means of expressing their significance, which exists independently of them," — and, one is obliged to add, expressing their significance through his own observation, as an individual, which is the function of an artist. If that is a tragedy for him, it must be accounted a blessing for those of us who can digest the "world's potentialities" only when they are flavored and diluted with a strong dash of individuality. Indeed if we have any complaint to make, it is that Keyserling is at times, — particularly in his more abstract writings, — not quite as humanly warm and near as one might wish. But we have no right to complain; we are aware that he is writing for an audience that can take its metaphysics neat. Perhaps that ideal audience would not find his diary as heady as we do. So much the worse for him and them; but so much the better for us far down on the ladder that leads to perfection. He has put a defense in our mouths: "*We must be materialists for the time being!*"

F. C. D.

Well Begun

H. G. Wells, in CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER (Macmillan, $2.50) presents a brilliant example of how to begin a novel. Indeed, his beginning lasts well through the first half; and then, as Christina herself would say, he "flivs". The author, after two hundred pages of delightful Shavian wit and cleverness, succumbs to Wells, historian-philosopher-theorist, and spoils an otherwise excellent novel.

Christina Alberta's father, innocent-eyed, eccentric little laundryman, offers the author an almost irresistible opportunity to sentimentalize. Wells resists. Even Christina resists, although in her rôle as the Ultimate Modern Girl she assumed, with characteristic protective tenderness, responsibility for her "little lost Daddy." But she does not sentimentalize. Wells must have been tempted; Christina, never.

Our eccentric little laundryman came and went in the world of the Limpid Stream Laundry by the name of Albert Edward Preemby, — as long as his wife lived. Then, as occasionally happens, with his wife's death his own individuality asserts itself. He reminded Christina of Practical Biology in the Taverners' School when you take a dried-up bean out of its package and put it in a jar of water and observe it under the influence of warmth and moisture. It germinates. Albert Edward Preemby immediately germinated. Docilely enough he trots along to London with Christina Alberta and makes his home with her, among a casual assortment of young people, in Lonsdale Mews, in "one of these perverted coachmen's homes." Mr. Preemby was passive but observant. One evening he found himself eating macaroni and drinking a rough red wine with a name that sounded to his London-tuned ears like a challenge: Chianti. The wine did not intoxicate, but it warmed the mind, and for the first time in his life the little ex-laundryman is able and willing to tell things and hint much more important things about that hobby of his, — that great lost continent of the Golden Age: Atlantis had been the scene and substance of his secret reveries for many years. He knew that his knowledge of it was of a different order from the common knowledge, more intuitive, mystical, profound.

Due perhaps to the helter-skelter life in the Lonsdale Mews, or to the deep confusing books on the Lost Atlantis, or to the séance rigged up, with undergraduate humor, in the Petunia Boarding House, Christina Alberta's "absurd little Daddy" merges personality with Sargon King of Kings. The scales fall from his eyes. The Lost Atlantis is no longer a reverie: he has his evidence, he believes: Sargon, incognito, reincarnated in the

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person of the little laundryman, has come back as Lord of the World! But to be rejected by that world! For Sargon is not one to sit in idle contemplation. He even storms Buckingham Palace. The King, he realizes, is a thoroughly good man, thoroughly good. But directly the King hears how things are, he will acknowledge Sargon as his feudal superior and place him on the throne.

It does not surprise the reader, nor Christina Alberta, nor her group of helter-skelter friends, when Sargon suddenly and mysteriously disappears into what has come to be called the "maze of London". The mild little lunatic's adventures are humorous, yet consistently pathetic. His escape, barefoot, clad in the ugly gray outing-flannel worn in "that Place", is a masterly piece of work. The reader has not only seen Sargon: he has helped him get away, muffled to his ears in garments stolen from a wayside scarecrow, tucked in the side-seat of a motorcycle.

At about this stage of the novel, Mr. Wells halts. We have been observing these amusing, vivid characters through a brightly lighted window. Now the author pulls the shade, and from that moment we see only the blurred silhouettes of those in whom we are really interested. There are several contributing factors. The author seems no longer content to let his delightful little lunatic play the rôle of Sargon. Wells, too, must be King of Kings, and discourse lengthily on his memories of Sumeria. His *Outline of History* in two volumes is dragged in. Christina Alberta's parentage must be tangled and unraveled, after we are completely adjusted to her "little Daddy"; Christina's mind must be explored for Young Philosophy. And because the author had made of Christina so direct a character, so *un*bewildered, we resent the muddle he subsequently makes of her mind. In fact the portion of the story following her father's escape and death is disappointing, confused, tiresome. The book has that irritating ending: one turns over the page to find nothing there. Does this completely damn the novel? Possibly not. The story is worth reading, if only again to meet Mr. Wells, the novelist, and an altogether likable Ultimate Modern Girl, and Sargon, King of Kings.

E. C.

Personalities in Art

One of the delectable art books of the decade comes from the pen of Mr. Royal Cortissoz, *doyen* of American aesthetic critics. At once spirited and secure, PERSONALITIES IN ART (Scribner's, $3.50) offers an engaging avowal of the author's proper physiognomy. Ranging from remote Leonardo to our own cherished Stieglitz, the text, while scarcely notable for rigorous sequence, is never devoid of personality or pith. At the outset Mr. Cortissoz breaks a lance with Dr. Van Dyke apropos of the latter's iconoclastic regrouping of Rembrandt's works, and it must be confessed that the veteran critic of the "Herald-Tribune" comes off rather more handily than does the Professor of The History of Art in Rutgers College.

Whether in brief it be rescuing the sombre Dutchman from Dr. Van Dyke's irreducible minimum, or removing the sparkling bric-à-brac of Fortuny and Robert Blum from profane hands, Mr. Cortissoz is always sure of his ground. It is indeed this same vigorous surety of conviction that gives the author his current popularity in the subtle province of art criticism. Upon perusing these emphatic pages one gains, as it were, certain definite *points d'appui*. It is impossible for instance not to be grateful to Mr. Cortissoz for the assurance that "the present vogue of modernistic tendencies" will shortly pass, that there is everywhere, and on all sides, a salutary return to the firm consolations of solidly realized "form" and "sound craftsmanship". One is equally relieved to learn that Cézanne's manifest sincerity does not keep him from being "commonplace, mediocre, a third rate painter"; that some of Gauguin's subjects were painted "middling well"; and that Van Gogh "spoiled a lot of canvas with crude, quite unimportant pictures."

Upon divers restless individuals who have sought to follow the modern spirit in quest of fresh conquests of eye and mind, these words will fall with benign finality. Current aesthetic aspiration as instanced in the work of its leading protagonists is in effect a dead issue. The struggle to achieve in paint a sense of that subjective idealism which to-day forms so vital a part of the social consciousness has proved unavailing. One may henceforth revert with com-

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plete confidence to that body of accepted "tradition" which is so soundly and so sanely upheld in these pages. For modernist art, at the unfaltering hands of Mr. Cortissoz, encounters its quietus.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

The Scientific Fig-Leaf

Scientists in their pursuit of truth become detached, unfortunately, from the world in which they live, and remain immune to contemporary problems. Their apologists, the science popularizers, seem seldom to have acquired the scientific temper. It becomes obligatory for a third group to right the misconceptions and corruptions of scientific information abroad. That the ablest exponents of the scientific method are men of the world interested in science as one phase and touchstone to contemporary life is manifest to civilized Americans. Whether men like Harry Elmer Barnes and James Harvey Robinson are more significant to science than Lodge and Crookes might be a debatable question.

No book for a long time has been so timely as John Langdon-Davies's THE NEW AGE OF FAITH (Viking Press $2.50). The current pseudo-scientific generalizations of Grant, Stoddard, and Wiggam are exploded. Their notions concerning Nordic race supremacy, eugenics, and birth control are in obedience to the law of supply and demand, and not to the law of science. "These gentlemen of easy virtue" Davies calls them, for they prostitute and man-handle science in the cause of prejudice. Ashamed to leave his prejudice naked, the average American is ready to accept and cover with a sort of scientific fig-leaf his anti-Semitic, anti-Negro prejudices. The modern eugenist is like unto the mediaeval alchemist, and eugenics is the new name for the mediaeval elixir of life. History, he shows, is full of examples where eugenic interference would have impoverished the world: Byron, Keats, Darwin, Caesar, Dostoievski, Newton, Heine, Voltaire, — all would have been exposed at birth by Sparta. We are reminded of Haldane's politico-eugenic slogan of the future: "Smith and more musicians" in *Daedalus*. To suggest as Davies does, that we are likely to get more musicians by training ten times as many children is not likely to impress the author of the *New Decalogue of Science*. The weight of scientific (!) prejudice rests today in favor of the greater influence of heredity upon the offspring than its environment. Lamarckianism is at ebb tide, and our pseudo-scientists not only accept the general disbelief in the inheritance of acquired characters but stretch a point forward and deny the influence of the environment even upon the individual. Davies quotes authorities overlooked, and in brisk language daringly exposes racial shams and hypocrisies.

The Eugenists who conveniently take the Jonathan Edwards tribe from their shelves and point to the remarkable descendants of twelve college presidents, two hundred sixty-five college graduates, sixty-five college professors, sixty physicians, seventy-five army officers, sixty prominent officers, one hundred thirty lawyers, thirty judges, eighty public officials, three Congressmen, two United States Senators, and one Vice-President, as examples of what germ-plasm has potentially in its protoplasm, are warned that they are insincere and do not reveal the entire truth concerning Elizabeth Tuthill, that "marvelous girl" the direct progenitor of Jonathan from whom hundreds of great men had their origin. It is rather inconvenient to be reminded, no doubt, that Elizabeth was divorced on the grounds of adultery and other immoralities, that one of her sisters murdered her own child, and a brother murdered his own sister, and that she was in fact afflicted with an extraordinary deficiency in moral sense. A clever imaginary conversation follows between Grand Inquisitor Wiggam of the Eugenic Inquisition and Elizabeth requesting a marriage license.

The Nordic myth is riddled and then ridiculed, a method Davies uses often. Preference for our own kind has no scientific basis, but only practical and emotional reasons for existence. There certainly is no Occidental science as distinct from Oriental science or Negro science. Anthropology does not repeat rationalized prejudices or tell us we are the chosen people. It does tell that race types exist mainly in our own minds, and that there is no such thing as racial culture. Boas might well have been quoted.

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That environment exercises a tremendous influence in shaping the development and destiny of the individual, and not merely what race one springs from, is emphasized in *The New Age of Faith*. The opinion is ventured that had Stoddard been adopted by a Negro in Africa at the age of two, he would not be able to read, drive a car, wear a tuxedo, nor would he necessarily have been a head chief, but more likely would he have occupied a place in society which he occupies here to-day, — a sort of third class medicine man or rain maker called in by the ignorant in an emergency.

In his concluding chapters he points out what is really known to scientists, real scientists, about evolution, about race, and about heredity. Very little indeed for our false prophets, race fiends, and heredity fiends to build their structure upon. Davies is a democrat and believes in man's betterment through improving the environment; Davies is a radical and has visions concerning the future; Davies is an observant Englishman viewing us and our faults clearly.

BEN BAUMAN.

A Creator in Prose

DOCTOR TRANSIT (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) is an original, powerful work of imaginative prose, and it announces a new writer. No more than this would be needed, in a world with a true literary milieu, to make the book an event of the season. Since, however, the work is American and is published in New York it has passed almost unhailed under the usual plethora of machine-made and machine-touted fictions.

Doctor Transit is an important book, rather than a good one. Its author employs prose as the material for art: prose becomes in his hand an aesthetic substance and creates a sense of life, volumnear and explosive. Moreover, it tells a tale which has design: a tale in which the "lives" of men and women are organized and exploited, as the composer organizes and exploits his themes. This, surely, is important in an age whose fiction has been so almost universally debased into a thing of passive documentation. But the novel, for all that, is perhaps not good: since its execution is not sufficiently achieved to make of the design and of the prose a definite, living form.

The author's purpose has been dramatic and constructive; but his temper has remained lyric. In the discrepancy, the tale falls down. Here is a free, almost dionysian use of "human events" for the expression of a poetic concept, — a use which relates the author to Guillaume Apollinaire. Here is an unrealistic plot, purified and intensified to voice a vision of the truth, beyond all phenomenal facts. Here, finally, is a hero not too remote from the heroic. Doctor Transit is a mythic wizard whose mastery of science makes play of such matters as the change of sex, and whose spiritual weakness at the end makes him the plaything of his own sexual hungers. A splendid theme, you will see. A theme rich in irony and in appositeness. If the author himself had been the master of it and had held it, coolly, in an objective hand, his book would be more than the mere heralding it is, of an authentic talent. But from page to page, the writer is buffeted and whirled by the very passionate process he describes. He is *inside* the emotions of his tale: whereby it comes to lack the full dimensions of aesthetic form, and the control of a successful literary engine. The author is young and his daemon gets out of hand. The power of his imagination soars into rhetorics, nebulosities, tirades, — into voids: whereas, for the very intensity of its kind, it should be rigorously held within the body of the work itself. As it is, the story is paled by the very brilliance of the writing: the afflatus and hence the life that moved the author to create remain exterior to the creation.

This, of course, is a matter for maturity to right. The artist has been too moved by his work to make *it* move; has seen it so subjectively that, as artist, he is blinded. *Doctor Transit* remains a harbinger. One's final sense, from it, is of a generative power still locked unto itself, still robbed of that true contact with an objective world from which will issue birth.

But what a harbinger it is! There are pages here of gorgeous and wild imagery which only the word "genius" can explain. Here in a tale magnificently disdainful of "the real" is the very jangle of our machine-spawned world; is the

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very pathos of our immense Body with its childish spirit. This doctor with facts innumerable at his behest and no light whereby to see them, — is he not a veritable intuition of the modern Icarus?

Modestly, the author of this first book has put his initials to it. But henceforth, they who seek heroically because hungrily through the current printed waste, looking for true work, will bear in mind the name of Isidor Schneider.

WALDO FRANK.

Changing Ireland

"Literary Backgrounds of the Irish Free State," the subtitle of CHANGING IRELAND, by Norreys Jephson O'Conor (Harvard University Press, $2.50) reveals the purpose and scope of the book better than the main title. In fact, Ireland, as Mr. O'Conor sees it, is *unchanging* in its fundamental characteristics. The persistent character of Gaelic Ireland, as distinguished from temporary and local manifestations, is, in Mr. O'Conor's opinion, the informing power of both recent Irish literature and recent Irish political regeneration. These things did not just happen to come together; they are one in a significant movement, first articulate in the Gaelic League.

Such a theory might easily be pushed too far, of course, as Taine pushed his theory of the English race "genius." But Mr. O'Conor is careful not to push it too far.

After a few introductory chapters setting forth the chief characteristics of the "Gaelic Background", he includes a collection of essays and reviews, many of them reprinted from magazines. If this arrangement somewhat interferes with a compact, unswerving support of a thesis, it has the advantage of undesigned testimony; the variety and unprejudiced purpose of the essays not only save him from the defect of special pleading, but prove his case far better than a close-knit, too ingenious argument would do.

The essays, which are well-written, are worth reading for themselves, yet they take on added interest when they are read as cumulative evidence in support of the author's thesis.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Winged Defence

Colonel William Mitchell's contentions are four in number: that the United States should maintain an Air Service Department distinct from, and unhampered by, either the army or the navy; that aircraft are capable of bombing and sinking all forms of seacraft, by no means excluding battleships; that flying officers should be commanded by flying officers; that there should be a general development of American air power proportionate to the strength of our army and navy and commensurate with the air service strength of other countries.

There can be little doubt that the last three contentions are sound, as are some features of the first. It is particularly wise that pilots should be commanded only by other pilots who, like themselves have "been through the mill." There is probably no form of human activity in which the specialist has less confidence in the opinions of the unitiated than is shown for the groundling by the man who can "take off", "bank", "side-slip", "zoom", carry across country, and safely land in all sorts of weather, a mechanical, winged thing. Next, it is undoubtedly true that the flying branch of the National Defense has been retarded by inefficiency, complacency, and jealousy. It has also been demonstrated that airplanes of sufficient bomb-carrying capacity can sink battleships; the question is under what conditions, and at what risk?

WINGED DEFENSE (Putnam's $2.50) resembles Mitchell in its enthusiastic overstatements. It is unlike Mitchell in that it is far less interesting than its author. Like the late Colonel Roosevelt, the flying Colonel so loves a good fight that he enters the arena with a twinkle in his eye. But when he claps one on the back, passes the time of day or night, or, on impulse, takes one for an aërial spin above the White House and the lazy Potomac River, no man is harder to resist. Before the President's Aircraft Investigation Board Admiral Sims (who has a fellow feeling for any breaker of precedents) referred to Colonel Mitchell as a "bully good fellow" with whose main program he thoroughly disagreed. That is a friendly description, — from the navy point of view.

HORACE GREEN.

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ASHKENAZIC TYPE

Strongly Armenoid. Note the fleshy hooked nose, thick lips and cast of features

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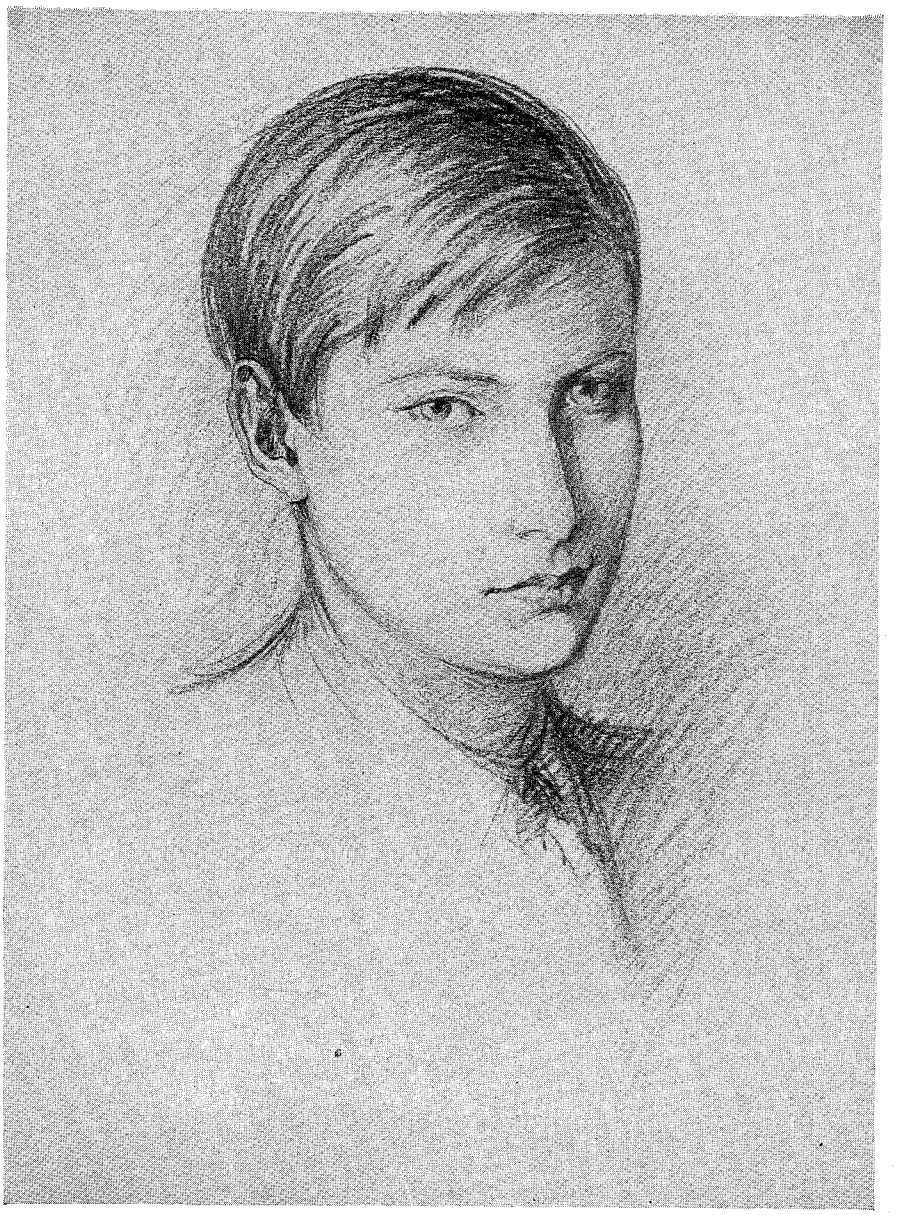

SEPHARDIC TYPE

A Belgian boy, a Netherland Jewish type apparently mixed Nordic and Mediterranean in blood. Note the fine cut nose, well-formed mouth, and suggestion of blondness

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ASHKENAZIC TYPE

A Russian working man, probably of Tartar origin. Note the Mongoloid eye and cheek bones and complete absence of the "Jewish" nose

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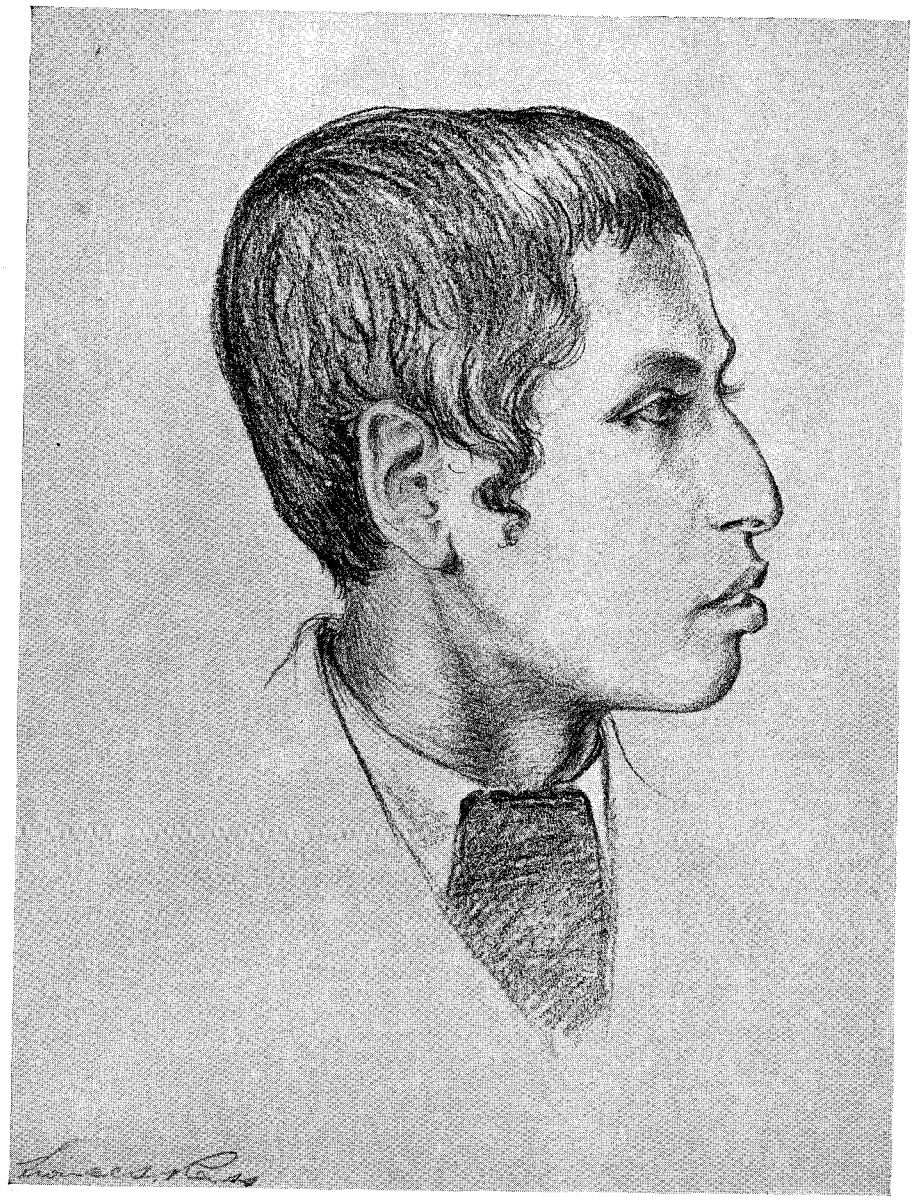

DISHARMONIC TYPE

An interesting disharmonic combination. Note the strongly marked Hamitic features, the apparent negroid traces in lips and prognathous jaw, and the skull formation betraying Alpine or Mongoloid infusion

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A Sephardic Type

A young student of Mediterranean, probably of Spanish Jewish origin. Note the long, narrow head and face, fine cut features, and harmonic cast of countenance

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DISHARMONIC TYPE

A Rabbi whose features are predominantly Sephardic, but whose skull shape is Ashkenazic

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